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*Venus & Adonis.*

THE

# WORKS

OF

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# Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

## VOLUME *the* SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

VENUS & ADONIS.
TARQUIN & LUCRECE
And
His MISCELLANY POEMS.

With Critical Remarks on his PLAYS, *&c.* to which is Prefix'd an ESSAY on the Art, Riſe and Progreſs of the STAGE in *Greece*, *Rome* and *England*.

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*LONDON:*

Printed for E. CURLL at the *Dial* and *Bible* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church, and E. SANGER at the Poſt-Houſe at the *Middle-Temple Gate*.
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Thomas Pennant Barton
149.994
May, 1873

TO THE

Right Honourable

# CHARLES,

Earl of *Peterborow*, and *Monmouth*, &c.

My Lord,

THE Publication of these Poems falling to my Lot, the Merit of the Poet soon determin'd me in the Choice of a Patron; the *greatest Genius in Poetry* naturally flying to the Protection of the *greatest Genius*



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*in War*, for the Muse has always found herself dear to the Heroes Race, whose Glory, and Praise it is her Duty and Delight to transmit to Posterity. And a Maxim, that has now been long admitted as Authentic, made me think, that these less known Works of *Shakespear*, wou'd not be displeasing to Your Lordship: For

*Carmen amat Quisquis Carmine digna gerit.*

Shou'd we therefore, my Lord, judge of Your Love to the *Muse* by the Deeds You have done worthy of her most noble and lofty Harmony, we must necessarily conclude it to be of the first Magnitude, since the Themes Your Lordship has given her admits of nothing equal. For Your Actions, my Lord, can borrow nothing from Fiction, or the Ornaments of Art, since the bare and naked *Truth* supplies Beauties more wonderful and more engaging. This, my Lord, securing me from the Imputation of Flatery, a Rock that few Authors have escap'd in Dedications, furnish'd another Motive of making this Address to Your Lordship. For Your Merits are too public; Your Friends with Joy, Your Enemies with Regret confess, and all *Europe* is witness to infinitely more, than is sufficient to guard me from that Evil, which I wou'd always with the utmost

utmoſt Caution avoid. No, my Lord, I can ſay nothing of Your *Courage* or Your *Conduct*, of which there are not already atteſted Proofs in the Hands of all Men. The Taking, and Relief of *Barcelona*, the ſtony Cliffs of *Albocazars*; the Surrender of *Nules*, and *Molviedro*, or the ancient *Saguntum*; the Relief of *Valentia*, and the Reduction of that Kingdom, and the Promiſe of all *Spain* by the particular Force of Your Lordſhip's own Genius, and various other Wonders, teſtify'd by that royal Hand, into which Your Lordſhip's Valour and Conduct put a *Scepter*, ſecure me from any Suſpicion of Adulation.

What can, I, my Lord, ſay of your *Generoſity*, a heav'nly Quality, and viſible in all the Actions of a great Heroe? What, I ſay, can I ſpeak of it equal to thoſe noble Proofs which are on Record? If I ſhou'd aſſert, that Your Lordſhip was always liberal of *Your own*, and always frugal of the Treaſure of the *Public*, are there not a thouſand Inſtances, as well as Witneſſes of ſo evident a Truth? When You took whole Countries almoſt without Men, and maintain'd Armies without Money? But, my Lord, what can a Poet? what can all the Art of the beſt Orator ſay equal to that unparalell'd Act of Beneficence to the *Public*, when Your Lord-

ſhip refus'd a Compenſation for the Loſs of Your Baggage at *Huete?* Where with a *Generoſity*, peculiar to Your Lordſhip, You transferr'd the Amends *due to Your ſelf*, to the Advantage of the *Public*, by obliging the Inhabitants to furniſh the *Confederate* Army with Magazines of Corn (ſufficiently then wanted by them) large enough to ſuffice a Body of 20000 Men for two Months? Oh! my Lord, this is ſo *unfaſhionable* an Act, ſo *out of the Mode* of the Times, when the *Public*, is perpetually the *Dupe* of *private Intereſt*, that it muſt raiſe *Envy* as well as Admiration; it reliſhes indeed of thoſe happy Ages, when public *Corruption* was unknown, and the *Public Good*, the Chief if not only Endeavour of Heroes.

How famous have *Curius* and *Fabritius* been about two thouſand Years for their Refuſal of the Glod of the *Samnites*, and of *Pyrrhus*, in all the Nations, that know any thing of the *Roman* Story? Yet certainly there is not the leaſt Compariſon betwixt the Deeds. The *Roman Worthies* refus'd what they cou'd not receive without the Imputation of Villany or Treaſon to their Country, and the Undertaking the Cauſe of Foreigners; and this e'r yet the *Roman Virtue* and *Simplicity* were debauch'd by Power, the Wealth, and Vices of *Aſia*, and that Luxury and *Avarice*, which ſunk at laſt the *Roman Glory* into

an

an empty Name. On the other Hand, my Lord, what the *Caſtilians* offer'd, was Your *Due*; it was but the juſt Compenſation of a Robbery, they had committed on Your Lordſhip's Baggage; and therefore might have been receiv'd without the leaſt Blemiſh to Honour; for Your Lordſhip, therefore to ſacrifice Your own juſt Right to the *Public*, when few Generals are to be found, who in the Conqueſt of Kingdoms wou'd not ſacrifice abundantly to their own Coffers; when Avarice is ſo epidemic, that few eſcape the Infection, which is ſo much the ſtronger by how much the Power of gratifying it is greater, is a Miracle, that none but my Lord *Peterborow* cou'd perform, and equal to thoſe other Wonders of Your *Conduct*, and *Valour*, ſcarce once to be paralell'd in all the Hiſtories of *Antiquity*.

But, my Lord, tho' what I have ſaid muſt be allow'd to be no *Flatery*, becauſe no more than the bare, and *publickly atteſted* Matter of Fact, yet I am ſenſible, that *Envy*, uneaſie at the meer Repetition of Deeds, which are yet the Admiration of all the World, will condemn my Zeal in the Recital. The Envious indeed, and thoſe, that are conſcious of wanted Worth, are the chief Enemies of *Praiſe*, as offenſive to Modeſty; yet the true Reaſon is

becauſe they are too modeſt to do any thing worthy of *Praiſe*. But if they are offended at what I have ſaid as a *Praiſe*, they muſt at the ſame time confeſs with your Lordſhip's Friends, that a ſimple and unartful Narration of what you have done, is it ſelf a *Panegyric* too grating to *Ingratitude*, to be repeated.

All I have to fear on this Head, that I value, is from your Lordſhip, who take more Pleaſure in *doing* great things, than in hearing of them: Yet, my Lord, as You have ſacrific'd ſo much to the *Public*, ſo I perſwade my ſelf, that Your Lordſhip cannot refuſe to offer up a *Modeſty*, which with Obſtinacy preſerv'd, muſt be injurious to the World. For as *Horace* and Reaſon aſſure us

*Paulum ſepultæ, diſtat Inertiæ*
*Celata Virtus*———

Such Actions as Your Lordſhip has done ought always to be before our Eyes; the Poets ſhou'd take all Occaſions of writing upon them; the Painters ſhou'd give us freſh Draughts of them every Day; and the Maſters of Muſic ſhou'd add a greater and more ſublime Soul to their Harmony by ſounding their Praiſe; the Old ſhould recommend, and the Young admire and emulate them: For nothing

nothing begets Vertue, like ſuch Examples, and the juſt Glory and Praiſe, that attend them.

*Cicero rightly obſerves*, that Glory and the Deſire of Praiſe are the true Source of great *Actions.*——*Trahimur omnes Laudis Studio* (ſays he in his Oration for *Archias* the Poet) *&* optimus *quiſq*; *Gloriâ ducitur. Ipſi illi Philoſophi etiam in illis Libellis, quos de contemnendâ Gloriâ ſcribunt, Nomen ſuum inſcribunt*; *in eo ipſo, in quo Prædicationem Nobilitatemq*; *deſpiciunt, prædicari de ſe, & nominari volunt.* I cannot but take Notice, that he ſays, *Optimus quiſq*;—— *that the* beſt *and moſt* worthy *are drawn by the Love of Glory:* For to that Principle we owe all the great Examples of *Antiquity*; whereas the *Hate* and *Contempt* of Glory, the Product of a decaying Age, and begot by the Affectation of ſome talkative *Greeklings*, and revived by ſome Enthuſiaſtic, or Hipocritical Chriſtians, have never given us *one Hero* compleat enough to recommend the Power and Excellence of the Principle, for the Benefit of Mankind. For the *Contemners* of *Praiſe* and *Glory* have always been eminent for Vices as odious, as injurious, to Mankind, *viz.* a *ſordid voracious Avarice*; or a *mean* and *ſiniſter Ambition*; Men of narrow Souls, who find it eaſier to declare againſt *Praiſe*, than to *do* Actions worthy of it.

If

# *DEDICATION.*

If we consider *human Nature* justly, my Lord, we must know, that those refin'd Notions of loving Virtue for *Virtue's Sake*, and the doing great Deeds purely for the Benefit of Mankind, without any other End, Motive, and Regard whatsoever, was a *Stoical Pretence*, and is a *modern Amusement*, if not a *dangerous Vizor* of Motives more criminal. For *Self*, my Lord, is so unavoidably *well* or *ill* mingled in all our Actions and Designs, that it is impossible to expel it in *Fact*, whatever *Pretenders* may affect in *Speculation*. Since therefore there can be no Motive of our Actions, but what gratifies our Inclinations, those are the most *Godlike*, and most to be valued, whose Satisfaction is in the *good Will* and *Love* of Mankind, or of the Society of which they are a Part; and that is only the Love of *Praise* and *Glory*. But if *Self* be ill mingled in our Inclinations, and give them a downward Bent, to Riches, Gain or Power, that sure must by all Men of Sense be look'd on, as a much less valuable *Motive* of acting, since that is entirely over-run with *Self-Love* very ill understood, because it has not the least Respect to any Person, or thing, besides *ourselves*; sacrificing the Good of all Mankind to our own *Caprice*, or *Avarice*. As much therefore as the whole is preferable to a Part, and Millions to one Man, so much is the Love of *Praise* and

*Glory*

*Glory* to be preferr'd before all other Motives to our Actions.

This, My Lord, I hope is ſufficient to juſtify what I have ſaid to Your Lordſhip; and proves, that, as I have been ſo fearful of bordering on *Flatery*, that I have not given even *Truth* its moſt charming Dreſs; ſo I have done nothing worthy of Reproof by renewing the Memory of thoſe glorious Actions, which no *true-born Briton* ought to forget, and if I have made Your Lordſhips Modeſty uneaſie, it has been for the Benefit of that *Public*, to which Your Lordſhip has ſtill ſacrific'd all other Conſiderations.

As I have thus given Your Lordſhip the Reaſons of my dedicating that, which is *Shakeſpear*'s in this Volume, ſo I think my ſelf oblig'd to let Your Lordſhip know what gave me the Aſſurance of ſheltring my own Performance under Your Name. The Subject of my *Eſſay* and *Remarks*, is the *Drama*. A Sort of Poetry, my Lord, that the very Enemies of the Stage have, in their Invectives againſt its preſent Abuſes, allow'd to be the moſt uſeful to *Virtue*, of any the Wit of Man can invent; that is in that *Perfection* I propoſe it, and in which it was on its firſt Eſtabliſhment in *Greece*. Yes, my Lord, the wiſe States of *Athens* and *Rome*, thought the

the immediate Inſpection of the Theatre worthy of Heroes, and *Themiſtocles* was *Choragus*, that is Intendant of the *Stage*; and the chief of the *Roman* Nobility were *Ediles* who had the ſame Office in this Particular, with the *Choragi* of *Athens*. But the *Statesmen* of our Nation, have not yet thought it worth their while to reſcue the *Drama* from *private Intereſt*, to the *public Service*; by which Neglect it is become a Province over-run with ſuch numerous and ſtrange Monſters, that require a *Hercules* to deſtroy them. But in an Age and in a Nation that is ſo fond of, and ſo prodigal in the Support of ſuch monſtrous Productions of *Nonſenſe* and *Sound*, as the *Opera's*, there is little Hope of ſuch a *Deliverer*, unleſs Your Lordſhip would undertake ſo noble a Deſign.

I am, my Lord, aware of the Objection, that may be made againſt this Hope; yet, *Melpomene*, by a ſort of Prophetic Foreſight, believes, Wonders being ſo familiar to Your Lordſhip, that there is nothing which You cannot by Your great Penetration and Addreſs effect, tho' as ill ſupply'd with the common Means, as in the Miracles of your warlike Tranſactions. The Undertaking is worthy a Conqueror ſince perhaps of greater Value Service and Glory to your own Country, than the ſubduing of foreign Nations.

I have

# *DEDICATION.*

I have only therefore, to commend to Your Lordſhips Protection the *Art*, and its *Defender*; of the firſt I can make no Manner of Doubt; and of the ſecond Your Lordſhips Favours afford me ſome Hope; which is ſufficient to give me Aſſurance enough to ſubſcribe my ſelf

My LORD,

*Your Lordſhips moſt Oblig'd*

*moſt Humble and*

*moſt Obedient Servant,*

S. N.

# Advertiſement

## TO THE

# READER.

*THO a Preface to a Work of this Nature is generally expected; yet I ſhall beg to be excus'd at this Time, having plac'd the following* Eſſay *to ſupply that Defect. I ſhall only here Advertiſe the Reader, that he is not to expect in the* Remarks *the Pedantic, Etymologies, and Grammatical Enquiries into the Diction of our Author; But I content my ſelf to conſider Him only as a Poet, and therefore to confine my ſelf to his Poetical Beauties, and Errors; tho' I have indeed added an Index of all his Antiquated Words, as far as all the* Gloſſaries *Extant cou'd help me out. But as Mr.* Dryden *has Obſerv'd,* Shakeſpear *is frequently apt to Coin Words, which are no where elſe to be found, and their Senſe ſcarce to be diſcover'd by the Context.*

*I have nothing further to add but a Rectification of a Miſtake in* Shakeſpear's *Latin Inſcription.*

Ingenio Pylum, Genio Socratem, Arte Maronem:
Terra tegit, Populus Mæret, Olympus habet.

*Beſides this there is the following Epitaph in* Engliſh *which is likewiſe Omitted.*

Stay Paſſenger, Why doſt thou go ſo faſt?
Read if thou canſt, whom envious Death has plac'd
Within this Monument; *Shakeſpear*, with whom
Quick Nature dy'd, whoſe Name doth deck the Tomb
Far more, than Coſt, ſince all that he has Writ
Leaves living Art, but Page to ſerve his Wit.

AN

AN

# ESSAY

ON THE

## Art, Riſe and Progreſs

OF THE

# STAGE

IN

## *Greece, Rome* and *England.*

THO' the Works of SHAKESPEAR have been lately publiſh'd without the Poems, which now viſit the World in a *Seventh* Volume by themſelves; yet the Reader muſt not imagine, that the *Bookſeller* of thoſe, rejected theſe as ſpurious, or doubtful, or as unwilling to ſhelter under his Name, what was not genuine; for by re-printing thoſe Plays, in this

a Edition,

Edition, which carry no Mark of this celebrated Author, and which were only added to former Impreſſions, according to the laudable Cuſtom of the Trade, to ſwell the Volume and the Price (Mr. *Betterton* having more, than once aſſur'd me, that the firſt Folio Edition by the Players, contain'd all thoſe, which were truely his) 'tis plain that no ſuch nice Scruple gave him any diſturbance: But out of a good natur'd Principle, agreeable to the Man; he thought it not impolitic to leſſen the Towns Expectation of theſe Poems, becauſe he had no Hand in their Publication. However, I have not only ventur'd to put them to the Preſs, for the Satisfaction of the Lovers of *Shakespear*, who have often, with Importunity, demanded them of me; but I doubt not to make it evident, that they are genuine, and more perfect in their Kind, than many, if not moſt, of his *Dramatic* Performances. I confeſs, that they are far from being all of an equal Excellence, but there is no more to be drawn from thence to their Diſadvantage, than from the Inequality of his other Writings to the Prejudice of his Plays.

But deferring the Diſcuſſion of this Point till I come to my Remarks on his Poems, I ſhall here ſay a few Words of the Author, and then of his Works. I confeſs that I have nothing to add to his Life, written by Mr. *Rowe*, who has perfectly exhauſted that Subject; yet he has, by declining a general and full Criticiſm, left me Room enough to diſcourſe, both of the Author's Genius and his Writings. As I ſhall give many more Examples of his Beauties, than thoſe few, which his Editor has but very ſlightly glanc'd on in his Life; ſo ſhall I lay down ſuch Rules of Art, that

that the Reader may be able, to distinguish his *Errors* from his *Perfections*, now too much and too unjustly confounded by the foolish Biggotry of his blind and partial Adorers. For there are a sort of Men who deal by him, as some of our Modern Dedicators do by their Patrons; denying them all Defects, and at the same Time dawbing them with shining Qualities, which they do not only not possess, but have no need of to compleat their Character; by so childish a Conduct not only bringing into Question those, which are really their Due, but making their Patrons, as ridiculous as themselves. For an unjust, or ill grounded Praise of the *Living*, is no better, than fulsome Flattery, and of the *Dead* only a meer assuming Complement to our selves, as Men of greater Genius, Discernment, and Penetration, than others in the Discovery of Beauties, which they are not able to find out. This is the very Fault, which those *Moderniſts* lay to the Charge of the Admirers of the *Antients*; for while they wou'd perswade us, that these have given Beauties to *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, &c. Which those Poets never thought of or design'd, they advanc'd so unreasonable a Biggotry to our Poet, that if a Man, by Art and Reason, but question the greatest and most absurd of his Faults, with the *Romans* of old on the same Occasion—— *Clamant periiſſe Pudorem.*

'Tis my opinion, that if *Shakespear* had had those Advantages of Learning, which the perfect Knowledge of the Ancients wou'd have given him, so great a *Genius* as his, wou'd have made him a very dangerous Rival in Fame, to the greatest Poets of Antiquity; so far am I from seeing, how this Knowledge cou'd either have curb'd,

confin'd, or ſpoil'd the natural Excellence of his Writings. For, tho' I muſt always think our Author a Miracle, for the Age he liv'd in, yet I am oblig'd, in Juſtice to *Reaſon* and *Art*, to confeſs, that he does not come up to the Ancients, in all the Beauties of the *Drama*. But it is no ſmall Honour to him, that he has ſurpaſs'd them in the *Topics* or *Common Places*: And to confirm the Victory he obtain'd on that Head, at Mr. *Hales*'s Chamber at *Eaton*, I ſhall, in this preſent Undertaking, not only tranſcribe the moſt ſhining, but refer the Reader to the ſame Subjects in the *Latin* Authors.

This I do, that I might omit nothing, that cou'd do his Memory that Juſtice, which he really deſerves: But to put his Errors and his Excellencies on the ſame Bottom, is to injure the Later, and give the Enemies of our Poet an Advantage againſt him, of doing the ſame; that is, of rejecting his Beauties, as all of a Piece with his Faults. This unaccountable Biggotry of the Town, to the very Errors of *Shakeſpear*, was the Occaſion of Mr. *Rymer*'s Criticiſms, and drove him as far into the contrary Extream. I am far from approving his Manner of treating our Poet; tho' Mr. *Dryden* owns, that all, or moſt of the Faults he has found, are Juſt; but adds this odd Reflection: And yet, ſays he, Who minds the Critick, and who admires *Shakeſpear* leſs? That was as much as to ſay; Mr. *Rymer* has indeed made good his Charge, and yet the Town admir'd his Errors ſtill: which I take to be a greater Proof of the Folly and abandon'd Taſte of the Town, than of any Imperfections in the *Critic*; which, in my Opinion, expos'd the Ignorance of the Age he liv'd in; to which, Mr. *Rowe* very juſtly

aſcribes

aſcribes moſt of his Faults. It muſt be own'd, that Mr. *Rymer* carried the Matter too far, ſince no Man, that has the leaſt Reliſh of Poetry, can queſtion his *Genius:* For, in ſpite of his known and viſible Errors, when I read *Shakeſpear*, even in ſome of his moſt irregular Plays, I am ſurpriz'd into a Pleaſure ſo great, that my Judgment is no longer free to ſee the Faults, tho' they are never ſo Groſs and Evident. There is ſuch a Witchery in him, that all the Rules of Art, which he does not obſerve, tho' built on an equally Solid and Infallible Reaſon, vaniſh away in the Tranſports of thoſe, that he does obſerve, ſo entirely, as if I had never known any thing of the Matter. The Pleaſure, I confeſs, is peculiar as ſtrong; for it comes from the admirable Draughts of the Manners, viſible in the Diſtinction of his Characters, and his ſurprizing Reflections and Topics, which are often extreamly heightned by the Expreſſion and Harmony of Numbers; for in theſe no Man ever excell'd him, and very few ever came up to his Merit. Nor is his Nice touching the Paſſion of Joy, the leaſt Source of this Satisfaction; for he frequently moves this, in ſome of the moſt Indifferent of his Plays, ſo ſtrongly, that it is impoſſible to quell the Emotion. There is likewiſe ever a Sprightlineſs in his Dialogue, and often a Genteelneſs, eſpecially in his *Much ado about Nothing*, which is very ſurprizing for that Age, and what the Learned *BEN* cou'd not attain by all his Induſtry; and I confeſs, if we make ſome ſmall Allowance for a few Words and Expreſſions, I queſtion whether any one has ſince excell'd him in it.

Tho' all theſe Beauties were owing chiefly to a natural Strength of Genius in him, yet I can

never give up his Acquaintance with the Ancients ſo entirely, as Mr. *Rowe* has done; becauſe, I think there are many Arguments to prove, that he knew at leaſt, ſome of the *Latin* Poets, particularly *Ovid*; two of his Epiſtles being here tranſlated by him: His Motto to *Venus* and *Adonis* is another Proof; but that he had read *Plautus* himſelf, is plain from his *Comedy of Errors*, which is taken viſibly from the *Menœchmi* of that Poet; as will be evident, when we come to conſider that Play. The Characters he has in his Plays drawn of the *Romans*, is a Proof, that he was acquainted with their Hiſtorians; and *Ben* himſelf, in his Commendatory Verſes before the firſt Folio Edition of *Shakeſpear*'s Works, allows him to have a little *Latin* and leſs *Greek*; that is— he wou'd not allow him to be as perfect a Critic in the *Latin*, as he himſelf was; but yet, the he was capable of reading at leaſt, the *Latin* Poets, as is, I think, plainly prov'd. For I can ſee no manner of Weight in that Conjecture, which ſuppoſes, that he never read the Ancients, becauſe he has not any where imitated them; ſo fertile a Genius as his, having no need to borrow Images from others, which had ſuch plenty of his own. Beſides, we find by Experience, that ſome of our Modern Authors, nay thoſe who have made great Figures in the Univerſity, for their Wit and Learning, have ſo little follow'd the Ancients in their Performances, that by them, a Man cou'd never gheſs, that they had read a Word of them; and yet they wou'd take it amiſs, not to be allow'd to be very well read both in the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets. If they do this in their Writings out of Pride, or want of Capacity; may we not as juſtly ſuppoſe, that *Shakeſpear* did it

out

out of an Abundance in his own Natural Stock. I contend not here to prove, that he was a perfect Master of either the *Latin* or *Greek* Authors; but all that I aim at is to shew, that as he was capable of reading some of the *Romans*, so he had actually read *Ovid* and *Plautus*, without spoiling or Confining his *Fancy* or *Genius*.

*Whether his Ignorance of the Ancients were a Disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Dispute.* I am surpriz'd at the Assertion; unless he mean, That all things may be argu'd upon; and that the Problems of *Euclid*, so long admitted as indisputable, may, by a New Sort of Scepticism, be call'd in Question. The Reason he assigns for this, is thus— *For, tho' the Knowledge of them, might have made him more Correct; yet it is not improbable, but that the Regularity and Deference for them, which would have attended that Correctness, might have restrain'd some of that Fire, Impetuosity, and even Beautiful Extravagance, which we admire in SHAKESPEAR.* I must own, that I am not capable of comprehending his Proof, or that indeed it is any Proof at all; for, if the Knowledge of the Ancients, wou'd have made him *Correct*, it wou'd have given him the only Perfection, he wanted; and that is certainly an Advantage not to be disputed. But then this *Correctedness MIGHT have restrain'd some of that Fire, Impetuosity, and even BEAUTIFUL EXTRAVAGANCE*, &c. We do not find, that *Correctness* in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, &c. restrain'd any Fire, that was truly Celestial; and why we shou'd think, that it wou'd have had a worse Effect on *Shakespear*, I cannot imagine; nor do I understand what is meant by *Beautiful Extravagance*: For if it be something beyond Nature, it is so far from being admir'd

by Men of *Senſe*, that it is contemn'd and laugh'd at. For what there is in any Poem, which is out of Nature, and contrary to *Veriſimilitude* and *Probability*, can never be *Beautiful*, but *Abominable*. For the Buſineſs of Poetry is to copy Nature truely, and obſerve *Probability* and *Veriſimilitude* juſtly; and the Rules of Art are to ſhew us what Nature is, and how to diſtinguiſh its Lineaments from the unruly and prepoſterous Sallies and Flights of an irregular and uninſtructed Fancy. So, that as I think it is plain, that *Shakeſpear* was not entirely ignorant of the Ancients; ſo, I believe it is as evident, that he wou'd have been much more, not leſs perfect, than he is, had his Ignorance of them been much leſs, than it really was. A judicious Reader of our Author, will eaſily diſcover thoſe Defects, that his Beauties wou'd make him wiſh had been corrected by a Knowledge of the whole *Art* of the *Drama*. For it is evident, that by the Force of his own Judgment, or the Strength of his Imagination, he has follow'd the *Rules* of Art, in all thoſe Particulars in which he pleaſes. I know, that the *Rules of Art* have been ſufficiently clamour'd againſt, by an ignorant and thoughtleſs ſort of Men of our Age; but it was becauſe they knew nothing of them, and never conſider'd, that without ſome Standard of Excellence, there cou'd be no Juſtice done to Merit, to which Poetaſters and Poets muſt elſe have an equal Claim, which is the higheſt Degree of Barbariſm. Nay, without an Appeal to theſe very Rules, *Shakeſpear* himſelf is not to be diſtinguiſh'd from the moſt worthleſs Pretenders, who have often met with an undeſerv'd Applauſe, and challenge the Title of Great Poets from their Succeſs.

*Nature*, Nature is the great Cry againſt the Rules. We muſt be judg'd by *Nature*, ſay they, not at all, conſidering, that *Nature* is an equivocal Word, whoſe Senſe is too various and Extenſive ever to be able to appeal too, ſince it leaves it to the Fancy and Capacity of every one, to decide what is according to Nature, and what not. Beſides there may be a great many things Natural, which Dramatick Poetry has nothing to do with. To do the Needs of Life, is as natural as any Action of it, but to bring ſuch a thing into a Piece of Hiſtory Painting, or Dramatic Poetry, wou'd be monſtrous and abſur'd, tho' natural; for there may be many things natural in their proper Places, which are not ſo in others. It is therefore neceſſary, that there ſhou'd be Rules to let the Poet know, not only what is natural, but when it is proper to be introduc'd, and when not. The Droll Pieces of the Dutch are all very natural, yet I dare believe there is no Man ſo very ignorant of the Decorum of Hiſtory Painting, as to think that in the Tent of *Darius* of Monſieur *Le Brun*, or the *Jephtha*'s *Sacrifice*, it wou'd be natural or proper to Introduce one of thoſe Droll Pieces, either of Drinking, dancing, ſnick or ſnee, or the like. For tho' both the Painters have propos'd Nature for their Copy, and have drawn her perfectly well, yet Grief and Laughter are ſo very incompatible, that to join theſe two Copies of Nature together, wou'd be monſtrous and ſhocking to any Judicious Eye. And yet this Abſurdity is what is done ſo commonly among us in our *Tragi-Comedies*; this is what our *Shakeſpear* himſelf has frequently been guilty of, not only in thoſe Mixtures which he has given us of that kind, but in many other Particulars

ticulars for want of a thorough Knowlege of the Art of the Stage.

After this I hope no Man will aſſert, that Criticiſm is an ill natur'd Work, unleſs he will declare for all the Extravagancies of Ignorance, and that Abſurdities ought to be indulg'd, for the ſake of a great Name. For if Truth and Reaſon may be of any Account, to point out the real Errors of any Man muſt be thought a good natur'd Office; ſince it is to bring Men to a juſt Senſe of things, and a true Knowlege and Taſte of Nature and Art. Did ever any Man think it an ill-natur'd thing, to tell a Friend of his Miſtakes of Conduct? Much leſs muſt it be thought ſo in the Diſcoveries of the Errors of Writing, becauſe by the Correction many are inform'd how to direct themſelves Juſtly and not to follow the *Ignes Fatuos*, of a diſtemper'd Fancy without ever Conſulting Judgment; which muſt make its Diciſion by the Rules of Art. I confeſs, that there is a Decency in doing this, which to forſake is to become lyable to this Cenſure, as Mr. *Rymer* has done: who was not content to point out the Faults of *Shakeſpear*, but wou'd deny him all manner of Excellence. This indeed ſavours of ill Nature and Envy, But ſure no Body will accuſe *Ariſtotle* of the ſame Crime, for thoſe he diſcovers in *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and ſome other *Greek* Poets, whoſe Beauties and Perfections he recommends to our Imitation? Tho' from theſe he forms his *Poetics*, and tho' they were of ſuch great Authority and Eſteem, yet this Father of all Critics makes no Difficulty of ſhowing in what they tranſgreſs'd the Rules which he founds on Reaſon and Nature; which the *Athenians* rightly look'd on, as a Peice of *Juſtice* not *Ill-Nature*. For if as he allow'd them their

their Excellencies, not to have pointed out their Defect, had been to have left Room for a Biggottry to a Name, to have made their Vices pass for Vertues, to the Prejudice of the just Improvement of so noble an Art. Thus I shall all along recommend the Beauties of *Shakespear*, but must beg leave to lay down the Rules of the *Drama* least we fall into an Erroneous Imitation of his Faults. The Answer of *Dionysius* or *Pompey* the Great, will be just to all, who shall be of his Mind— *Pompey* complain'd, that he had found fault with *Plato*, to which he replies in this Manner— *Your Veneration for PLATO is just, but your Accusation of me unjust. When a Man writes to show what is good or bad in a Subject, he ought with the utmost Exactness to point out its Virtues and Vices, because that is a certain Way to come at the Truth, which is the most valuable of all things. Had I wrote against PLATO, with a Design to decry his Works, I ought to have been look'd on, as one as Envious as ZOILUS; but on the contrary, my Design was to praise him, but if in the doing this, I have discover'd and improv'd any of his Errors or Defects, I have done nothing that merits a Complaint*, &c.

This I hope is sufficient to clear just Criticism from the Imputation of *Ill-Nature*; and I am of Opinion, that since Poetry has always been esteem'd in all civiliz'd and polite Countries, a noble Art; there is a Necessity to free it from that Barbarism it has hitherto lain under in this Nation; especially in its most valuable and useful Part the *Drama*, to lay down those Rules which may form our Judgment, and bring it to a Perfection it has not yet known among us.

There is indeed a very formidable Party among us, who are such Libertines in all manner of Poetry;

try, eſpecially in the *Drama*, that they think all regular Principles of Art an Impoſition not to be born; yet while they refuſe in Poetry juſt Rules, as a Teſt of their Performance, they will allow no Man, a Maſter in any other, that follows not the Rules of his Art, be it in *Painting*, *Statuary*, *Archetecture*, &c. Tho' the Precepts of *Poetry* are not leſs founded on Nature and Reaſon, and muſt indeed be the only Diſtinction betwixt an Artiſt and a Pretender. This falſe Notion has open'd a Door to all the Abominable *Scriblers*, who have ſo often won a Reputation from the Ignorance of the Town (to the Scandal of the Nation) Nay, who have paſt for Authors of the firſt Rank; tho' their Writings, as *Ben Johnſon*, in his Diſcoveries, has it; *A Man wou'd not wrap up any wholſome Drug in*, &c. For if Poetry have no certain Standard of Excellence, no fix'd Rules to go by; then it muſt of Conſequence, be an arbitrary Licenſe of writing what extravagant thing ſoever one pleaſes; and that Meſs of Madneſs, that is moſt plauſibly cook'd up by the Players, and goes beſt down with the MOB, that is, the Ignorant of all Degrees and Stations, is the beſt Poetry: A Notion ſo very Whimſical, that it was never entertain'd in any City in the Univerſe but this (and perhaps *Madrid*) for it Levels all Men, makes *S*— and *D*—*y* as Good Poets as *Otway* and *Wycherley*; which is to deter Men of Learning and Genius from Writing; ſince they are liable to Cenſures, almoſt as Scandalous as thoſe the Poets of *Madrid* are ſubject to; as we have the Account from the Ladies Travels into *Spain:* And becauſe it bears ſome Proportion to the State of our Stage, I ſhall tranſcribe it.

*The*

— *The fineſt Comedy in the World* (ſays ſhe) *I mean thoſe acted in the Cities, very often receive their Fate from the weak Fancy of ſome* Ignorant Wretch *or other. But there is one particularly, and a* Shoe-maker, *who decides the Matter, and who has gain'd ſo abſolute an Authority ſo to do, that when the Poets have made their Plays, they go to him, and as it were, ſue to him for his Approbation: They read to him their Plays; and the* Shoe-maker, *with grave Looks thereupon, utters abundance of Nonſenſe; which nevertheleſs, the poor Poet is forc'd to put up. After all, if he happens to be at the firſt acting of it; every Body have their Eyes upon the Behaviour and Action of this pitiful Fellow: the young People of what Quality ſoever imitate him. If he yawns, they yawn; if he laughs, ſo do they. In a Word, ſometimes he grows angry or weary, and then takes a little Whiſtle, and falls a whiſtling: At the ſame time, you hear an hundred whiſtles, which make ſo ſhrill a noiſe, that 'tis enough to confound the Heads of all the Spectators. By this time, our poor Poet is quite ruin'd; all his Study and Pains having been as the Mercy of a Block-head, according as he was in good or bad Humour.*

This perhaps, may ſeem a harder Fate, than what our Poets here are liable to: But whilſt Ignorance is to be Judge of Art, and the Direction of the Houſe is in ſuch Hands; it is certain, the Caſe is much the ſame. For the Fate of a Play depends on theſe Gentlemens Opinion of it, who have nothing to guide them but Fancy, which leads them ten times into an Error, for once that it hits right; and then it is by Wondrous Chance. Nay, it is no new Defect of the Stage; for when the Poets, that is, the Maſters of the Art, left off ordering the Stage, and directing the Actors, as the Admirable Critic Monſieur

Monſieur *Dacier*, obſerves in his Notes on the laſt Chapter of *Ariſtotles* Art of Poetry, the Players being left to themſelves, immediately ſpoil'd the Acting, and degenerated from that Wiſdom and Simplicity, by which they had been maintain'd.

It is theſe Gentlemen particularly, that bring an Argument againſt regular Plays, which had been as falſly urg'd, before the Reformation of the *French* Stage; as is plain from the Academy's Animadverſions on the *Cid* of *Corneille*: Let their Words juſtifie my Aſſertion.—— *Que ſi au coatraire, quelques Pieces regulaires donnent peu de Satisfaction; il ne faut pas croire, que ſe e ſoit la Faute des Regles, mais bien celles des Auteurs; don't le Sterile Genie na pu fournir a l'Art, une que fuſt aſſez Riche.* p. 22. of the Academy's Cenſure of the *CID.* i. e. *If on the contrary, ſome regular Pieces give but little Satisfaction, you ought not to believe, that this is the Fault of the Rules, but of the Authors; whoſe Barren Genius cannot ſupply Art with what is rich and noble.* The Rules of Art indeed, are not for any Man, to whom Nature has not given a *Genius*; without which it is impoſſible to obſerve, or indeed perfectly to underſtand them.

The ingenious *Michael Cervantes* the celebrated Author of *Don Quixot* tells us, that the ſame Objection was made to him in Defence of the irregular Plays, that had uſurp'd the *Spaniſh* Stage under the Direction of the Actors. Which I ſhall tranſcribe, becauſe it ſhows that Stage to be like ours, that the Opinion of a Man of his Wit and Judgment, may have a juſt Influence on thoſe who look more on Authority, than Reaſon.

In the 50th. Chapter of his firſt Part, the *Canon* and the *Curate* are diſcourſing to this purpoſe

poſe— " If theſe Plays that are now in Vogue, as " well thoſe that are meer Fiction, as thoſe that are " taken out of Hiſtory, are all or the greateſt " part of them, plain viſible Foperies, and things " without Head or Tail; yet the Multitude de- " lights in, and thinks them good, tho' they are " ſo far from it. And if the Poets who write, " and the Players who Act ſay, they muſt be " ſuch *Becauſe the Multitudes will have them ſo and* " *no otherwiſe, and that thoſe which are regular, and* " *carry on the Plot according to Art, are only of* " *Uſe to a few wiſe Men, who underſtand them,* " *and all the reſt make nothing of them*; *and that* " *it is better for them to get their Bread by MA-* " *NY than to be look'd on by a FEW.*—— If this " be ſo, I ſay, the ſame will be the Fate of my " Book, after I have crack'd my Brain to ob- " ſerve the Rules, I have ſpoken of, I ſhall loſe " my Labour. And tho' I have ſometimes en- " deavour'd to perſwade the Actors, that they " are in the Wrong in following that Opinion; " and that they wou'd draw more People, and " gain more Reputation by acting Plays, that are " according to the Rules of Art, than by thoſe " *Mad ones*; they are ſo fond of their own Opi- " nion, that there is no bearing them out of it. " I remember that I once ſaid to one of theſe " Obſtinate Men— Tell me, don't you remem- " ber, that a few Years ago, there were three " Plays acted in *Spain*, written by a famous Poet " of this Kingdom, which were ſo excellent, that " they aſtoniſh'd, pleas'd, and ſurptiz'd all that " ſaw them, as well ignorant as wiſe; the Mul- " titude, as better Sort? And thoſe three alone " yielded the Actors more Money, than Thirty " of the beſt, that have been made ſince: Doubt-

" leſs

" leſs, Sir, ſaid the Poet I ſpeak of, you mean " the *Iſabella*, *Phillis*, and *Alexander*? I mean the " ſame quoth I, and ſee whether thoſe did not " obſerve the Rules of Art; and did not pleaſe " all People? *So that the Fault is not in the* " *MULTITUDE, who require Follies; but in thoſe,* " *who know not how to ſhow them any thing elſe.* " Nor was the Play of *Ingratitude Reveng'd*, a " Foppery; nor was there any in that of *Numan-* " *tia*, nor the *Amorous Merchant*; much leſs in " the *Favourable She Enemy*; nor in ſome others, " that have been written by judicious Poets, " to their great Reputation and Renown, and " to the Advantage of thoſe, that Acted them. " Much more I urg'd, which, in my Opinion, " *CONFOUNDED but did not CONVINCE him*, " ſo as to make him recede from his Erroneous " Conceit.

" You have hit on a thing, Maſter *Canon*, " (anſwer'd the Curate) that has Stirr'd up the " old Grudge, I bear the Plays now in uſe; " which is not inferior to my Averſion to Books " of *Knight-Errantry*. For whereas the *Drama* ac- " cording to *Tully*, ought to be a Mirrour of " Human Life, a Pattern of Manners, and a " lively Image of Truth; thoſe, that are Acted " now adays, are *Mirrours of EXTRAVAGANCIES*; " *Patterns of Follies*; and lively Images of Lewd- " neſs. For what greater *Extravagancies* can " there be, than to bring on a Child in its " Swadling Bands in the Firſt Scene of the Firſt " Act; and in the Second to have him walk in as " grown up to a ſtout Man? And what greater " Folly, than to repreſent to us a fighting old " Fellow, and a cowardly young Man; an " haranguing Footman; a Page taking on him

" to

" to be a Privy Counſellour; a King, a meer " Clown; a Princeſs an errant Cook Wench? " What ſhall I ſay to the Time and Place, that " theſe Accidents, may or might have hap- " pen'd in? For I have ſeen a Play, whoſe Firſt " Act began in *Europe*, and the Second in *Aſia*, " and the Third in *Africa*; and had it held out " four Acts the fourth had ended in *America* and " ſo it wou'd have been Acted in all the Four " Quarters of the World.

" And if Imitation be the Principal Part of " the *Drama* how is it poſſible, that any tolerable " Underſtanding ſhou'd be pleas'd to ſee, that " when they are acting a Paſſage, that hap- " pen'd in the Days of King *Pepin*, or *Charle-* " *maign*, the ſame Man, who Acts the Hero of " the Play, ſhou'd be made the Emperour *Hera-* " *clius*, who carr'd the Croſs to *Jeruſalem?* And " to recover the Holy Sepulchre, as *Godfrey* of " *Bullion* did; when there are many Years di- " ſtance betwixt thoſe Actions? Or when the " Play is grounded on Fiction to apply it to " Truths out of Hiſtory; or patch it up with " Accidents, that happen'd to ſeveral Perſons, " and at ſeveral Times; and this not with any " Contrivance to to make it appear probable; " but with manifeſt Errors altogether inexcuſa- " ble? And the worſt of it is, *there are ſome* " *Blockheads who call this PERFECTION, and all* " *the reſt NOTION, and PEDANTRY*, &c.

And after ſome Reflections on the monſtrous Miracles forg'd for their Religious Plays he proceeds—

" —All this is an Affront to Truth, a diſcredit " to Hiſtory, and a ſhame to the Spaniſh Wits. " Becauſe Foreigners, who are very ſtrict in " obſerving the Laws of the *Drama* look on us

" as ignorant and barbarous, when they ſee the
" Abſurdity, and enormous Folly of theſe we
" Write. And that is not excus'd by ſaying,
" that the chief Deſign of well govern'd Common
" Wealths, in permitting Plays to be acted, is
" to divert the Commonalty with ſome lawful
" Recreation, to diſperſe the ill Humours, that
" Idlenenſs often breeds; and that ſince this is
" done by any Play good or bad, there is no
" occaſion to preſcribe Laws, or confine thoſe,
" that write, or thoſe that act them to make them
" ſuch as they ought to be; for as I ſaid any
" of them ſerve to compaſs the End deſign'd by
" them. To this I wou'd anſwer, that the End
" wou'd be infinitely better attain'd by good
" Plays, than by theſe, that are not ſo. For a
" Man, after ſeeing a good, and well contriv'd
" Play, wou'd go away pleas'd with the Comedy,
" inſtructed by the ſerious Part; ſurpriz'd at the
" Plot, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by
" the Frauds, inform'd by the Examples; diſ-
" guſted at Vice, and in love with Vertue; for
" a good Play muſt work all theſe Effects upon
" him, that ſees it tho' he be never ſo rude
" and unthinking. And it is abſolutely impoſſible,
" but that a Play, that has all theſe Qualifica-
" tions, muſt pleaſe, divert, ſatisfy, and content
" beyond, that which wants them, as for the
" moſt part thoſe do, that are acted. And the
" Poets, that write them are not in the Fault;
" for *ſome* of them are very ſenſible of the Er-
" rors, they commit, and know what they ought
" to do. But Plays being become venal, they
" ſay, and are in the Right on't that the *Actors*
" wou'd give nothing for 'em if they were not
" of that Stamp. And therefore the Poet en-

deavours

" deavours to ſuit himſelf to what the *Actor*,
" who is to pay for it requires, *&c.*

This is ſo near an Image of our *Dramatick* State, in this Nation; that, I hope the Obſervation of ſo receiv'd a Wit as *Michael Cervantes*, will have ſome Weight with our Men of Figure, who are, or wou'd be thought Men of Senſe and Politeneſs. Yet, if they ſhou'd think Authority inſufficient, becauſe againſt their wretched *Goûſt*; I ſhall ſhew, that Reaſon is as much againſt them; and then ſhew the Source of our ill Taſte, and the Corruption of our Stage, by giving a View of the Original and Riſe of the *Drama*, in *Greece*, in *Rome*, and in this Nation.

To come therefore to Reaſon, againſt thoſe Blind Enemies to Regularity; and without which there can be no Harmony, we muſt prove that Poetry is an Art.

As the Injuſtice of Men, was the Cauſe of Laws; ſo the Decay of Arts, and the Faults committed in them (as *Dacier* obſerves) oblig'd Men firſt to make Rules, and afterwards to revive them. But the Laws of Legiſlators place all their Reaſon in their Will or the preſent Occurrences; but the Rules of *Poetry* advance nothing but what is accompanied with Reaſon, and drawn from the common Sentiments of Mankind; ſo that Men themſelves, become the Rule and Meaſure of what theſe preſcribe.

All Arts are certain Rules or Means of arriving at, or doing ſomething, that is Good and Beneficial to Mankind; now Poetry aiming at the Inſtruction of Men by Pleaſure, it propoſes a certain End for the Good of Men: it muſt there-

fore have certain Rules or Means of obtaining that End, and is therefore an Art.

But Poetry is not only an Art, but its Rules are known, and it is impoſſible to ſucceed without them. The certain Conſequence of this is, that the *Rules* and *what pleaſes*, are never contrary to each other, and that you can never obtain the Later without the former. *Secondly*, That Poeſie being an Art, can never be prejudicial to Mankind; for when any Verſes are ſo, they deviate from the Rules, and are no longer Poetry; which was invented and improv'd for their Advantage only. Poeſie owes its Riſe to Religion: Hymns in the Praiſe of, and Thankſgiving to Heaven for Bleſſings receiv'd, was the Original Poetry; for Men, naturally inclin'd to Imitation, employ'd their native Tendence to Muſick and Song, to the Praiſes of their Gods: And had Man continu'd in his Primitive Simplicity, Hymns and divine Songs, as among the *Hebrews*, had been all our Poetry. But in the Heathen Syſtem, Men ſoon deviated from this Purity; admitting firſt the Praiſe of Men, and then Satire, or Rallery on one another at their drunken Meetings, at Harveſt-Home, or the like. Thus Poetry being corrupted ſoon, ſcarce retain'd any Footſteps of Religion, whence it firſt ſprung.

The ſucceeding Poets, being the Divines and Philoſophers of thoſe Times, obſerving the invincible Bent of the People to theſe Feaſts and Shows; and that it wou'd be a fruitleſs Labour and endeavour, to reſtore their primitive Simplicity, took an Admirable and wiſe Care to turn this Inclination of theirs to Pleaſure, to their Advantage, by making that Pleaſure convey Inſtruction to them, in ſo agreeable a Manner.

To

To pass over the various Changes of Poetry, we must remember, that we owe to *Homer* the *Epick Poem*, and in that the Origin of *Tragedy*, more excellent for the Regulation of the Passion than the *Epopee*, which only reach'd to Customs. The Invention of Comedy some attribute to the Corruption and degenerate Luxury of the People; some to the *Margites* of *Homer*; but both these Opinions are easily reconcil'd; for the *Opprobria Rustica* as *Horace* calls them the lewd Railleries of the Country People at their drunken Country Festivals gave the Ground Work, which the *Margites* of *Homer* reduc'd into a more decent Form and Order and gave the Idea, whence after Poets deriv'd the Ancient Comedy.

But hence it is plain, as I have said, that Poesie is an Art, because we see from its Rise it has propos'd a certain End, and must necessarily have certain Means to be conducted to that End. For where there is a *Right*, and a *Wrong*, there must be some Art or Rules to avoid the one and arrive at the other. But then perhaps it may still be question'd whether these Rules are fixt and known, and whether they are those prescrib'd by *Aristotle?* That they are known will be plain from what follows; and that they are those of *Aristotle* at least in the *Drama* (which I shall chiefly insist on in this Essay) will be as plain; if we consider, 1st. Who gives the Rules, 2dly. When he gave them, and 3dly. The Manner in which he gave them. *Aristotle*'s Character for Knowledge in all the politer Arts will be of some Force; for his Genius, and Capacity are sufficiently known to the Learned; 2dly. The Age he liv'd in was in almost the first Regulation if not Rise of Tragedy; learning the Art with *Sophocles* and *Euripi-*

*des*, who brought it to Perfection, and seeing the Effect it had on the most polite and knowing People of the World. 3dly.— The Manner in which they are deliver'd is so evident and conformable to Nature, as that I cannot but be sensible of their Truth. To confirm this I consider the Effects they have had in all Nations where they were known; for all the Beauties of *Homer*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* and the other *Greek* Poets of any Name are perfectly conformable to them; and these being five hundred years after reviv'd in the Time of *Augustus* at *Rome* we find the Beauties of *Virgil* and the *Latins* owing to them. Nay 2000 years after they were wrote we observe that by them the best Tragedies of *France* and *Spain*, nay I may say of *England* too are those, in which they are perfectly follow'd: in which all, that pleases is according to the Rules, and all that disgusts or is insipid, wild, or extravagant contrary to them; for good Sense and right Reason are of all Countries. Human Laws indeed which regard the State alter according to the Circumstances and Interests of the Men, for which they were made; but these are always the same, and ever support their Vigour, because they are the Laws of Nature, which always acts uniformly, revives them continually, and gives them a perpetual Existence.

From hence it follows, that these Rules are known, and that they are those deliver'd by *Aristotle*, and that they are never opposite to what pleases, since they were made to shew us the Path, that we ought to tread, that we may arrive at what *Pleases*. Were the Rules and what pleases Opposite, we cou'd never please but by *Chance*, which is absurd; As there is certain

Rules

Rules, therefore, that teach us to pleaſe, ſo we ought to make it our Buſineſs to ſtudy and learn them both for the reading and judging part; for theſe Rules are drawn from the *Pleaſant* and the *Profitable*, and lead us to their Source. The *Pleaſant* and the *Profitable* is what naturally pleaſes; and that in all Arts is what we always conſult. In this moſt perfect and ſure Model of Imitation, we find perfect UNITY and ORDER, for it is it ſelf the Effect of *Order*, and the Rule to conduct us to it: But there is but one Way to find *Order*, but many to fall into Confuſion.

" There wou'd be nothing bad (ſays *Dacier* " very Juſtly) in the World if all that *pleas'd* " were *good*, for there's nothing ſo abſurd but will " have ſome Admirers. You may ſay indeed, that " it is not true, that what is GOOD *pleaſes* be- " cauſe we daily ſee Diſputes about the GOOD " and the PLEASANT; that the ſame thing " pleaſes ſome and diſpleaſes others; nay it plea- " ſes and diſpleaſes the very ſame thing at dif- " ferent Times. From whence then proceeds " this Difference? It comes either from an abſo- " lute Ignorance of the Rule, or that the Paſſions " alter it. Rightly to clear this Truth, I believe, " I may lay down this Maxim, *that all ſenſible Ob-* " *jects are of two Sorts; ſome may be judg'd of by* " *the Senſe independently of Reaſon, (I call SENSE* " *that Impreſſion, which the animal Spirits make on* " *the Soul) and others can't be judg'd of but by* " *Reaſon exercis'd in Science.* Things ſimply agree- " able, or diſagreeable are of the firſt Sort; all " the World may judge alike of theſe— For Ex- " ample the moſt Ignorant in Muſick perceives " very well when a player on the Lute ſtrikes " one String for another, becauſe he judges by his

" Senſe,

" Senſe, and his Senſe is the Rule. On ſuch Occaſions we may, therefore, very well ſay, *that all, that pleaſes is good* becauſe that which is *good* does pleaſe, or that which is *ill* never fails to diſpleaſe; for neither Paſſion nor Ignorance dull the Senſes but ſharpen them. It is not thus in things that ſpring from Reaſon; Paſſion and Ignorance work very ſtrongly in them, and choak the Judgment; and for this Cauſe we ordinarily judge ſo *ill*, and differently in thoſe things of which Reaſon is the Rule and the Cauſe. Why what is *bad* often pleaſes, and that which is *good* does not always do ſo is not the Fault of the Object but the Judge; but what is *Good* will infallibly pleaſe thoſe who *can* judge, and that's ſufficient. By this we may ſee, that a Play, that ſhall bring thoſe things which are to be judg'd by Reaſon within the Rules, and alſo that which is to be judg'd by Senſe ſhall never fail to pleaſe both the Learned and the Ignorant. Now this Conformity of Suffrages is the moſt ſure, or according to *Ariſtotle* the only mark of the *Good* and *Pleaſant*. But theſe Suffrages are not to be obtain'd but by the Obſerving the Rules, and conſequently theſe Rules are the only Cauſe of the *Good* and the *Pleaſant*; *whether they are follow'd Methodically and with Deſign, or only by Hazard or Chance. For 'tis certain there are many Perſons who are entirely ignorant of theſe Rules, and yet do not miſs of Succeſs in many things. But this is far from deſtroying the Rules, ſince it only ſerves to ſhew their Beauty, and proves how far they are conformable to Nature, ſince theſe often follow them who know nothing of them.*

The

The later end of this is perfectly prov'd by our *Shakespear*, who in all, that pleases is exactly conformable to the Rules, tho' 'tis evident by his Defects, that he knew nothing of them. I hope this is enough to satisfy any reasonable Man not only that as *Poesy* is an Art it proposes certain means to arrive at a certain End; but that these Rules are absolutely necessary for the judging and writing justly. If any one desire to see this Argument handled more at large it will be worth his while to read Monsieur *Dacier*'s admirable Preface to his Remarks on the *Poetics* of *Aristotle* form what I have said on this Head is but an Abridgment.

Since therefore the Necessity of Rules is thus Evident, I think I cannot be more just to the Art, and to those Poets, who may hereafter arise worthy the Name, than to lay down in as few Words as possible the Rules of the *Drama*; to which I shall subjoin some relating to the *Epigram*, under which last Head most of the Miscellanies of *Shakspear* will fall; by this means, that the ingenious Reader may distinguish betwixt his Errors and Beauties, and so fix his Praise on a juster Ground, than the blind Caprice of every ignorant Fancy; and if by this he will not appear so praise worthy in many things, as he may now be thought, yet his Praise will be greater and more valuable when it is founded on Reason and Truth, and the Judgment of Men of Sense, and Understanding.

Before I come to the particlar Rules of the Stage as *Aristotle* has laid them down, I shall give you what *an English Nobleman has given us on this Subject in Verse*, because there are some thigns relating especialy to the Diction which *Aristotle* has not

not medled with, and others which tho' conformable to him, yet being in Verſe ſink eaſier into the Memory and will lead the Reader better to the Apprehenſion and retaining the particular Rules in Proſe, and perhaps give him a better Reliſh of them. For when by Pleaſure we are firſt let into the View of Truth, it has ſuch Charms as to engage our Purſuit after it through ways not altogether ſo ſmooth, and delightful. The Verſes I take out of the Eſſay on Poetry written by the preſent Duke of *Buckingham*, at a Time when the Town run away with as ſtrange Monſters, as have pleas'd ſince tho' thoſe were Dreſs'd a little more gayly, and went by their Chime a little more glibly off the Tongue.

On then my Muſe, adventrouſly engage
To give Inſtructions, that concern the Stage.

The Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
Which if obſerv'd give Plays ſo great a Grace,
Are, tho' but little practic'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer Faults to purge the preſent Age
Leſs obvious Errors of the Engliſh Stage.

Firſt then Soliloquies had need be few,
Extreamly ſhort, and ſpoke in Paſſion too.
Our Lovers talking to themſelves for want
Of Others make the Pit their Confident.
Nor is the Matter mended yet if thus,
They truſt a Friend only to tell it us.
Th' Occaſion ſhou'd as naturally fall
As when * *Bellario* confeſſes all.

Figures

* In *Philaſter*.

Figures of Speech which Poets think ſo fine,
Arts needleſs Varniſh to make Nature ſhine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Diſcriptions only can have place.
But to make Rage declaim; and Grief Diſcourſe;
From Lovers in Deſpair *fine things* to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chooſe but pity
A dying Hero miſerably witty?
But oh! the Dialogue where Jeſt and Mock,
Are held up like a Reſt at ſhitlecock!
Or elſe like Bells eternally they Chime
They ſigh in ſimile, and dye in Rhime.
What *Things* are theſe, who wou'd be poets thought?
By *Nature* not inſpir'd nor Learning taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better Courſe, than this by which they ſtarve.
But to write Plays! Why 'tis a bold Pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit and Eloquence.
Nay more, for they muſt look within to find
Theſe ſecret Turns of Nature in the Mind
Without this Part, in vain wou'd be the whole
And but a Body all, without a Soul.
All this together yet is but a Part,
Of (a) Dialogue that great and powerful Art.
Now almoſt loſt; which the old *Grecians* knew
From which the *Romans* fainter Copies drew
Scarce comprehended ſince but by a few.
*Plato* and *Lucian* are the beſt Remains
Of All the Wonders which this Art contains.

Yet

(a) His Grace here refers to Comedy as the Inſtances of *Plato*, and *Lucian* ſhow; for the Art of Tragic Dialogue is to expreſs the Sentiments natually in proper Words: elſe his Grace had Miſtaken for certainly in the Tragic Dialogue *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, nay even *Æſchylus* muſt have been prefer'd; nay it will not hold of Tragedy for *Fletcher*'s Dialogue is intolerable in that and cou'd not be otherways becauſe he ſeldom draws either his Manners, or Sentiments from Nature.

Yet to our Selves we muſt ſome Juſtice do,
*Shakeſpear*, and *Fletcher* are our Wonders now.
Conſider them, and read them o'er, and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd, then read them as before.
For tho' in many things they often fail,
Over our Paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own Grief by their's is rock'd aſleep
The dull are forc'd to feel, the Wiſe to weep.
*Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.*
(b) Firſt on a Plot employ thy careful Thoughts.
Turn it with Time a thouſand ſeveral ways.
This oft alone has given ſucceſs to Plays.
Reject that Vulger Error, which appears
So fair, of making *perfect* Characters.
There's no ſuch thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A Faultleſs Monſter, which the World ne'er ſaw.
(c) Some Faults muſt be, that his Misfortunes drew
But ſuch as may deſerve Compaſſion too.
Beſides the Main deſign compos'd with Art
(d) Each moving Scene muſt be a Plot apart.
Contrive each little Turn, mark every Place,
As Painters firſt chalk out the future Face.
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.

Think not ſo much where ſhining Thoughts to place
As what a Man ſhou'd ſay in ſuch a Caſe.
Neither in *Comedy* will this ſuffice,
The Player too muſt be before your Eyes.
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to ſtoop ſo low
To him you muſt your utmoſt meaning ſhow.

Expoſe

(b) Exactly conformable to *Ariſtotle*.

(c) Involuntary Faults, that is the Effects of violent Paſſions not ſuch as are voluntary and ſcandalous, as will appear in our Rules.

(d) His Grace means not that the Scenes ſhou'd not be a Part of the Plot; but that the Poet ſhou'd beſides the main Deſign conſider well the working up of every particular Scene which is juſt.

Expoſe no ſingle Fop, but lay the Load
More equally, and ſpread the Folly Broad.
The other Way is Vulgar; oft we ſee
A Fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at Nobler Game; in this low Way
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey.
Ill Poets ſo will *one* poor Fop devour,
But to collect like Bees, from every Flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious Juice,
Which ſerves the World for Pleaſure, and for Uſe;
In ſpite of Faction, this wou'd Favour get.
But *Falſtaff* ſeems inimitable yet. *&c.*

In what I have to ſay of the Rules I ſhall confine my ſelf to them, without going into the Controverſie, yet I ſhall ſometimes add the Reaſon, and Foundation that being the Extremity my Bounds will admit.

To begin therefore with the Definition of Tragedy (for the Rules of that I ſhall firſt inſiſt on much of Comedy depending on them) it is this—

*Tragedy is the Imitation of one grave and entire Action of a juſt Length, and which without the Aſſiſtance of Narration, by the Means of Terror and Compaſſion perfectly refines in us all Sorts of Paſſions and whatever is like them.*

This is explain'd by a Piece of Hiſtory Painting (which is very near akin to Tragedy) for the Painter takes one grave and entire Action, and mingles nothing elſe with it; for example *Raphael* painted the Battle of *Conſtantine* but he brought not into that one Action of *Conſtantine* all that he had done in his Life, for that had been monſtrous and contrary to Nature and Art: thus a Tragedy is the Imitation of ſome one grave Action, but not all the Actions of a Man's, Life.

From

From hence it is plain, that there is no Place in Tragedy for any thing but grave and serious Actions. *Comedy* imitates the Witty, and the Pleasant, and the ridiculous Actions of Mankind. Next this Action must be *entire*; that is it must have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*, and be of a just Length; not so long as that of the *Epopee*, nor so short as a single Fable. The excluding *Narration*, and the confining its Aim to *Terror* and *Compassion*, distinguishes it from the *Epic Poem*, which may be perfect without them, and employs Admiration.

By the refining the Passions I mean not their Extirpation, which is impossible, but the reducing them to just Bounds, and Moderation, which renders them as Useful, as they are Necessary; for by representing to us the Miseries of those, who have yielded too much to them, it teaches us to have a stricter Guard over them, and by beholding the great Misfortunes of Others it lessens those, that we either do, or may feel our selves.

This Imitation mention'd in the Definition being made by the *Actors*, or Persons representing; the *Scenes* are to be regarded by the Poet; For the Decoration is not only for Pomp and Show, as it is generally design'd, but to express the Nature of the Things represented, and the Place where; since there is no Action, that does not suppose a *Place*, and *Actors* dress'd in one Habit or other proper to that Place.

As Tragedy is the Imitation of an *Action*, not Inclinations, or Habits; so there is no *Action*, that does not proceed from the *Manners* and the *Sentiments*; therefore the *Manners*, and *Sentiments* are essential Parts of *Tragedy*. For nothing but the *Manners* and *Sentiments* can distinguish, and

and Characterize an *Action*; the *Manners* form, and the *Sentiments* explain it, exposing its Causes, and Motives; and those being the Producers of *Actions*, are the Causes of Good, and Evil to Mankind.

The Imitation of an Action is properly call'd the *Fable*; that is the Composition of all the Parts, and Incidents of this *Action* is the *Fable*. The *Manners* distinguish the Qualities of the Persons represented; that is, Characterize Men, denote their Inclinations either good or bad. The Manners of *Achilles* were *Choler*, and *Temerity*; those of *Æneas* sweet *Temper* and *Piety*. The *Sentiments* are the Discourses, or Speeches of the *Dramatic Persons* discovering their Thoughts, and making known their Actions; by which they speak agreeably to their *Manners*, or Characters, that the Auditors may know their Manners, before they see their Actions.

There is no Subject of a Tragedy where these following five Parts are not found *viz.* The *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, the Diction and the Decoration. *Aristotle* adds the Music, because the *Greek* Poets directed that too. But the Chief and most considerable is the FABLE, or the Composition of the Incidents, which form the Subject of the Tragedy; both in the Opinion of *Aristotle* and of all those, who know any thing of the Reason of Things. For Tragedy is in Imitation of an *Action*, not of Men, whence it follows that *Action* constitutes the *Tragedy*; and *that there can be no TRAGEDY where there is no ACTION.* The *Good* or Evil Fortune of Man depends on their *Actions*, and the End, that every Man proposes to himself is an *Action* not a *Quality*; What Qualities Men pursue are only as Mediums to some Action.

Thus

Thus the general End that Mankind propoſe is to live happily, but to live happily is an Action not a Quality. Man being therefore happy or miſerable by his *Actions* not *Manners*, or *Qualities* Tragedy propoſes not to imitate the *Manners*, but adds them for the Production of Actions. So that the Fable (which is the Imitation of the Action) being the End of *Tragedy* it muſt be the moſt importance, and chiefly to be conſider'd, for ſo the End in all things is. Another Proof, which *Ariſtotle* brings for the preference of the Fable to all the other Parts of the Play, is, that the beſt and moſt taking Tragedies (of his Time) are thoſe which have their Peripeties, Revolutions, or Changes of Fortune, and Diſcoveries, as in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles:* But theſe *Diſcoveries* are inſeperable from the Subject, and conſiſt entirely in *Action*. The Fable therefore furniſhing the moſt Efficacious Means of arriving at the End muſt neceſſarily in Reaſon be the moſt important Part of Tragedy.

*Ariſtotle* indeed and his beſt Commentator are very large on this Head, to prove, that all the *fine Diction*, the *Manners* well expreſs'd, and the Sentiments Natural and Juſt are of no manner of Value if the Fable be faulty, or the Action maim'd. This is I ſuppoſe ſufficient to let the Reader ſee, that this is not only the firſt thing that comes under our Conſideration, as ſome wou'd, without any Ground in Reaſon, inſinuate, but the moſt noble and moſt important Thing, that he is to ſtudy if he wou'd ever hope to deſerve the Name of a TRAGIC POET; to which indeed we have very Few of thoſe, who have made a conſiderable Noiſe in the World, for a little Time, have any Pretence. Beſides it is much eaſier

ſier to ſucceed in the Stile, or what the leading Fools call fine Diction (which is deriv'd, by the way, from Grammar and Rhetoric, not Poetry) than in the forming of the *Subject* or *Fable* juſtly, and with Art. Nature enabl'd *Shakeſpear* to ſucceed in the *Manners*, and Diction often to Perfection; but he cou'd never by his Force of Genius, or Nature vanquiſh the barbarous Mode of the Times, and come to any Excellence in the *Fable*; except in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and the *Tempeſt*.

Next to the Fable the *Manners* are the moſt conſiderable (and in theſe *Shakeſpear* has generally excell'd as will be ſeen when we come to his Plays) For as *Tragedy* is the Imitation of an *Action*, ſo there are no *Actions* without the *Manners*, ſince the *Manners* are the Cauſe of Actions. By the *Manners* we diſcover the Inclinations of the Speaker, what Part, Side, or Courſe he will take on any important and difficult Emergence; and know how he will behave himſelf before we ſee his Actions. Thus we know from the Manners of *Achilles* what Anſwer he will give the Ambaſſadors of *Agamemnon* by what the Poet has told us of his *Heroe*. And when *Mercury* brings *Jove*'s Orders to *Æneas*, we know that the *Piety* of the Heroe will prevail over *Love*: And the Character of *Oedipus* makes us expect his extravagant Paſſions, and the Exceſſes he will commit by his Obſtinacy. Thoſe Diſcourſes therefore that do not do this are without the *Manners*. The Character of *Coriolanus* in *Shakeſpear* prepares us to expect the Reſolution he will take to diſoblige the People; for Pride naturally contemns Inferiours and over values it ſelf. The ſame may be ſaid of *Tybalt* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*; and moſt of the Characters of this Poet.

The *Sentiments* are the next in degree of Excellence to the *Fable* and the *Manners*, and juſtly demand the third place in our Care and Study; for thoſe are for the *Manners* as the *Manners* for the *Subject Fable*. The Action can't be juſtly imitated without the *Manners*; nor the Manners expreſs'd without the *Sentiments*. In theſe we muſt regard Truth and Veriſimilitude; As when the Poet make a Madman ſpeak exactly as a Madman does, or as 'tis probable he wou'd do. This *Shakeſpear* has admirably perform'd in the Madneſs of King *Lear*; where the Cauſe of his Frenzy is ever uppermoſt and mingles with all he ſays or does. But *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have perform'd abominably in his Mad-Houſe in the *Pilgrim*, and our Modern Alterer of that Play has increas'd his Abſurdities.

The Diction, or Language obtains but the fourth place of the Eſſential Parts of a Tragedy and is of the leaſt Importance of any of them in the Opinion of *Ariſtotle*, the beſt of Critics, and Reaſon. tho' our Modern Poetaſters, or vile Pretenders to this Noble Poem, have plac'd their cheif Excellence in it. But the Reaſon of it is, becauſe this was what they thought, that they cou'd in ſome Meaſure obtain, while the Reſt were entirely above their Reach and Capacity. For the *Subject* may be well conducted; the *Manners* well mark'd and the *Sentiments* fine, tho' ill expreſs'd. It is indeed as *Dryden* obſerves the firſt Beauty that ſtrikes the Ear, and enhances the value of the Piece, but comes not into Competition with any of the other three.

The *Decoration* I have already mention'd and how far that is to be regarded by the Poet.

Having

Having thus ſeen the ſeveral Parts of *Tragedy* and their Excellence in Regard of each other I now come to give the Directions Neceſſary for the making each of them perfect

The firſt and chief of them I have prov'd to be the *FABLE* or *Subject*, or as we generally call it in *Engliſh*, the *PLOT*. I ſhall begin with that, in the forming of which the Poets principal Care ought to be employ'd.

Every Action that is fit for a *Tragic Imitation*, or that can be made uſe of in *Tragedy*, ought not only to be entire but of a juſt Length, that is, it muſt have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*. This diſtinguiſhes it from Momentaneous Actions; or thoſe, that happen in an Inſtant, without Preparation, or Sequel; which wanting Extenſion may come into the *Incidents*, not the *Fable*. The Cauſe or Deſign of undertaking an *Action* is the *Beginning*; and the Effects of thoſe Cauſes, and the Difficulties we find in the Execution are the *Middle*; The unravelling, and diſolving theſe Difficulties is the *End*.

The Anger of *Achilles* is the *Action* propos'd by *Homer* in the two firſt Verſes of the *Iliad*. The Quarrel betwixt him and *Agamemnon* is the *Beginning*, the Evils this Quarrel produc'd are the *Middle*, and the Death of *Hector*, giving perfect Satisfaction to *Achilles* leads to the unravelling the Action, and diſpoſing *Achilles* to relent at the Tears and Prayers of *Priam*, reſtores him to his firſt Tranquility which is the *End*. The Departure of *Ulyſſes* from *Troy* begins the *Action* of the *Odyſſes*, the Hardſhips and Obſtacles of his Voyage is the *Middle*, and his Arrival and Eſtabliſhment in *Ithaca* the *End*.

The true *Beginning* to an Action is that, which does not neceſſarily require, or ſuppoſe any thing before it, as Part of that Action. Thus the Beginning of an *Epic* or *Dramatic* Poem may be the Sequel of another Action: for the Quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, which is the Beginning of the *Action* of the *Ilias*, is *Agamemnon*'s Injuſtice, which provok'd the Anger of *Achilles*, when all was quiet before in the Camp; ſo we may conſider this Affair the Sequel of, but not depending neceſſarily on any thing precedent, tho' it come not to paſs without it; and requires ſomething elſe to follow it, depending on it, preſent or remote. The Retreat of *Achilles* to the Ships, the *Trojans* routing the *Greeks* on that Retreat were the preſent Effects of his Anger; the Remote the Death of *Patroclus*, Reconcilement of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* and the Death of *Hector*, which ſatisfies and reſtores Tranquility by the Tears of *Priam*. The *End* is juſt oppoſite to the Beginning for it neceſſarily ſuppoſes ſomething to have gone before but nothing to follow it; as the End of the Anger of *Achilles* naturally ſuppoſes a Beginning of it; but nothing to come after. The Tranquility of *Achilles* is reſtor'd by the Death of *Hector* for then the Action is Compleat, and to add any thing farther wou'd be to begin a new Action.

To inſtance in a *Dramatic* as well as EPIC *Action*, tho' they perfectly agree in this let us conſider the *Action* of the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*. The Beginning of this Action has no neceſſary Dependance on the Death of her Brother *Polynices*, for to that Decree of *Creon*'s might have been or not have been yet it follow'd that Death, nor cou'd it have happen'd without it, the Action begins

gins with the impious and and partial Decree of *Creon* againſt the burying his Body; the *Middle* is the Effects produc'd by that Decree in *Antigone*'s Puniſhment, the Death of *Æmon*, and *Euridice*, which produce the *End* in breaking the Obſtinacy of *Creon* and making him repent and miſerable.

The *Middle* is that which neceſſarily ſuppoſes ſomething gone before, and ſomething to follow; thus all the Evils, that the Anger of *Achilles* produc'd neceſſarily ſuppoſe that Anger, as their *Cauſe*, and *Beginning*, from whence they did proceed. So theſe Evils, that is the *Middle* producing the Satisfaction and Revenge of *Achilles* in the Death of *Hector*, furniſh'd the *End* in his Relenting at the Miſery of *Priam*. This is a perfect Example of an *Epic* and Dramatic *Action*, and ſhews, that the Poet cannot *begin*, or *end* it where he pleaſes, if he wou'd manage his Subject, with true Oeconomy, and Beauty. For there muſt be the *Cauſe*, or *Beginning*; the Effect of that *Cauſe*, which is naturally the *Middle*, and the unravelling or finiſhing of it, which is the *End*, produc'd by the *Middle*, as that by the *Beginning*.

I have been the larger upon this Head becauſe ſo much Beauty depends upon it, and it is a Doctrine not ſo common, as not to need a thorough Explication.

The Subject of the *Drama* ſhou'd be of a juſt Extent, neither too Narrow, nor too large, but that it may be ſeen, view'd and conſider'd at once, without confounding the Mind, which if too little, and narrow it will do; or make it wander, or diſtract it, as it will do if it be too large, and extenſive. That is, the Piece ought to take up juſt ſo much Time, as is neceſſary or probable

for the introducing the Incidents with their juſt Preparation. For to make a good *Tragedy*, that is a *juſt Imitation*, the Action imitated ought not in reality to be longer, than the Repreſentation; for by that Means it has the more Likeneſs, and by Conſequence is the more perfect; but as there are Actions of ten, or twelve Hours, and their Repreſentations cannot poſſibly be ſo long; then muſt we bring in ſome of the Incidents in the Intervals of the Acts the better to deceive the Audience, who cannot be impos'd on with ſuch tedious and long Actions, as we have generally on the Stage, as whole Lives, and many Actions of the ſame Man, where the *Probable* is loſt as well as the *Neceſſary*; and in this our *Shakeſpear* is every where faulty, through the Ignorant Mode of the Age, in which he liv'd; and which I inſtance not as a Reproach to his Memory, but only to warn the Reader or young Poet to avoid the ſame Error.

Having ſhewn what an *Action* is, we now come more cloſely to the *Subject*; and firſt to the Unity of the Action, which can never be broke without deſtroying the Poem. This *Unity* is not preſerv'd by the Repreſentation of ſeveral Actions of *one* Man; as of *Julius Cæſar*, or *Anthony* and *Brutus*. Thus in the *Cæſar* of *Shakeſpear*, there is not only the Action of *Cæſar*'s Death, where the Play ought to have ended, but many other Subſequent Actions of *Anthony* and *Brutus* even to the Overthrow and Death of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*; and the Poet might as well have carried it down to the Settling of the Empire in *Auguſtus*, or indeed to the fall of the *Roman* Empire in *Auguſtulus*. For there was no more Reaſon for the *Ending* it where he does, than at the Eſtabliſhment of *Auguſtus*.

*guſtus.* Natural Reaſon indeed ſhow'd to *Shakeſpear* the Abſurdity of making the Repreſentation longer, than the *Time*, and the *Place* more extenſive than the Place of acting, as is plain from his *Chorus*'s in his Hiſtorical Plays, in which he apologizes for the Abſurdity, as in the Beginning of the fourth Act of the Winter's Tale among other things *Time* the *Chorus* ſays

——————— *Your Patience this allowing*
*I turn my Glaſs, and give my Scene ſuch growing*
*As you had ſlept between*, &c.

And the Second Act of *Henry* V. begins another *Chorus* excuſing the variation of the Place.

*Thus with imagin'd Wings our firſt Scene flies*
*In motion of no leſs Celerity*
*Than that of Thought. Suppoſe that you have ſeen*
*The well appointed King at* Dover *Peir*, &c.

And ſo goes on to deſcribe all his Paſſage *&c.* introducing a Narration to ſupply the Gap of the Action, or rather, in the Actions.

But that Chorus of the fifth Act is plainer on this Head.

*Vouchſafe to thoſe, that have not read the Story,*
*That I may prompt them; and of ſuch as have*
*I humbly pray them to admit th' Excuſe*
*Of TIME, of Numbers, and true Courſe of things*
*Which cannot in their Huge and proper Life*
*Be here preſented*, &c.

In *Pericles Prince* of *Tyre* the Chorus's excuſe the Rambling from Place to Place and the like;

But 'tis pity that his Diſcovery of the Abſurdity did not bring him to avoid it rather, than make an Apology for it. But this is not the only Fault of the way of Writing in his Time, which he did not correct for in the *Chorus* of the third Act of *Hen.* V. he concludes in this Manner.

*And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battle fly;*
*Where O! for pity, we ſhall much diſgrace*
*With four or five moſt vile and ragged Foils*
*(Right ill diſpos'd, in Brawl ridiculous)*
*The Name of* Agincourt. *Yet ſit and ſee*
*Minding true things by what their Mock'ries be.*

Hence it is plain, that *Shakeſpear*'s good Senſe perceiv'd the ridiculous Abſurdity of our fighting Scenes, our Drum and Trumpetting Scenes; but he choſe to go on in the Way, that he found beaten to his Hands, becauſe he unhappily knew no better Road.

But to return from this ſhort Digreſſion— This *Unity of Action* does not exclude the *Epiſodes* or various under Actions, which are dependent on, and contribute to the chief, and which without it are nothing. Thus a Painter repreſents in a Battle Piece the Actions of every particular, that makes up the Army, but all theſe compoſe that main Action of the Battle. But this does not excuſe the faulty *Epiſodes*, or *underplots* (as they call them) of our *Engliſh* Plays, which are diſtinct Actions, and contribute nothing at all to the principal. Of this kind is *Creon* and *Eurydice*, and *Adraſtus* in our lamentable *Oedipus*: but indeed we have few Plays free from this Abſurdity; of which the *Orphan* is one, where the Action is *one*, and

and every Episode, Part or under Action carries on, and contributes to the *Main Action* or *Subject*.

Thus the different Actions of different Men are not more distinctly different Actions, than those of *One* Man at different Times. And we might as well make a *Unity* of all the Actions in the World, as of those of *One Man*. No Action of the same Man can be brought into a Tragedy, but that which necessarily, or probably relates to that Action, which the Tragedy imitates. The Wound of *Ulysses*, which he receiv'd in *Parnassus*, was necessary to his Discovery, but his Madness to avoid the War was not, and therefore *Homer* takes Notice of the former but not of the later. For as in all other *Imitations* so in *Tragedy* the thing *imitated* must be but One. This *Action* with its *Episodes* or *under Actions* ought to be so link'd together, that to take any Part away, or to endeavour to transpose them, destroys the whole: for these *Episodes* or *under Actions* ought either Necessarily, or probably to be produc'd by the main Action, as the Death of *Patroclus* by the Anger of *Achilles*. For whatever can be put in, or left out, without causing a sensible Change, can never be part of the Action. This is a sure Rule to distinguish the true Episodes from the false. And this Rule will indeed condemn most of our *English Tragedies*, in some of which, the very principal Character may be left out, and the Play never the worse. But more of that hereafter. From what has been said of the *Action main* and *Episodic*, it is plain, that the Poet is not oblig'd to relate things just as they happen, but as they might, or ought to have happen'd; that is the Action ought to be general

and

and Allegoric not particular; for Particular Actions can have no general Influence. Thus *Homer* in the Action of *Achilles* intends not the Deſcription of that one individual Man, but to ſhow what Violence and Anger wou'd make all Men of that Character ſay or do; as therefore *Achilles* is a general and Allegorical Perſon ſo ought all Heroes of Tragedy to be, where they ſhou'd ſpeak and act neceſſarily or probably as all men ſo qualify'd and in thoſe Circumſtances wou'd do, differing from Hiſtory in this that the *Drama* conſults not the Truth of what any particular perſon did ſay or do, but only the general Nature of ſuch Qualities to produce ſuch Words and Actions. 'Tis true that *Tragedy* employs true Names but that is to give a Credibility to the Action, the Perſons ſtill remaining *General* and *Allegoric*. I wou'd therefore recommend to the Poet the entire Invention of his own Fable, there being very few Actions in Hiſtory, that are capable of being made general and Allegoric, which is the Beauty and eſſential of both an *Epic*, and *Dramatic* Action. Not but the Poet may take Incidents from Hiſtory and Matter of Fact, but then they muſt have that Probability and Veriſimilitude, that Art requires.

But all theſe Properties of the *Action* which we have given are not ſufficient; for the *Action* that is to be imitated in *Tragedy* muſt alſo be ſuch as excites Terror and Compaſſion; and not *Admiration*, which is a Paſſion too weak to have the Effect of *Tragedy*. Terror and Pity are rais'd by Surprize, when Events are produc'd out of Cauſes contrary to our Expectation: that is when the Incidents produce each other, not meerly follow after each other: for if it do not neceſſarily follow

follow, 'tis no *Incident* for *Tragedy*. The Surprize, muſt be the Effect of Deſign not Chance, of precedent Incidents; allowing ſtill, that there are Accidents, which are by Chance, which yet ſeem done by Deſign, as the Fall of the Statue of *Mitys* on his Murderer, which kill'd him, for that Accident looks like the Work of Providence. Thoſe Fables where this is Obſerv'd will always appear the fineſt. Thus *Oedipus* is the beſt Subject for Tragedy, that ever was, For all that happen'd to him is the Effect of Fortune, yet every Body may ſee, that all the Accidents have their Cauſes, and fall out according to the Deſign of a Particular Providence.

As the Actions imitated by *Tragedy*, ſo are all its Fables *Simple*, or implex. The *Simple* is that, in which there is neither a Change of the Condition or State of the principal Perſon, or Perſons which is call'd the *Peripetie*, or Diſcovery, and the unravelling the Plot is only a ſingle Paſſage of Agitation or Trouble, or Repoſe and Tranquility; as in the *Medea* and *Hecuba* of *Erupides*, and the *Philoctetes*, and *Ajax* of *Sophocles*. The ſame is the Fable of the *Ilias* and that of the *Æneis*. The implex Fable is that, which has a *Peripetie* or a Diſcovery or both, which is the moſt beautiful, and the leaſt Common. In the *Antigone* of *Sophocles* there is the Change of the State and Fortune of *Creon*, and that produc'd by the Effect of his own barbarous Decree and Obſtinacy. But in his *Oedipus* and *Electra* there is both a *Peripetie* and Diſcovery the firſt to Miſery, the later to Revenge and Happineſs. *Oedipus* with his change of Fortune diſcovers, that he is the Son of *Jocaſta* and *Laius*, and ſo guilty of Inceſt and Parricide. *Electra* diſcovers *Oreſtes* to be her Brother, and changes

changes her Miſeries into Happineſs in the Revenge of her Father's Death. In the *Iphigenia* in *Tauris* (of which Mr. *Dennis* has given us a very good Tragedy with the ſame Beauties to which the *Engliſh* Reader may have Recourſe) *Iphigenia* making a Diſcovery, that *Oreſtes* is her Brother Changes both their Fortunes from Deſpair to a happy Eſcape from the barbarous Altars of *Taurica*. But the *Peripetie* can neither be neceſſary, nor probable (without which the Qualities they are good for nothing) if they are not the natural Reſult or at leaſt the Effect of the previous Actions, or the Subject it ſelf. The *Oedipus* and *Electra* of *Sophocles* are the moſt excellent in this Kind, and ought to be throughly ſtudied by the Poets who wou'd excell in their Art.

But not to give you Terms without a thorough Explanation, A *Peripetie* is a Change of one Fortune into another either from *Good*, to *Bad*, or from *Bad* to *Good* contrary to our Expectations; and this Change (as I have obſerv'd) ought to happen either *neceſſarily* or *probably*: as in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*, for he who comes to bring him agreeable News, which ought to deliver him from thoſe Apprehenſions, into which his fear of committing Inceſt with his Mother, had thrown him, does quite the contrary in making it out to him who and what he is. The Matter lies thus in the Fourth Act— A Meſſenger from *Corinth* brings *Oedipus* Word of the Death of *Polybus* and invites him to go and take Poſſeſſion of that Kingdom: but *Oedipus* affraid to commit the Inceſt, the Oracle had told him of, believing *Polybus* his Father, declar'd that he never wou'd go to the Place where his Mother was. The *Corinthian* told him that he did not know himſelf,

diſturbing

disturbing himself about nothing, and thinking to do him a signal Piece of Service in delivering him from his Fears informs him, that *Polybus* and *Merope* were not his Father and Mother, which began the Discovery, that cast him into the most horrible of all his Misfortunes.

But because *Discovery* is here a *Dramatic Term* and so signifies something more, than in its vulgar Acceptation, I must inform the Reader, that here it means a Discovery, which is made by the Principal Characters by remembring either one another or something of Importance to their Change of Fortune and is thus defin'd by *Aristotle*— *The DISCOVERY is a Change which causing us to pass from Ignorance to Knowledge produces either LOVE or HATRED in those, whom the Poet has a Design to make happy or miserable.* That is, it ought not to be in vain by leaving those, who remember one another in the same Sentiments, they were in before; it must produce either *Love* or *Hatred* in the principal not inferiour Characters. But those *Discoveries*, which are immediatly follow'd by the *Peripetie* are the most beautiful; as that of *Oedipus*; for the *Discovery* of his being the Son of *Jocasta*, and *Laius* immediately makes him of happy the most miserable of Men. The *Discovery* in *Electra* is not near so fine, because their Condition and Fortune is not chang'd till some time after; but this where the *Peripetie* and *Discovery* join will always produce *Terror* or *Pity* the End and Aim of *Tragedy*. What I have to add of the several sorts of *Discoveries* I shall defer till I have treated of the *Manners*, because those have some intrest in them.

The

The next thing, that we are to consider are the Characters. Those, which are to compose a perfect Tragedy, must not be either *perfectly Virtuous, and Innocent* (as the Duke of *Buckingham* has observ'd) nor *Scandalously wicked.* To make a perfectly virtuous and innocent Character unfortunate excites *Horror*, not Pity nor Terror. To punish the Wicked gives a sort of satisfaction indeed, but neither Pity nor Terror the Business of *Tragedy*; for what we never think our selves capable of committing we can never pity. But the Character of perfect Tragedy shou'd be the mean betwixt both; but rather *good* than *bad.* The Character, that has this Mean, shou'd not draw his Misfortunes on him by superlative Wickedness or Crimes notoriously scandalous, but by involuntary Faults; that is Frailties proceeding from the excess of Passion; involuntary Faults which have been committed either by Ignorance or Imprudence against the natural Temper of the Man, when he was transported by a violent Passion, which he cou'd not suppress; or by some greater, or external Force in the Execution of such Orders which he neither cou'd, nor ought to disobey. The Fault of *Oedipus* is of the first sort tho' he be likewise guilty of the second. That of *Thyestes* is of the second only; Those of *Orestes* and *Alcmæon* of the third, that is in Obedience to the Oracle of the Gods; which clears *Sophocles* of the Fault laid to his Charge by Mr. *Rowe.* In the Plays of the Antients of this middle Character were *Oedipus*, *Thyestes*, *Alcmæon*, *Meleager*, *Telephus*, &c. I shall only give a Draught of the first being confin'd to great Brevity, since that Example will make the Precept plain.

*Corneille*

*Corneille* Mr. *Dryden* and *Lee* have quite miſtaken this Character; they have made him perfectly good, whereas *Sophocles* does not praiſe him for any thing but his Courage, this good Fortune and Judgment, Qualities equally common to the *Good* and the *Bad*, and to thoſe, who are made up of Virtues and Vices. His Fault was his Curioſity; his being tranſported to Anger by the Inſolence of a Coach Man for not giving him the Way, and kill'd ſome Men two days after the Oracle had forwarn'd him, that he ſhou'd kill his Father. This Action alone ſufficiently denotes his Character; but *Sophocles* has ſhown by all his Manners ſo conformable to this, that he appears in every Reſpect a Man, that is neither *good* nor *bad*, having a Mixture of Vertue and Vice. His Vices are *Pride*, Violence, Anger, Temerity, and Imprudence; ſo that it is not for his Paracide, nor his Inceſt, that he is made unhappy, thoſe as they were the Effects of his Curioſity and his Raſſineſs, Violence and Anger, were the Puniſhment of them; and thoſe are the Vices, that *Sophocles* wou'd correct in us by this Example of *Oedipus*.

From what has been ſaid, that a *Fable* with a ſingle *Cataſtrophe* is better, than that which has one, that is double; and that the *Cataſtrophe*, that is unhappy is better, than that, which is happy; provided the Unhappineſs be the Conſequence of ſome of theſe Faults or Frailties, which I have mention'd; and not the Effect of groſs and remarkable Crimes; for theſe merit the Correction of the *Ax* not the *Muſe*.

The Fable that is of the next Excellence is that which has a double Conſtitution, and *Cataſtrophe*, *viz.* one happy for the *Good*, and one unhappy

happy for the *Guilty*. Tho' this is more proper for *Comedy*; where the greateſt Enemies go off reconcil'd.

Terror and Compaſſion being the Chief End of Tragedy and that being produc'd only by the *Fable*, let us conſider what Incidents (which compoſe the Fable) are the moſt productive of theſe two Paſſions.

All Incidents are Events, that happen betwixt ſome Body or other; and all Incidents, that are terrible or pitiful happen betwixt Friends, Relations, or the like, for what happens betwixt Enemies have no Tragical Effect. Thus when a Brother is going to kill, or kills his Brother; the Father his Son, or the Son the Father; the Mother the Son, or the Son the Mother. And theſe are the proper Incidents, that a Poet ſhou'd employ all his Search and Study to find out. Now all theſe Actions may be devided thus; into thoſe, which the Actor perform with an entire Knowledge of what he does or is going to do, as *Medea* when ſhe kill'd her Children; *Alcmæon*, when he kill'd his Mother and the like.

Another way is when the Heinouſneſs of the Crime, which they are going to commit or do commit is not known to the Actors till after the Deed is done, when they, that did it, come to diſcover the Relation of the Perſons they have deſtroy'd as *Eryphile* in *Aſtydamas* knew not that it was his Mother, whom he had kill'd till after her Death; and *Telegonus* diſcover'd that it was his Father *Ulyſſes* he had mortally wounded after the Fact was done. The third ſort of Incident and the moſt beautiful is when a Man or Woman is going to kill a Relation, who is not known to him or her, and is prevented by a Diſcovery

of

of their Friendſhip and Relation. The firſt is the worſt, the laſt the beſt, and the ſecond next to the third in Excellence becauſe here is nothing flagitious and inhumane but the Sin of Ignorance; for then the *Diſcovery* is very pathetic and moving as that of *Oedipus* killing *Laius*.

In thoſe Incidents of the third kind to make them perfectly beautiful like that of *Merope* and *Iphigenia* in *Euripides* it will be neceſſary, that the Poet take care to let the Audience know the Relation of his Dramatic Perſons, tho' the Perſons themſelves muſt not know it till the Diſcovery. For thoſe Stories of *Merope* and *Iphigenia* were perfectly known to the Audience, which gave them all along a concern for the danger of the Brother and the Son; and rais'd their Joy and Satisfaction when the Diſcovery came and prevented the Event. 'Tis true that it is no eaſy Matter to meet with ſuch a Story, or indeed to form it without Obſcurity and imperfect Beauty, yet if it be done, it anſwers the Labour and Pains of the Study and Search.

We come now to the *Manners*, which is the next thing to the Fable in Excellence, and in Conſideration. The *Manners* diſtinguiſh the Characters, and if the *Manners* be ill expreſs'd we can never be acquainted with them, and conſequently never be terrify'd by foreſeeing the Dangers they will produce to the Characters or *Dramatic Perſons*; nor melt into Pity by feeling their Sufferings. All *Dramatic* therefore as well as *Epic* Perſons ought to have the *Manners*; that is their Diſcourſe ought to diſcover their Inclinations, and what Reſolutions they will certainly purſue. The *Manners* therefore ſhou'd have four Qualities; they muſt be (1) *Good* (2) *like* (3) *convenient* (4) *Equal*. *Good*

is when they are mark'd; that is when the Diſcourſe of the Perſons makes us clearly and diſtinctly ſee their Inclinations, and what good or evil Reſolutions, they are certain to take. *Like* relates only to known and public Perſons, whoſe Characters are in Hiſtory, with which the Poetic Characters muſt agree, that is, the Poet muſt not give a Perſon any Quality contrary to any that Hiſtory has given him. *Convenient*, that is theſe muſt be agreeable to the *Age*, *Sex*, *Climate*, *Rank*, and Condition of the Perſon, that has them

*Reſpicere Exemplar Vitæ, morumq; jubebo*
*Doctum Imitatorem, veraſque hinc ducere voces.*

Thus *Horace* adviſes us to ſtudy Mankind, and from the Obſervation of them to draw the Proprieties of Characters or Manners. But a through Conſideration of Ethics will be a very great Help to the Obſervation; for when you have once got the true Knowledge of the various Habits of the Mind in their Juſt Order, and the nature of their ſeveral Blendings and Mixtures, and Compoſition; you will with much greater Eaſe make an Advantage of your Study of Men, in Regard to what we are now diſcourſing of.

As to the *Likeneſs* you muſt remember, that the Evil Qualities given by Hiſtory to Princes, and Great Men, ought to be omitted by the Poet if they are contrary to the Character of a Prince, *&c.* but the Virtues oppoſite to thoſe known Vices ought not to be impos'd. *Equal* that is Conſtant, and Conſiſtent.

*Qualis incepit & ſibi conſtet.* Hor.

But

But if any Character be of *unequal Manners*, as in Nature ſo in Poetry, which is an Imitation of Nature, the Variety and Inequality of the Manners muſt be *equal*. The *Fearful* muſt not be *Brave*; nor the *Brave*, *Fearful*; the *Avaritious* muſt not be generous and the like.

The Manners therefore of the principal Perſons, at leaſt, ought to be ſo clearly and fully mark'd as to diſtinguiſh them from all other Men; For Nature has made as great a Diſtinction between every individual Man by the Turn of his Mind as by the Form of his Countenance. In this *Shakeſpear* has excell'd all the Poets, for he has not only diſtinguiſh'd his principal Perſons, but there is ſcarce a Meſſenger comes in but is viſibly different from all the Reſt of the Perſons in the Play. So that you need not to mention the Names of the Perſon, that ſpeaks when you read the Play: the Manners of the Perſons will ſufficiently inform you who it is ſpeaks; whereas in our Modern Poets, if the Name of the Perſon ſpeaking be not read, you can never by what he ſays diſtinguiſh one from the Other.

But beſides theſe four Qualities of the *Manners* there is a fifth eſſential to their Beauty, that is, that they be *Neceſſary*; that is, that no vicious, or baſe Quality or Inclination ought to be given to any Poetic Perſon, unleſs it appear to be abſolutely neceſſary and requiſite for the carrying on of the Action.

To make this a little plainer— There are three ſorts of Qualities compoſe the Character of a Hero. *Firſt*, ſuch as are abſolutely *Neceſſary* for the *Fable* and *Action*; and thoſe are moſt to appear, and evidently prevailing above the Reſt, ſo that the Hero is to be known and diſtinguiſh'd

by them: The *Second*, are the to imbelish the first, and the *Third* are to sustain both. But an Example will explain this. The first of these in *Æneas* is the transcendent *Goodness* of his Nature: The second, that beautifies this is his solid Piety, and entire Resignation to the Will of the Gods; the third that sustains both is an *Heroic Fortitude*, which is absolutely necessary to the carrying on of any great Design. Thus in *Ulysses* we find Dissimulation, set off by prudence and sustain'd by Valour. In *Achilles* Rage set off by a noble Vehemence, and sustain'd by a wonderful Valour. This first Quality, as *Goodness* in *Æneas*, is to appear through his whole Character; *Rage* through *Achilles* and Dissimulation through *Ulysses*.

Having thus run through the *Manners* as briefly as I cou'd to give the Reader any just Idea of their Nature; I shall now conclude my discourse on the several sorts of DISCOVERIES because well manag'd they add a wonderful Beauty to the Piece; tho' it is a Beauty indeed almost entirely unknown to our Stage.

The first sort of *Discovery* is by certain Marks in the Body, either Natural or Accidental, as some Families have Marks peculiar to them, as the Founders of *Thebes* and their Issue had a Lance naturaly in their Bodies. Accidental, as the Wound *Ulysses* had formerly receiv'd in his Thigh by a Boar in *Parnassus*; or *Tokens* such as the Casket of *Ion*, which makes the Discovery of his Mother *Creusa*, whom he was going to kill. Tho' this be the least beautiful and Artful *Discovery*, yet it may be more or less Artfully manag'd, as that of *Ulysses* is in the *Odysses* where the Nurse washing his Feet discovers the Wound and by that *Ulysses*; but when he is oblig'd to shew

it

it to the Shepherds to confirm them, that he was *Ulyſſes* it is leſs artificial.

The ſecond ſort of *Diſcovery* and that likewiſe unartful is when, it is made by certain *Tokens*, as when *Oreſtes* had come to the Knowledge of his Siſter *Iphigenia*, by a Letter which ſhe gave *Pylades* to carry to *Oreſtes* at *Argos*, and told him the Contents by word of Mouth leſt the Letter ſhou'd be Loſt; he diſcovers himſelf to her by mentioning her Working a fine piece of Tapiſtry, that was in her Appartment, and the Lance of *Pelops* &c. for theſe Tokens are no great Matter of Invention, ſince he might have made them twenty other ways.

The third ſort of *Diſcoveries* is what is made by Remembrance, that is, when the ſight or hearing of any thing makes us remember our Misfortunes, *&c.* as when *Ulyſſes* heard *Domodocus* ſing his Actions at *Troy* the memory ſtruck him, and drew Tears from him, which diſcover'd him to *Alcinous*. The fourth ſort of Diſcoveries are made by Reaſoning, Thus *Iphigenia* argues in the *Cœphores* of *Æſchylus*. *Hither is a Man come like me*, No Body's like me but *Oreſtes*, it muſt therefore be *Oreſtes*. That of *Polyides* is beautiful and pathetique, for in the *Iphigenia* of that poet (as we have it in *Ariſtotle*) *Oreſtes* Kneeling at the Altar, and juſt opening his Boſome to Receive the Sacred Knife, he cries out *'tis not ſufficent that my Siſter has been Sacrific'd to DIANA, But I muſt be ſo too.*

The fineſt ſort is that which riſes from the Subject or the Incidents of the Fable, as that of *Oedipus* from his exceſſive Curioſity; and the Letter of *Iphigenia*, for it was very Natural that ſhe ſhou'd write to her Brother.

Having thus consider'd the two main Points of the Theory, I shall say a word or two of the Practice. As the Duke of *Buckingham* has observ'd, the first Business of a Tragic Poet is to draw a Plan of his Design, and having plac'd it in a just Light, and in one View he may best judge of its probability. But then he must consider, that in this Plan must first be drawn the Fable in general, before he thinks of the Episodes, that particularise and circumstantiate it. I'll give you that which is drawn up by *Aristotle* himself, because it may have the greater Authority with you.— *A young Princess is plac'd on the Altar to be Sacrific'd, disappears of a suddain from the Eyes of the Spectators, and is carry'd into another Country, where the custom is to Sacrifice Strangers to the Guardian Goddess of that Country. They make her Priestess of that Temple. Some years after, the Brother of that Princess arrives at the same Place, in Obedience to an Oracle; he no sooner arriv'd but is taken, and as he is going to be Sacrific'd the Discovery is made, that he is Brother to the Priestess which saves his Life.*

This is the general and universal Fable without Names, and which may yet receive any Names the Poet pleases; who adding the *Episodes*, circumstantiates and makes it particular; as the adding the Madness of *Orestes*, and the like, makes it proper to that Story.

When the Poet comes to write and work up his Scences *Aristotle* advises, and *Otway*'s Practice confirms, that he shou'd put himself into the same Passion he writes, and imitate the Gestures, and Actions of those, whom he makes to speak.

The Poet ought to take care in the Unravelling the Plot in which many Miscarry; The Plot is all the Play from the Beginning to the Discovery

very or *Unravelling*, which is beſt towards the laſt Scene of the Play, for if the *Unravelling* be in the fourth Act, the reſt muſt be dull and heavy. But when the *Peripetie* and Diſcovery come together and all at the End of the Play the Audience goes away with Pleaſure and Satisfaction.

Having ſaid ſo much of the *Fable*, *Incidents*, *Manners*, &c. I ſhall add a word or two on the *Sentiments*. In which it is that we muſt follow the Advice of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

*Nay more for they muſt look within to find*
*Thoſe ſecret Turns of Nature in the Mind.*

But then the Poet muſt not be content to look into his Mind to ſee what he himſelf ſhou'd think on ſuch an Occaſion, but he muſt put himſelf into the Paſſion, and Quality, and Temper of the Character he is to draw; that is, he muſt aſſume theſe Manners he gives his Dramatic Perſon, and then ſee what Sentiments or Thoughts ſuch an Occaſion, Paſſion or the like, will produce. And the Poet muſt change his Perſon, as a different perſon and character ſpeaks, or he will make all ſpeak alike without any diſtinction of Character. *Gaffarel* gives you an Account of *Campanella*, which will illuſtrate this place. He ſays, that going to ſee him when in the Inquiſion, he found him making ſeveral odd Faces, which he took to be the Effect of the Pains he had endur'd there, but on his asking *Gaffarel* what ſort of Man ſuch a Cardinal was, and enquiring into his Feature he found that *Campanella* was framing himſelf by the force of Imagination to the Likeneſs of

the Cardinal to know what Anſwer he ſhou'd have to a Letter he had ſent him.

Now if the forming our outward figure cou'd be of ſuch uſe, as to make us think like another, certainly when the Imagination proceeeds by its own Strength, and Force to liken the Soul as well as the Body, it muſt have a wonderful Effect. But this cannot be done but by a great *Genius.*

I ſhall ſay no more of the Sentiments here, becauſe they are to be learn'd from the Art of Rhetoric more than that of Poetry. For the Sentiments being all that makes up the Diſcourſe, they conſiſt in proving, refuting, exciting and expreſſing the Paſſions, as Pity, Anger, Fear and all the others; to raiſe or debaſe the Value of any thing. The Reaſons of Poets and Orators are the ſame when they wou'd make things appear worthy of Pity, or terrible, or great or probable. Tho' ſome things are render'd ſo by Art, and others by their own Nature.

The Diction or Language is that, which next comes under our Conſideration; which tho' made ſo conſiderable a Part by our Modern Playwrights (who indeed have little elſe to value themſelves upon) was by *Ariſtotle* thought of the leaſt Importance; tho' it is confeſs'd when the Elocution is proper and Elegant and vary's as it ought, it gives a great, and very advantageous Beauty to a Play. The *Fable*, the *Manners*, and the *Sentiments* are without doubt the moſt conſiderable, for as *Ariſtotle* obſerves a Tragedy may be perfect without the Aſſiſtance of Elocution; for the Subject may be well manag'd, the *Manners* well mark'd; and the Sentiments may be juſt and fine tho' ill Expreſs'd. An ill Elocution renders the Diſcourſe flat, but that deſtroys not the Beauty of the other

ther Parts. Beſides a Tragedy may be wrote in Proſe as well as Verſe, that is thoſe other three parts may be as well expreſs'd in Proſe as Verſe; but Verſe is made uſe of becauſe more Harmonious, and by Conſequence more agreeable.

But as we err as much in this Part of Tragedy as in the other three it wou'd be neceſſary to give ſome Rules of Diſtinction on this Head. But that I have not Room to do in this place; and propriety and Elegance of Diction muſt be learn'd from *Grammar* and Rhetoric. However I will not paſs this entirely in ſilence, but ſhall give two or three Rules which are abſolutely neceſſary to give any true beauty to a *Dramatic Diction*.

Some have been betray'd by their Ignorance of Art and Nature to imagine, that becauſe the Style of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* is admirable in the Epic Poem, that it will be ſo in Tragedy; not conſidering, that *Milton* himſelf has vary'd his ſtyle mightily in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, from that of his *Paradiſe*. And Mr. *Dryden*'s Criticiſm is very juſt in his Epiſtle to the Marquiſs of *Normanby* (the preſent Duke of *Buckingham)* before the *Æneis*, where quoting from *Segrais*, and *Boſſu*— *that the Style of an Heroic Poem ought to be more lofty, than that of the DRAMA*— "The Critic is in the "Right, ſays he, for the Reaſon already urg'd. "The Work of *Tragedy* is on the Paſſions, in "Dialogue: both of them abhor Strong Meta- "phors, in which the *Epopee* delights; a Poet "cannot ſpeak too plainly on the Stage, *&c.*

And *Boileau* a Judicious Critic as well as Poet has Words to this Effect.— *Wou'd you deſerve the Applauſe of the Public? in Writing diverſify your Stile inceſſantly, too equal, and too uniform a Manner ſhines*

*to*

*to no purpoſe and enclines us to Sleep. Rarely are thoſe Authors read, who are born to plague us, and who appear always whining in the ſame ingrateful Tone. Happy the Man, who can ſo command his Voice, as to paſs, without any Conſtraint from that, which is GRAVE, to that which is MOVING; and from that, which is PLEASANT to that, which is SEVERE and SOLEMN.* Every Paſſion has its proper Way of ſpeaking which a Man of Genius will eaſily derive from the very Nature of the Paſſion he writes. *Anger* is proud and utters haughty Words but ſpeaks in Words leſs fierce and fiery when it abates: *Grief* is more humble and ſpeaks a Language like it ſelf, dejected, plain and ſorrowful

*Projicit Ampullas, & ſequipedalia Verba,*

As *Horace* juſtly obſerves. From theſe few Obſervations it is evident how far from fine Language ſome of our Poets are, who have had Succeſs even for that alone, in ſpight of all the Abſurdities of the Fable, Manners and Sentiments, tho' in Reality they were no more excellent in this, than in thoſe.

Thus have we ſeen that Tragedy is an Imitation of an *Action* of a juſt Extent *i. e.* that has a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*, and which ſhall produce *Pity* and *Terror*. But this *Action* not being to be perform'd or repreſented without human Agents in that *Action* it neceſſarily brings in an Under-Imitation of thoſe Men in that Action, of their Manners as they contribute to that Action; and this makes a Neceſſity of imitating the Men, that are introduc'd in the Drama.

We muſt not expect many Inſtances of *Shakeſpear*'s Perfection in the Fable, tho' perhaps we may

may find ſome extraordinary Strokes that way likewiſe; But the Beauties of the Manners we ſhall find every where, as I ſhall ſhew in my Examen of his Plays.

It may perhaps be expected, that I ſhou'd ſay ſomething of *Comedy*. But I have inſenſibly ſwell'd this Diſcourſe to a greater Bulk, than I at firſt deſign'd ſo that I ſhall only ſay in General, that *Comedy* participates in many things with the Rules of *Tragedy*, that is, it is an Imitation both of *Action* and *Manners*, but thoſe muſt both have a great deal of the Ridiculum in them, and indeed Humour is the Characteriſtic of this Poem, without which a Comedy loſes its Name; as we have many of late, who fall from the *Ridiculum* into a meer Dialogue diſtinguiſh'd only by a pert ſort of Chit Chat, and little Aims at Wit. *Ben Johnſon* is our beſt Pattern, and has given us this Advantage, that tho' the *Engliſh* Stage has ſcarce yet been acquainted with the Shadow of Tragedy, yet have we excell'd all the Ancients in *Comedy*.

There is no Man has had more of this *vis Comica* than our *Shakeſpear*, in particular Characters and in the *Merry Wives of WINDSOR* he has given us a Play that wants but little of a perfect Regularity. *Comedy* in *England* has met with the Fate of Tragedy in *Athens* for that only has yet been cultivated, whereas the polite *Athenians* took firſt Care of *Tragedy*, and it was late e'er the Magiſtrate took any notice of *Comedy*, or thought it worthy their Inſpection.

All Arts indeed improve as they find Encouragement, our Stateſmen have never yet thought it worth their while to reſcue the *Drama* from the Hands of the Ignorant, and the Benefit of private Perſons, under which Load of Obſtacles it can

can never riſe to any Perfection; and place ſuch Men in the Management of it, as may turn it to the Advantage of the public. Whether this be any Proof of their good Politics or not I ſhall not here determine; but I am ſure, that very politic Nations, that is the *Greeks*, and the *Romans* had far other Sentiments.

This naturally leads me to the Riſe of the Stage in *Greece*, where it was entirely rais'd by *Tragedy*, For *Theſpis* firſt made a moving Stage for that Poem, tho' it was not then as it is now pure and unmixt, for the ill Subjects, that *Theſpis* choſe, threw him upon a ſort of *Tragicomedy*; which Error *Æſchylus* corrected by chooſing only noble Subjects, and an exalted Stile, that being before too burleſque. So that as far as we may Gheſs, the Plays of *Theſpis*, were not unlike ſome of thoſe of our *Shakeſpear*. For it was ſome time, before the Stage came to its Magnificence and Purity even in *Greece* it ſelf, at leaſt in *Comedy*; For the People are generally the ſame in all Countries, and obſtinately retain Licentious and Obſcene things; and it is the Property of Roughneſs, and Barbariſm to give place to Politeneſs with a great deal of Difficulty. Nay *Sophocles* was the firſt that purg'd *Tragedy* it ſelf entirely, and brought it to its true Majeſty and Gravity. For as *Dacier* obſerves, the Changes that *Tragedy* and *Comedy* underwent were brought about by little and little, becauſe it was impoſſible to diſcover what was proper for them at Once; and new Graces were added to them as the Nature of theſe Poems came better to be underſtood.

'Tis true that the Idea of *Tragedy* was taken from the Iliads and *Odyſſes* of *Homer*; and of Comedy from his Poem call'd *Margites*; but that was after

after these Poems had been in use in a ruder Manner, then *Homer* inspir'd the Improvers and Reformers of the Stage with this noble Idea. *Tragedy* indeed had a very advantageous Rise in *Greece*, falling immediately under the Inspection of the Magistrate, being founded on Religion; and this carried it so soon to Perfection; to which it wou'd never have arriv'd had it been in the Hands of private Persons, and mercenary Players, ignorant of its Beauties and its Defects; and whose Thoughts reach no farther, than what they are us'd to, which turning to a tolerable Advantage to their Pockets, they believe there is no greater Perfection. But *Athens* was too wise too polite a State to let that fade and remain useless in the Hands of the Ignorant, which by the Care of the Wise and Knowing might be turn'd to the *Publick Advantage* and *Glory*.

*Tragedy* as I have said had the Advantage of being grafted on the *Goatsong*, or *Vintage-Song* in the Honour of *Bacchus*, which, being a Recitation only, *Thespis* first made a Stage and introduc'd one *Actor*. *Æschylus* added a second Actor; and fixt his Stage, and adorn'd it in a more Magnificent manner; but then the same Ornaments serv'd all Plays. *Sophocles* added a third Actor and vary'd the Ornaments and brought Tragedy to Perfection, and into such Esteem with the *Athenians*, that they spent more in the Decorations of the Theatre, than in all their *Persian* Wars; nay the Money appropriated to that Use, was look'd on as so sacred, that *Demosthenes* with Difficulty and a great Deal of Art attempted to alienate some of it to the Defence of *Greece* against *Philip* of *Macedon*.

The

The Alterations that were made in this Poem in ſo little a Time were almoſt in every part of it; in the very Numbers as well as in the *Subject*, Manners, and Diction. For the firſt Verſe of the earlieſt Tragedies were *Tetrameters* or a Sort of Burleſque, and fit for Country mens Songs, and not unlike our *Dogrel*. But on the Reforming the Stage it was turn'd into *Trimeter Iambics*; for as *Dacier* from *Ariſtotle* obſerves, thoſe Numbers were fitteſt for *Tragedy*, which were moſt like our common Diſcourſe, and conſequently it was *Trimeter Iambics*, for that was moſt us'd in familiar Converſation, and *Tragedy* ſays he, being an Imitation, ought to admit nothing but what is eaſy and Natural.

But as this ſeems to relate cheifly to the *Greek* and Latin Diction, ſo it will not be amiſs to give you ſomething like it in the *Engliſh*, at the Riſe of the *Drama* here. I ſhall take the Examples of both from *Shakeſpear* alone, to ſhow this Error mended by himſelf and brought to ſuch a Perfection, that the higheſt praiſe is to imitate his Stile.

What they call'd their *Tetrameters* may be anſwer'd by the *Dogrel* in the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Loves Labours loſt*.

Bal. *Good Meat, Sir, is common, that every Churle affords.*

E. Ant. *And Welcome more common, for that's nothing but Words.*

S. Drom. *Either get thee from the Door, or ſit down at the Hatch,*

*Doſt thou conjure for Wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch Store?*

*When One is one too many? go get thee from the Door.*

But

But leſt this ſhou'd be thought paſſable in the Mouths of the *Dromios*, and their Maſters, we ſhall ſee in thoſe of Lords and Princes, in *Loves Labours Loſt* firſt *Boyet* of the Retinue of the Princeſs of *France*; and the Princeſs her ſelf.

Princeſs. *It was well done of you to take him at his Word.*

Boyet. *I was as willing to graple, as hew as to board.*

*Maria* one of the Ladies of Honour. } *Two hot Sheeps, Marry, and therefore not Ships.*

Boyet. *No Sheep, ſweet Lamb, unleſs we feed on your Lips.*

Princeſs. *Good Wits will be jangling, but Genteels agree——*

*The civil War of Wits were much better us'd*
*On NAVARRE, and his Book men, for here 'tis abus'd.*

In ſhort theſe falſe Numbers and Rhimes are almoſt through the whole Play; which muſt confirm any One, that this was one of his firſt. But that Verſe, which anſwers both the *Latin*, and the *Greek* is our *Blank Verſe*, which generaly conſiſts of *Iambics*, and ſo fit for the *Drama*, that tho' Mr. *Dryden* had once brought Rhiming on the Stage, ſo much into Faſhion, that he told us plainly in one of his Prefaces, that we ſhou'd ſcarce ſee a Play take in this Age without it; yet as ſoon as the *Rehearſal* was acted the violent, and unnatural Mode vaniſh'd, and *Blank Verſe* reſum'd its Place. A thouſand beautiful Examples of this Verſe might be taken out of *Shakeſpear*, here ſcarce being a Play of his which will not furniſh us with many; I ſhall ſatisfy my ſelf here with an Inſtance or two out of the *Much Ado about Nothing*.

*And*

*And bid her ſteal into the pleaſhed Bower,*
*Where Honey-Suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,*
*Forbid the Sun to enter; like Favourites's*
*Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride*
*Againſt that Power, that made it,* &c.
*The pleaſanteſt Angling is to ſee the Fiſh*
*Cut with their golden Oars, the ſilver Stream*
*And greedily devour the treacherous Bait.*

Comedy on the other hand lay long uncultivated in private Hands, among the Mob, or Country fellows, without any Regard of the Government; till at laſt *Epicharmus* and ſome others taking the Idea from the *Margites* of *Homer*, purg'd the Country Raileries of their Licentiouſneſs, the Magiſtrates of *Athens* took it into their Conſideration, that it might be of uſe to the Public in the Hands, and under the Managments of the *Public*. And thus by the Encouragement and Inſpection of the Government the *Drama* of both Kinds arriv'd to Perfection in not many Years after their Appearance in the World.

But it was not ſo in *Rome* it was in the 399th Year of the City, when any thing like a Stage got into *Rome*, and tho' it was introduc'd to appeaſe a great Plague which cou'd not be averted by any other Propitiation, yet they being originally perform'd by Strangers, the *Romans* had little Regard to them. For on this Occaſion they ſent for Players out of *Etruria*, whom in their Language they call *Hiſter*, from whence the *Romans* call'd their Actors *Hiſtriones* Nor did theſe make uſe of any Verſe but danc'd to the Tunes of their Pipes with Meaſures not indecorous after the *Thuſcan* Manner. The young Sparks began to imitate them by rallying one another in undigeſted Verſes.

With

With their Voices their Motions agreed; ſo that the Matter was receiv'd and by often Repetition came into a Mode. But the Players did not, as in the *Feſcenine* Verſes rally one another with Extempore Verſes; but repreſenting Paſtorals call'd Satyrs, with Vocal Muſick, ſet to the Inſtrumental, and a regular Action perform'd their Parts. But *Livius Andronicus* a *Greek* by Nation, was the firſt (ſome years after this) who ventur'd to mingle a Fable with theſe Songs, acting himſelf in theſe Performances, as then all the Poets did. This *Livy* tells us, and the ſame we find in *Valerius Maximus* Lib. 2. cap. 4. *From which we ſee, from what ſmall Beginnings the Scenic Plays aroſe? Firſt Players were ſent for out of* ETRURIA, *who danc'd without either Verſe or Piper; after this, rude and unpoliſh'd Verſe came in and Motions ſomething agreeable to the Voice: but at laſt all things were improv'd by Art.* Tho' theſe two Accounts do not agree in every particular we eaſily ſee the Low Riſe of the Stage in this City, which tho' brought in at firſt for the appeaſing a raging Peſtilence, yet the Players, who belong'd to the *Drama* had their Names put out of the Liſt of their Tribe, ſome ſay by way of Diſgrace, and were never permitted to have the Honour to go to the Wars but on the greateſt Extremity; yet this might be in Reſpect to their Preſervation, as the *Athenians* made a Law, when *Eupolis* was kill'd in a Sea Fight, that Poets ſhou'd go no more to the Wars. But be this as it will; yet in Time when it had work'd it ſelf out of the Dreggs of the People the State took Notice of it, and no Play was permitted to be acted, which was not approv'd by the *Ædile*, who had the ſame Care of the Stage in *Rome*, as the *Cho-*

*tagus* had in *Athens*; *Agrippa* was *Ædile* in *Rome*, and the great *Themistocles* was *Choragus* in *Athens*.

But notwithstanding the *Ædiles* took care at last of the *Roman* Stage, yet that never came to the Excellence of that of *Athens*; at least if we may judge of the Tragedies by those of *Seneca*, which are in nothing comparable to those of the Greek Poets. The *Medea* of *Ovid* had it been Extant, might perhaps have shown us something more perfect, for he was much better qualify'd for that, than the Philosopher.

In *England* Plays begun at the very Bottom of the People, and mounted by degrees to the State we now see them in, the yet imperfect Diversion of Ladies, and Men of the first Quality. Queen *Elizabeth* first distinguish'd Actors from *Strolers* and *Vagabonds* by making them Gentlemen of her Bed-Chamber, as some say, at least her Domestic Servants; and then it was that *Shakespear* ennobl'd the rude Scene, giving it a Grace, which it knew not before, and sufficient to please so wise, and good a Princess. But the Glory of giving it Perfection yet remains for a no less Excellent Queen, and the Muses have reason to hope, that she, that is so universal a Patroness of Liberty will not leave them in their old Bondage. For while the Poet's Success depends so much upon the injudicious Taste of the Managers, and the Whim of the unjudging Town it is impossible, that this Glorious Art can ever be brought to that Excellence, to which it arriv'd in *Greece*. Opinion, or Chance, and the Address of the Players having given many of our Modern Tragedies a sort of temporary Success, but because in a little time these Plays, which were cry'd up without Merit lose Ground and grow neglected

lected, some of our *Playwrights* have pretended that our Taste of *Tragedy* is lost, and that the best will not do. But certainly that is a very ill Argument, for we see, that the *Orphan*, *Venice Preserv'd* and good Tragedies increase in Esteem and bring as good Audiences as any Comedies. But the same Argument will hold against Comedies; for after Opinion or Whim have given them a sort of Run at their first Appearance, they flag in a little Time for Want of innate Merit, and Sink so that in a Year or two they will not bring ten Pounds. And tho' an ingenious Gentleman has told us, that Tragi-comedies will do better than Tragedies, I must say that the same Reason will hold against them; for I know scarce one of them, except *Shakespear*'s, that bring any great Audiences. But I am confident had we good Tragedies written according to the Art I have laid down, and that they had fair play at first from the Managers, the Diversion is so noble and great they wou'd find another sort of Success, than our Trifles have met with, and last for ever. At least we have Reason to think so for all that we have yet seen to the contrary in Experience.

Thus have I given my Thoughts on *Shakespear*, laid down the Rules of true Judging, and judicious Writing, and given a View of the Rise and Progress of the *Drama* in *Greece*, *Rome* and *England*; from whence it is plain that the only Way to make the Stage flourish is to put it into the Hands of the Magistrate, and the Management of Men of Learning and Genius; which wou'd once again bring this admirable Art to its Old Perfection.

# An Explanation of the Old WORDS us'd by *Shakeſpear* in his WORKS.

## A

*Argoſies.* Ships, *&c.*
*Aſſubjudigate.* Subdue, *&c.*
*Aroint.* avant, be gone, Stand off, *&c.*
*Agnize.* Acknowledge, confeſs, avow, *&c.*
*Acknown.* known Acknowledged, *&c.*

## B

*Betrims.* adorns decks, *&c.*
*Bosky.* fat, ſwell'd, *&c.*
*Busky.* id. or Woody.
*Blenches.* Faults.
*Bevel.* crooked, awry;
A *Broch.* A Buckle, Bracelet, Nooſe, Spit, *&c.*
*Beteem.* to bring forth, or breed,
*Braid.* Trim, finical, wove, *&c.*
*Born.* Limits, Bounds, *&c.*
To *Blench.* Sin, fear,
*Beſmirch'd.* Dawb'd. *&c.*
*Biggen.* a Child's Coif or Quoif.
*Brach.* a kind of Hound, *&c.*
*Blood-Bolter'd.* Smear'd with dry Blood.
*Biſſon Rheum.* Blind Rheum.
*Ballow.* Pole, long ſtick, quarter-ſtaff, *&c.*

## C

*Cleeps.* calls, names, *&c.*
*Copesmate.* Companion.
*Congeſt.* heap'd together.
*Cautleſs.* Uncautious.

*Canary'd,*

*Canary'd to it.* Danc'd to it or was Joyful at it.
To *Carol.* to ſing
A *Callet.* a Whore.
*Ceſs.* a Tax.
*Clake* or Clack, to make an ingrateful Noiſe, *&c.*
*Congreeing.* for agreeing, *&c.*
*Cleap.* haunt, attend, brood on, *&c.*
*Clinquant.* Sounding *&c.*
The *Cranks.* Offices.
*Coſtard.* Head, or Block-head.
*Cringes.* Hinges.
*Chuſherel.* Whore-maſter Debochee, *&c.*

D

*Dank.* Moiſt, raw, *&c.*
*Dowle.* A feather or rather the ſingle Particles of the down.
*To daffe.* to baffle banter, cheat, *&c.*
*Dumps.* Melancholly, fixt, Sadneſs, *&c.*
*Dulcet.* Sweet.
*Down-gyved*, turn'd or ty'd down.
*Dearn.* Solitude, *&c.*

E

*Eld.* Age Antiquity, Forefathers, old Times *&c.*
*Empleached.* bound together, interwove, *&c.*
*Enpatron'd.* got a Patron.
*Enfeoff'd himſelf.* took poſſeſſion of the Inheritance, *&c.*
*Exuflicate.* blown,

F

*Foyzon.* Plenty, Abundance, Strength, Heart Juice, Moiſture, *&c.*
*Fends.* defends, guards, *&c.*
*Famouſed.* made famous.
*Frampol'd* troubleſome, uneaſy, *&c.*
*Foining Fence.* Maſterly Defence.
*Flouriets.* or Flourets, ſmall flower, or Beds of Flowers.
*Franklin.* a Freeman, or Gentleman, *&c.*
*To Fatigate.* to tire, weary *&c.*
*Foemen.* Enemies.
*Fineleſs.* without End.

G

*Guerdon'd.* pay'd, rewarded with, given to, *&c.*
*Gawds.* Bawbles, gawdy things, or ridiculous jeſts, *&c.*
To *Gleek.* Jeer, *&c.*
*Glyke.* id. *Geck,*

*Geck*, or *Gull.* to cheat, defraud. *&c.*

The *Geſt.* A Bed, Couch, *&c.*

*Gimmals.* A Ring of two Rounds.

*Gariſh.* gay, glaring, *&c.*

*Gleeful.* Merry, laughing, *&c.*

*God-eyl'd us.* God defend or do us good.

*Gouts of Blood.* great Drops of Blood.

To *Gibber.* to flout, chatter, *&c.*

*Gaſted.* frighted.

To *Gallow.* To fright.

*Gaſtneſs.* Fright.

*Graff.* Graft, *&c.*

*Goſemore.* a little light down, that flies about in the Air by every Wind blown about.

H

*Hied* or *Hyed.* made haſte to.

*Hefts.* Commands.

*Hent.* took hold of.

*Hight.* call'd.

*Hefted.* as *tender-hefted*, tenderly diſpos'd, *&c.*

*Harried*, daunted, ſcolded at, frighted handl'd him ſo roughly.

I

*Intendment.* Intention.

*Ingirts.* Surrounds.

*An Incony Wit.* a Mimicking Wit, *&c.*

*Imboſt him.* Noos'd him, circumvented him, *&c.*

*Immoment.* of no Value.

K

*Kam.* a wry, quite from the matter. *clean Kam* quite from the purpoſe.

L

*Luſh.* Luxury, Lewdneſs, *&c.*

*Laſs-lorn.* depriv'd, or deſerted by his Laſſe or Miſtreſs.

*Leaman.* a Gallant, Stallion, *&c.*

*Lover'd.* have a Lover.

*Lither* Sky. lower, Lazy, plain,

*Lieſeſt.* Deareſt, *&c.*

M

*Moody*, or *Mood.* angry, and Anger, *&c.*

*Meed.* Reward.

*Murky.* Obſcure, dark, *&c.*

A *Maund.* a Basket, Scrip, *&c.*

*Murk.* Dark, *&c.*

To *Mell.* to meddle with or mingle, *&c.*

*Manakin.* a little Man.

*Mammering.* Muttering.

N

*Nill.* will not.

*Nole.* an Asses Nole. Asses Head and Neck.

*Nay Word.* A Word of Infamy or Contempt.

O

*Orts.* Scraps, Leavings, *&c.*

*Orgillous.* proud.

P

*Palmers.* Pilgrims, *&c.*

*Poleclipt.* clipt in the Head.

*Phrasless Hand.* A Hand, whose Beauty no Phrase can express.

A *Priser.* one that fights Prizes, or wrestles for Prizes, *&c.*

*Pight* upon or over. *Pight* to do it, prop'd settled, cast, *&c.*

*Palliament.* a Garment, Robe, *&c.*

To *Palter.* to trifle, *&c.* banter, *&c.*

*Paragon.* Peer or Equal.

*Pannelled me.* follow'd, attended me, *&c.*

Q

*Quern.* Churn.

A *Quintine.* a Measure.

*Quarrellous.* Quarrelsome full of Complaint, *&c.*

R

*Rank.* full, a River rank, full.

*Recketh*, or *Wrecketh*, values, thinks, reflects.

*Rigol.* A Clavicord, or what makes Merry, or diverts, *&c.*

*Recheate.* a manner of Blowing the Horn to call the Dogs together.

*Rebato.* or Head-dresse.

*Reft.* bereft, depriv'd of, *&c.*

*Raide.* dresst.

*Roisting.* Bullying, Noisie, *&c.*

*Ribald* Crows. Noisie, impudent, *&c.*

*Ronyon.* a Rake, *&c.*

The *Romage* of the Land, Disturbances, *&c.*

To *Reverb.* repeat, return, reply, *&c.*

To *Renege.* to deny.

*Riggish.* rampant, ruttish, *&c.*

S

*Sneap'd Birds.* Beak'd, bill'd, *&c.*

*Siege.* Excrement.

*Suggested.* tempted, provok'd, prompted.

*Sea-Marge.* A Cliff, or the Banks of the Sea.

*Stell'd.* Stor'd, contain'd.
To *Shrive.* to meet, revel, confeſs, or hear ones confeſſion. Liſted in a Roll, *&c.*
*Smoog'd.* Smoak'd.
*Sheen.* Shine.
To *Square.* To quarrel, *&c.*
*Saws.* Maxims, Proverbs, Sayings, *&c.*
A *Bed-Swarver.* One inconſtant to his Bed, a Rover, a Debochee, *&c.*
*Scath.* Miſchief, Loſs, Wrong, Harm, Prejudice, *&c.*
*Scroyls.* Corſairs.
To *Sker* or *Skir.* to glide or move ſwiftly.
*Soilure.* a Blot.

T

*Teen.* Pain, Anguiſh, Wrath, Anger, *&c.*
To *Traſh.* to lopp, *&c.*
*Trickſey.* brisk, active, nimble, *&c.*
*Totter'd.* ſhaken, tottering, weak tumbling, *&c*
To *Tar.* to ſet on, provoke, *&c.*
*Trenchant Sword.* The Sword that cuts a gap, or Wounds, Indenture, *&c.*
*Thewes.* Sinews, or Modes Manners, Cuſtoms, *&c.*
To *Scale* a thing. To weigh it in Scales, *&c.*
To *Sowle.* To lugg one by the Ears.
*Shrift.* Confeſſion, *&c.*
*Siar.* Decay.
To *Sag.* to waver, be diſmaid, *&c.*
*Scar.* Care, or Value, *&c.*

U

*Umberd Face.* A Face ſmeerd with *Umber*, or a yellowiſh Face.
*Unhouzzled.* Without the Sacrament.
*Unanneal'd.* Without Extream Unction, that is Unanointed.
*Unhouſed.* Free, unconfin'd, *&c.*

W

*Welkin.* The Heavens, Skye, *&c.*
*Whileare.* Lately.
*Wend,* go.
*Wrecks.* Thinks of, cares for, or values.
*Withers.* The Shoulders of a Horſe.
*Wother.* Merit, Beauty, *&c.*
With a *Winnion.* With a Vengeance, *&c.*

Y

*Ycliped.* Call'd.

VENUS

# VENUS

AND

# ADONIS.

---

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo*
*Pocula Caſtalia plenâ miniſtret aquâ.*
Ovid. *Amor. l.* 1. *El.* 15.

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*LONDON,*
Printed in the Year 1709.

To the Right Honourable

# Henry Wriothesly,

Earl of *SOUTHAMPTON*,

AND

Baron of *TICHFIELD*.

Right Honourable,

*I Know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht Lines to your Lordship; nor how the World will censure me for choosing so strong a Prop to support so weak a Burthen; only if*

*Your Honour ſeem but pleas'd, I account my ſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take Advantage of all idle Hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver Labour. But if the firſt Heir of my Invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a God-father, and never after eare ſo barren a Land for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a Harveſt. I leave it to Your honourable Survey, and Your Honour to Your Heart's Content; which I wiſh may always anſwer Your own Wiſh, and the World's hopeful Expectation.*

Your Honour's in all Duty,

Will. Shakeſpear.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the Sun, with purple coloured Face,
Had ta'n his laſt Leave of the weeping Morn.
Roſe-cheek'd *Adonis* hied him to the Chaſe:
Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laught to Scorn.
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd Suter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer, than my ſelf! (thus ſhe began)
The Fields chief Flower! ſweet above compare!
Stain to all Nymphs! more lovely, than a Man!
More white and red, than Doves or Roſes are!
Nature, that made thee with her ſelf at Strife,
Saith, that the World hath ending with thy Life.

Vouchſafe, thou Wonder! to alight thy Steed,
And rein his proud Head to the Saddle Bow,
If thou wilt deign this Favour, for thy Meed,
A thouſand hony Secrets ſhalt thou know.
Here come and ſit, where Serpent never hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with Kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy Lips with loathed Satiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their Plenty ;
Making them red and pale with freſh Variety:
Ten Kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty.
A Summers day will ſeem an Hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch Time-beguiling Sport.

With this ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating Palm,
The Preſident of Pith and Livelihood,
And trembling in her Paſſion calls it Balm;
Earth's ſovereign Salve to do a Goddeſs good.
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to pluck him from his Horſe.

Over one Arm the luſty Courſers Rein,
Under the other was the tender Boy,
Who bluſh'd and pouted in a dull Diſdain,
With leaden Appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as Coals of glowing Fire :
He red for Shame, but froſty in Deſire.

The ſtudded Bridle, on a ragged Bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens (O how quick is Love!)
The Steed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the Rider ſhe Begins to prove.
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in Strength, tho' not in Luſt.

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their Elbows and their Hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his Cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, But ſoon ſhe ſtops his Lips:
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful Language broken;
If thou wilt Chide thy Lips ſhall never open.

He

He burns with baſhful Shame, ſhe, with her Tears,
Doth quench the maiden burning of his Cheeks:
Then with her windy Sighs and golden Hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks.
He ſays ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſs,
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a Kiſs.

Even as an empty Eagle, ſharp by Faſte,
Tires with her Beak on Feathers, Fleſh and Bone,
Shaking her Wings, devouring all in Haſte,
Till either Gorge be ſtuft, or Prey be gone:
Even ſo ſhe kiſt his Brow, his Cheek his Chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to Conſent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her Face:
She feedeth on the Steam, as on a Prey,
And calls it heavenly Moiſture! Air of Grace!
Wiſhing her Cheeks were Gardens full of Flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling Showers.

Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,
So faſten'd in her Arms *Adonis* lies:
Pure Shame and aw'd Reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more Beauty in his angry Eyes.
Rain added to a River, that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the Bank,

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats:
For to a pretty-Ear ſhe tunes her Tale.
Still he is ſullen, ſtill he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimſon Shame, and Anger aſhie Pale.
Being red ſhe loves him beſt, and being white,
Her Breaſt is better'd with a more Delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but love,
And by her fair immortal Hand ſhe ſwears,
From his ſoft Boſom never to remove,
Till he take Truce with her contending Tears;
Which long have rain'd, making her Cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet Kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs Debt.

Upon this Promiſe did he raiſe his Chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering through a Wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave;
But when his Lips were ready for his Pay,
He winks and turns his Lips another Way.

Never did Paſſenger, in Summers Heat,
More thirſt for Drink, than ſhe for this good Turn;
Her Help ſhe ſees, but Help ſhe cannot get,
She baths in Water, yet in Fire muſt burn.
Oh Pity gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted Boy!
'Tis but a Kiſs I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Even by the ſtern, and direful God of War,
Whoſe ſinowy Neck in Battel ne'er did bow,
Who conquers, where he comes in every Jar:
Yet hath he been my Captive and my Slave,
And begg'd for that, which thou unask'd ſhalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hung his Lance,
His batter'd Shield, his uncontrolled Creſt;
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and jeſt;
Scorning his churliſh Drum, and Enſign red,
Making my Arms his Field, his Tent my Bed.

Thus

Thus he, that over-rul'd, I over-ſway'd;
Leading him Priſoner in a red Roſe Chain.
Strong temper'd Steel, his ſtronger Strength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy Diſdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy Might,
For maſtring her, that foil'd the God of Fight!

Touch but my Lips with thoſe fair Lips of thine,
(Tho' mine be not ſo fair, yet they are red)
The Kiſs ſhall be thine own, as well, as mine.
What ſeeſt thou in the Ground? Hold up thy Head:
Look in mine Eye-balls, where thy Beauty lies,
Then why not Lips on Lips, ſince Eyes on Eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? Then wink again,
And I will wink, ſo ſhall the Day ſeem Night,
Love keeps his Revels, where there be but twain.
Be bold to play, our Sport is not in Sight.
Theſe blew-vein'd Violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, upon thy tempting Lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted.
Make uſe of Time, let not Advantage ſlip,
Beauty within it ſelf would not be waſted.
Fair Flowers, that are not gather'd in their Prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in Voice,
O'er-worn, deſpiſed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking Juice,
Then mightſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee:
But, having no Defects, why doſt abhor me?

Thou

Thou can'ſt not ſee one wrinkle in my Brow,
Mine Eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning:
My Beauty, as the Spring doth yearly grow;
My Fleſh as ſoft and plump, my Marrow burning;
My ſmooth moiſt Hand, were it with thy Hand felt,
Would in thy Palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a Fairy, trip upon the Green,
Or like a Nymph, with long diſhevel'd Hair,
Dance on the Sands, and yet no footing ſeen.
Love is a Spirit all compact of Fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſs this Primroſe Bank; whereon I lye
The forceleſs Flowers, like ſturdy Trees, ſupport me:
Two ſtrengthleſs Doves will draw me through the Sky
From Morn till Night, even where I liſt to ſport me.
Is Love ſo light, ſweet Boy, and may it be,
That thou ſhouldſt think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own Heart to thine own Face affected?
Can thy right Hand ſeize Love upon thy left?
Then wooe thy ſelf, be of thy ſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of Theft.
*Narciſſus* ſo himſelf, himſelf forſook,
And dy'd to kiſs his Shadow in the Brook.

Torches are made to light, Jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh Beauty for the uſe,
Herbs for their Smell, and ſappy Plants to bear:
Things growing to themſelves are growths abuſe.
Seeds ſpring from Seeds, and Beauty breedeth Beauty;
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy Duty.

Upon

Upon the Earths Increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Unleſs the Earth with thy Increaſe be fed?
By Law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may Live, when thou thy ſelf art Dead:
And ſo in ſpight of Death thou doſt ſurvive,
In that thy Likeneſs ſtill is left alive.

By this, the Love-ſick Queen began to ſweat,
For where they lay, the Shadow had forſook them;
And *Titan* tired in the mid-day Heat,
With burning Eye did hotly overlook them;
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his Team to guide,
So he were like him and by *Venus* Side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy Spright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking Eye,
His lowring Brows o'rewhelming his fair Sight,
Like miſty Vapours, when they blot the Sky,
Sowring his Cheeks, cries fie, no more of Love,
The Sun doth burn my Face, I muſt remove.

Ah me! *(quoth Venus)* Young and ſo unkind!
What bare Excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone?
I'll ſigh celeſtial Breath, whoſe gentle Wind
Shall cool the Heat of this deſcending Sun.
I'll make a Shadow for thee of my Hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my Tears.

The Sun, that ſhines from Heaven ſhines but warm,
And loe, I lie between the Sun and thee!
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine Eye darts forth the Fire, that burneth Me.
And, were I not immortal, Life were done,
Between this Heavenly and Earthly Sun.

Art

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as Steel?
Nay more, than Flint, for Stone at Rain relenteth,
Art thou a Woman's Son, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of Love tormenteth?
O! had thy Mother born ſo bad a Mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemn me this?
Or what great Danger dwells upon my Sute?
What were thy Lips the worſe for one poor Kiſs?
Speak fair: But ſpeak fair Words, or elſe be mute.
Give me one Kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
And one for Int'reſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, liveleſs Picture, cold and ſenſeleſs Stone;
Well Painted Idol, Image dull and dead;
Statue contenting but the Eye alone;
Thing like a Man, but of no Woman bred.
Thou art no Man, tho' of a Man's Complexion,
For Men will kiſs even by their own Direction.

This ſaid, Impatience chokes her pleading Tongue,
And ſwelling Paſſion doth provoke a Pauſe;
Red Cheeks and fiery Eyes blaze forth her Wrong;
Being Judge in Love, ſhe cannot right her Cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her Sobs do her Intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her Head, and then his Hand;
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the Ground,
Sometimes her Arms infold him like a Band;
She would, he will not in her Arms be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She Locks her Lilly Fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the Circuit of this Ivory Pale,
I'll be the Park, and thou ſhalt be my Deer;
Feed where thou wilt on Mountain or in Dale.
Graze on my Lips, and if thoſe Hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant Fountains lie.

Within this Limit is Relief enough,
Sweet bottom Graſs, and high delightful Plain,
Round riſing Hillocks, Brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from Tempeſt and from Rain.
Then be my Deer, ſince I am ſuch a Park,
No Dog ſhall rouze thee, tho' a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles, as in Diſdain,
That in each Cheek appears a pretty Dimple;
Love made thoſe Hollows, If himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a Tomb ſo ſimple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he cou'd not die.

Theſe loving Caves, theſe round enchanting Pits,
Open'd their Mouths to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for Wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poor Queen of Love in thine own Law forlorn,
To love a Cheek, that ſmiles at thee with Scorn.

Now which Way ſhall ſhe turn? What ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her Words are done, her Woes the more encreaſing:
The Time is ſpent, her Object will away,
And from her twining Arms, doth urge releaſing.
Pity ſhe cries, ſome Favour, ſome Remorſe!
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his Horſe.

But loe, from forth a Copp's that Neighbours by,
A breeding Jennet, Luſty, Young and Proud,
*Adonis* trampling Courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts and neighs aloud.
The ſtrong neck'd Steed, being ty'd unto a Tree,
Breaketh his Rein, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven Girts he breaks aſunder;
The bearing Earth with his hard Hoof he wounds,
Whoſe hollow Womb reſounds like Heavens Thunder:
The Iron Bit he cruſhes 'tween his Teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His Ears up prick'd his braided hanging Mane
Upon his compaſt Creſt now ſtands an end:
His Noſtrils drink the Air, and forth again,
As from a Furnace Vapours doth he lend:
His Eye, which ſcornfully gliſters like Fire,
Shews his hot Courage, and his high Deſire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the Steps,
With gentle Majeſty, and modeſt Pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps;
As who ſhould ſay, loe, thus my Strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the Eye
Of the fair Breeder, that is ſtanding by.

What recketh he his Riders angry Stir,
His flatt'ring Holla, or his Stand, I ſay?
What cares he now for Curb, or pricking Spur?
For rich Capariſons, or Trappings gay?
He ſees his Love, and nothing elſe he ſees:
For nothing elſe with his proud Sight agrees.

Look

Look when a Painter wou'd ſurpaſs the Life,
In Limning out a well proportion'd Steed,
His Art, with Natures Workmanſhip at Strife,
As if the Dead the Living ſhould exceed:
So did his Horſe excell a common One,
In Shape, in Courage, Colour, Pace and Bone.

Round Hooft, ſhort Jointed, Fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad Breaſt, full Eyes, ſmall Head, and Noſtril wide,
High Creſt, ſhort Ears, ſtrait Legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin Mane, thick Tail, broad Buttock, tender Hide.
Look what a Horſe ſhould have he did not lack,
Save a proud Rider on ſo proud a Back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a Feather.
To bid the Wind a Baſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether.
For through his Mane and Tail the high Wind Sings,
Fanning the Hairs, which heave like feather'd Wings.

He looks upon his Love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his Mind.
Being Proud, as Females are, to ſee him wooe her,
She puts on outward Strangeneſs, ſeems Unkind,
Spurns at his Love, and ſcorns the Heat he feels,
Beating his kind Embracements with her Heels.

Then, like a melancholy Male-content,
He vails his Tail; that like a falling plume,
Cool Shadow to his melting Buttocks lent;
He ſtamps, and bites the poor Flies in his Fume:
His Love perceiving how he is inrag'd,
Grew Kinder, and his Fury was aſſwag'd.

His

His teasty Master goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd Breeder, full of Fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the Horse, and left *Adonis* there.
As they were mad, unto the Wood they hie them,
Out-stripping Crows, that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boystrous and unruly Beast.
And now the happy Season once more fits,
That Love-sick *Love*, by pleading may be blest.
For Lovers say, the Heart hath treble Wrong,
When it is bar'd the Aidance of the Tongue.

An Oven, that is stop'd, or River staid,
Burneth more hotly swelleth with more Rage:
So of concealed Sorrow may be said;
Free vent of Words Loves Fire doth assuage:
But when the Hearts Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate in his Sute.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying Coal revives with Wind,
And with his Bonnet hides his angry Brow,
Looks on the dull Earth with disturbed Mind;
Taking no Notice, that she is so nigh,
For all ascance he holds her in his Eye.

O what a Sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward Boy;
To note the fighting Conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her Cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth Fire, as Lightning from the Sky.

Now

Now was ſhe juſt before him, as he ſat,
And like a lowly Lover down ſhe kneels;
With one fair Hand ſhe heaveth up his Hat,
Her other tender Hand his fair Cheeks feels:
His tender Cheeks receive her ſoft Hands print,
As apt, as new-fallen Snow takes any Dint.

Oh what a War of Looks was then between them!
Her Eyes Petitioners to his Eyes ſuing;
His Eyes ſaw her Eyes, as they had not ſeen them;
Her Eyes woo'd ſtill, his Eyes diſdain'd the Wooing:
And all this dumb Play had his Acts made plain,
With Tears, which *Chorus* like, her Eyes did rain.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the Hand,
A Lilly priſon'd in a Jail of Snow,
Or Ivory in an Alablaſter Band,
So white a Friend ingirts ſo white a Foe!
This beauteous Combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to ſilver Doves, that ſit a Billing.

Once more the Engine of her Thoughts began.
O faireſt Mover on this mortal Round!
Would thou wert, as I am, and I a Man,
My Heart all whole, as thine, thy Heart my Wound.
For one ſweet Look my Help I would aſſure thee,
Tho' nothing but my Body's Bane would cure thee.

Give me my Hand (ſaith he) why doſt thou feel it?
Give me thy Heart (ſaith ſhe) and thou ſhalt have it.
O! give it me, leſt thy hard Heart do ſteel it:
And being ſteel'd, ſoft Sighs can never grave it:
Then Love's deep Groans I never ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* Heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame, he crys, let go, and let me go,
My Day's Delight is paſt, my Horſe is gone,
And 'tis your Fault, I am bereft him ſo.
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For all my Mind, my Thought, my buſie Care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus ſhe replies. Thy Palfrey, as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warm Approach of ſweet Deſire:
Affection is a Cole, that muſt be cool'd;
Elſe, ſuffer'd, it will ſet the Heart on Fire.
The Sea hath Bounds, but deep Deſire hath none;
Therefore no Marvel tho' thy Horſe be gone.

How like a Jade he ſtood, ty'd to a Tree,
Servilely maſtred with a leathern Reign!
But when he ſaw his Love, his Youth's fair Fee,
He held ſuch petty Bondage in Diſdain,
Throwing the baſe Thong from his bending Creſt,
Enfranchiſing his Mouth, his Back, his Breaſt.

Who ſees his true Love in her naked Bed,
Teaching the Sheets a whiter Hiew, than white,
But when his glutton Eye ſo full hath fed,
His other Agents aim at like Delight:
Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold,
To touch the Fire, the Weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy Courſer, gentle Boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beſeech thee,
To take Advantage on preſented Joy,
Tho' I were dumb, yet his Proceedings teach thee.
O! learn to love, the Leſſon is but plain,
And once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know

I know not Love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unleſs it be a Boar, and then I chaſe it.
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My Love to Love, is Love but to diſgrace it;
For I have heard it is a Life in Death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a Breath.

Who wears a Garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſht?
Who plucks the Bud before one Leaf put forth?
If ſpringing Things be any jot diminiſht,
They wither in their Prime, prove nothing worth.
The Colt that's backt, and burthen'd being young
Loſeth his Pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my Hand with Wringing. Let us part,
And leave this idle Theme, this bootleſs Chat,
Remove your Siege from my unyielding Heart,
To Love's Alarm it will not ope the Gate. (try;
Diſmiſs your Vows, your fained Tears, your Flat-
For where a Heart is hard, they make no Battry.

What, canſt thou talk? (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a Tongue?
O! would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing!
Thy Mermaid's Voice hath done me double Wrong!
I had my Load before, now preſt with bearing.
Melodious Diſcord! heavenly Tune harſh ſounding!
Earth's deep ſweet Muſick! and Heart's deep ſore-
(wounding!
Had I no Eyes but Ears, my Ears would love
That inward Beauty, and inviſible:
Or were I deaf, thy outward Parts would move
Each part of me, that were but ſenſible.
Tho' neither Eyes, nor Ears to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the Senſe of Reaſon were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor hear, nor touch;
And nothing but the very Smell were left me,
Yet would my Love to thee be ſtill as much;
For from the Stillatory of thy Face excelling,
Comes Breath perfum'd, that breedeth Love by (Smelling.
But oh! What Banquet wert thou to the Taſt!
Being Nurſe and Feeder of the other Four!
Would they not wiſh the Feaſt ſhould ever laſt,
And bid Suſpicion double lock the Door,
Leſt Jealouſie, that four unwelcome Gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in diſturb the Feaſt.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,
Which to his Speech did honey Paſſage yield:
Like a red Morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
Wrack to the Sea-men, Tempeſt to the Field,
Sorrow to Shepherds, Woe unto the Birds,
Guſt and foul Flaws to Herdmen and to Herds.

This ill Preſage adviſedly ſhe marketh,
Even as the Wind is huſht before it raineth,
Or as the Wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the Berry breaks before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly Bullet of a Gun,
His Meaning ſtroke her e'er his Words begun.

And at his Look ſhe flatly falleth down;
For Looks kill Love, and Love by Looks reviveth:
A Smile recures the Wounding of a Frown,
But bleſſed Bankrupt, that by Love ſo thriveth!
The ſilly Boy believing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale Cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And

And in Amaze brake off his late Intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning Love did wittily prevent.
Fair fall the Wit, that can ſo well defend her:
For on the Graſs ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlain,
'Till his Breath breathed Life in her again.

He wrings her Noſe, he ſtrikes her on the Cheeks,
He bends her Fingers, holds her Pulſes hard,
He chafes her Lips, a thouſand Ways he ſeeks
To mend the Hurt, that his Unkindneſs mar'd,
He kiſſes her, and ſhe, by her good Will,
Would never riſe, ſo he will kiſs her ſtill.

The Night of Sorrow now is turn'd to Day,
Her two blue Windows faintly ſhe up heaveth;
Like the fair Sun, when in his freſh Array,
He cheers the Morn, and all the World relieveth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the Skie,
So is her Face illumin'd with her Eye.

Whoſe Beams upon his hairleſs Face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their Shine:
Were never four ſuch Lamps together mixt,
Had not his Clouded, with his Brows repine.
But hers, which thro' the Chryſtal Tears gave Light,
Shone like the Moon, in Water, ſeen by Night.

O! where am I! (quoth ſhe) in Earth! or Heaven!
Or in the Ocean drencht! or in the Fire!
What Hour is this? or Morn, or weary Even?
Do I delight to die? or Life deſire?
But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's Annoy:
But now I dy'd, and Death was lively Joy.

O! thou didſt kill me, kill me once again,
Thy Eyes, ſhrew'd Tutor, that hard Heart of thine
Have taught them ſcornful Tricks, and ſuch Diſdain,
That they have murder'd this poor Heart of mine:
And theſe mine Eyes, true Leaders to their Queen,
But for thy pitious Lips no more had ſeen.

Long may they kiſs each other for this Cure!
Oh never let their crimſon Liveries wear!
And as they laſt, their Verdure ſtill endure,
To drive Infection from the dangerous Year!
That the Star-gazers having writ on Death,
May ſay, the Plague is baniſh'd by thy Breath.

Pure Lips, ſweet Seals, in my ſoft Lips imprinted,
What Bargains may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelf I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good Dealing:
Which Purchaſe if thou make for fear of Slips,
Set thy Seal manual on my Wax-red Lips.

A thouſand Kiſſes buys my Heart from me,
And pay them at they Leiſure one by one.
What is ten hundred Kiſſes unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for Non-payment that the Debt ſhould double,
Is twenty hundred Kiſſes ſuch a Trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any Love you owe me,
Meaſure my Strangeneſs with my unripe Years,
Before I know my ſelf, ſeek not to know me.
No Fiſher but the ungrown Fry forbears,
The Mellow plum doth fall, the Green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſour to taſte.

Look, the Worlds Comforter, with weary Gate,
His Days hot Task hath ended in the Weſt !
The Owl (Nights Herald) ſhreeks, 'tis very late,
The Sheep are gone to Fold, Birds to their Neſt.
The cole-black Clouds,that ſhadow Heavens Light,
Do ſummon us to part, and bid good Night.

Now let me ſay good Night, and ſo ſay you:
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall have a Kiſs.
Good Night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſays adieu,
The Hony Fee of parting tendred is.
Her Arms do lend his Neck a ſweet Embrace,
Incorporate then they ſeem, Face grows to Face.

Till breathleſs he diſ-join'd, and backward drew
The Heavenly Moiſture, that ſweet Coral Mouth,
Whoſe precious Taſte her thirſty Lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complain on Drouth;
He with her Plenty preſt, ſhe faint with Dearth,
Their Lips together glew'd fall to the Earth.

Now quick Deſire hath caught her yielding Prey,
And Glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth,
Her Lips are Conquerors, his Lips obey,
Paying what Ranſom the Inſulter willeth; (high,
Whoſe Vultur Thought doth pitch the Prize ſo
That ſhe will draw his Lips rich Treaſure dry.

And having felt the Sweetneſs of the Spoil,
With blind-fold Fury ſhe begins to forrage;
Her Face doth reek and ſmoak, her Blood doth boil,
And careleſs Luſt ſtirs up a deſperate Courage:
Planting Oblivion, beating Reaſon back; (Wrack.
Forgetting Shame's pure Bluſh, and Honour's

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild Bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward Infant ſtill'd with dandling.
He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What Wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with tempring?
And yields at laſt to every light Impreſſion?
Things out of Hope are compaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in Love, whoſe Leave exceeds Commiſſion.
Affection faints not, like a pale fac'd Coward,
But then woos beſt, when moſt his Choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had ſhe then gave over!
Such Nectar from his Lips ſhe had not ſuckt:
Foul Words and Frowns muſt not repel a Lover
What tho' the Roſe have Pricks; Yet it is pluckt.
Were Beauty under twenty Locks kept faſt,
Yet Love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

For Pity now ſhe can no more detain him;
The poor Fool prays her, that he may depart.
She is reſolved no longer to reſtrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her Heart,
The which by *Cupid*'s Bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence ingaged in his Breaſt.

Sweet Boy, ſhe ſays, this Night I'll waſte in Sorrow,
For my ſick Heart commands mine Eyes to watch.
Tell me, Loves Maſter, ſhall we meet to Morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the Match?
He tells her no, to Morrow he intends
To hunt the Boar with certain of his Friends.

The

The Boar (quoth ſhe) Whereat a ſudden pale,
Like Lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing Roſe,
Uſurps her Cheeks, ſhe trembles at his Tale,
And on his Neck her yoking Arms ſhe throws,
She ſinketh down ſtill hanging on his Neck,
He on her Belly falls, ſhe on her Back.

Now is ſhe in the very Liſts of Love,
Her Champion mounted for the hot Encounter.
All is imaginary, ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her altho' he mount her:
That worſe than *Tantalus* is her Annoy,
To clip *Elyſium*, and to lack her Joy.

Even as poor Birds, deceiv'd with painted Grapes,
Do ſurfeit by the Eye, and pine the Maw;
Even ſo ſhe languiſheth in her Miſhaps,
As thoſe poor Birds, that helpleſs Berries ſaw.
The warm Effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual Kiſſing.

But all in vain, good Queen, it will not be,
She hath aſſaid, as much, as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deſerved a greater Fee:
She's Love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd!
Fie, fie, he ſays, you cruſh me, let me go,
You have no Reaſon to with-hold me ſo.

Thou had'ſt been gone(quoth ſhe)ſweet Boy, e'er this,
But that thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt hunt the Boar.
O! be advis'd, thou know'ſt not what it is,
With Javelins Point a churliſh Swine to gore,
Whoſe Tuſhes never ſheath'd, he wheteth ſtill,
Like to a mortal Butcher, bent to kill.

On

On his Bow-back he hath a Battel ſet
Of briſtly Pikes, that ever threat his Foes;
His Eyes, like Glow-Worms, ſhine when he doth fret,
His Snout digs Sepulchres where e'er he goes:
Being moved he ſtrikes whate'er is in his Way;
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked Tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny Sides, with hairy Briſtles armed,
Are better Proof, than thy Spears Point can enter;
His ſhort thick Neck cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being ireful, on the Lion he will venture.
The thorny Brambles, and embracing Buſhes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas! he nought eſteems that Face of thine,
To which Loves Eye pays tributary Gazes;
Nor thy ſoft Hand, ſweet Lips, and Chriſtal Eyne,
Whoſe full Perfection all the World amazes;
But having thee at Vantage (wondrous Dread!)
Would root theſe Beauties, as he roots the Mead.

O! let him keep his loathſome Cabin ſtill!
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul Fiends.
Come not within his Danger by thy Will,
They, that thrive well take Counſel of their Friends.
When thou didſt name the Boar, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy Fortune, and my Joynts did tremble.

Didſt thou not mark my Face? Was it not white?
Saw'ſt thou not Signs of Fear lurk in mine Eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not down right?
Within my Boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding Heart pants, beats, and takes no Reſt,
But like an Earth-quake ſhakes thee on my Breaſt.

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousie
Doth call himself Affections Centinel,
Gives false Alarms, suggesteth Mutiny,
And in a peaceful Hour doth cry, kill, kill,
Distempring gentle Love with his Desire,
As Air and Water doth abate the Fire.

This sour Informer, this bate-breeding Spy,
This Canker, that eats up Loves tender Spring,
This carry-tale, Dissentious Jealousie,
That sometime true News, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my Heart, and whispers in mine Ear,
That if I Love thee, I thy Death should fear.

And more, than so, presenteth to mine Eye
The Picture of an angry chafing Boar,
Under whose sharp Fangs, on his Back doth lie
An Image like thy self, all stain'd with Gore;
Whose Blood upon the fresh Flowers being shed,
Doth make 'em drop with Grief, and hang the Head.

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed?
That trembling at th' Imagination,
The Thought of it doth make my faint Heart bleed,
And Fear doth teach it Divination?
I prophecy thy Death, my living Sorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boar to Morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying Hare;
Or at the Fox, which lives by Subtilty;
Or at the Roe, which no Encounter dare,
Pursue these fearful Creatures o'er the Downs,
And on thy well-breath'd Horse keep with thy Hounds.

And when thou haſt on Foot the purblind Hare,
Mark the poor Wretch, to overſhut his Troubles,
How he out-runs the Wind, and with what Care,
He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand Doubles.
The many Umſits through the which he goes,
Are like a Labyrinth t' amaze his Foes.

Sometime he runs among the Flock of Sheep,
To make the cunning Hounds miſtake their Smell;
And ſometime, where Earth-delving Conies keep,
To ſtop the loud Purſuers in their Yell;
And ſometime, forteth with a Herd of Deer.
Danger deviſeth Shifts, Wit waits on Fear.

For there his Smell with others being mingled,
The hot-ſcent-ſnuffing Hounds are driven to Doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous Cry till they have ſingled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out.
Then do they ſpend their Mouths; Eccho replies,
As if another Chaſe were in the Skies.

By this poor *Wat* far off, upon a Hill,
Stands on his hinder Legs with liſtning Ear,
To hearken if his Foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their loud Alarums he doth hear,
And now his Grief may be compared well
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing Bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabled Wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the Way.
Each envious Brier his weary Legs doth ſcratch,
Each Shadow makes him ſtop, each Murmur ſtay.
For Miſery is trodden on by many:
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe.
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boar,
Unlike my ſelf, thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
For Love can comment upon every Woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the Story aptly Ends:
The Night is ſpent. Why, what of that (quoth ſhe?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my Friends.
And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall.
In Night (quoth ſhe) Deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,
The Earth in Love with thee, thy Footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a Kiſs.
Rich Preys make rich Men Thieves, ſo do thy Lips
Make modeſt *Diana* cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a Kiſs and die forſworn.

Now of this dark Night I perceive the Reaſon
*Cynthia* for Shame obſcures her ſilver Shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of *Treaſon*,
For ſtealing Moulds from Heaven, that were divine,
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee in high Heaven's Deſpite,
To ſhame the Sun by Day, and her by Night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies
To croſs the curious Workmanſhip of Nature;
To mingle Beauty with Infirmities,
And pure Perfection with impure Defeature,
Making it ſubject to the Tyranny
Of ſad Miſchances and much Miſery.

As

As burning Fevers, Agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning Peſtilence, and Frenzies Wood,
The Marrow eating Sickneſs, whoſe Attaint
Diſorder breeds by beating of the Blood:
Surfeits, Impoſtumes, Grief and damn'd Deſpair,
Swear Natures Death for framing thee ſo fair.

And not the leaſt of all theſe Maladies,
But in one Minutes Sight brings Beauty under:
Both Favour, Savour, Hiew and Qualities,
Whereat th' imperial Gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain Snow melts with the Mid-day Sun.

Therefore, Deſpight of fruitleſs Chaſtity,
Love-lacking *Veſtals*, and ſelf-loving *Nuns*,
That on the Earth would breed a Scarcity,
And barren Dearth of Daughters and of Sons,
Be prodigal. The Lamp that burns by Night,
Dries up his Oil, to lend the World his Light.

What is thy Body, but a Swallowing Grave,
Seeming to bury that Poſterity,
Which by the Rights of Time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in their Obſcurity?
If ſo, the World will hold thee in Diſdain,
Sith in thy Pride ſo fair a Hope is ſlain.

So in thy ſelf thy ſelf art made away,
A Miſchief worſe, than civil Home-bred Strife,
Or theirs, whoſe deſperate Hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or Butcher's Sire, that reaves his Son of Life.
Foul cankering Ruſt the hidden Treaſure frets:
But Gold, that's put to Uſe more Gold begets.

For

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled Theam;
The Kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the Stream.
For by this black-fac'd Night, Deſires foul Nurſe,
Your Treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If Love hath lent you twenty thouſand Tongues,
And every Tongue more moving, than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids Songs,
Yet from mine Ear the tempting Tune is blown.
For know, my Heart ſtands armed in my Ear,
And will not let a falſe Sound enter there;

Leſt the deceiving Harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet Cloſure of my Breaſt;
And then my little Heart were quite undone,
In his Bed-chamber to be bar'd of Reſt.
No Lady, no, my Heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth, that leadeth unto Danger.
I hate not Love but your Device in Love,
That lends Embracements unto every Stranger.
You do it for Increaſe. O ſtrange Excuſe!
When Reaſon is the Bawd to Luſt's Abuſe.

Call it not Love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since ſweating Luſt on Earth uſurps his Name;
Under whoſe ſimple Semblance he hath fed
Upon freſh Beauty, blotting it with Blame;
Which the hot Tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As Caterpillers do the tender Leaves.

Love comforteth like Sun-ſhine after Rain:
But Luſt's Effect is Tempeſt after Sun.
Love's gentle Spring doth always freſh remain;
Luſt's Winter comes, e'er Summer half be done.
Love Surfeits not; Luſt like a Glutton dies.
Love is all Truth; Luſt full of forged Lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay.
The Text is old, the Orator too green.
Therefore in Sadneſs now I will away,
My Face is full of Shame, my Heart of Teen:
Mine Ears, that to your wanton Calls attended,
Do burn themſelves for having ſo offended.

With this he breaketh from the ſweet Embrace
Of thoſe fair Arms, which bound him to her Breaſt.
And homeward thro' the dark Lanes runs apace!
Leaves Love upon her Back deeply diſtreſt.
Look how a bright Star ſhooteth from the Sky,
So glides he in the Night from *Venus* Eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on Shoar,
Gazing upon a late embarked Friend,
Till the wild Waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe Ridges with the meeting Clouds contend:
So did the mercileſs and pitchy Night,
Fold in the Object, that did feed her Sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one, that unaware
Hath dropt a precious Jewel in the Flood,
Or ſtoniſh'd, as Night Wanderers often are,
Their Light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful Wood:
Even ſo confounded in the Dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair Diſcovery of her Way.

And

And now ſhe beats her Heart, whereat it groans,
That all the Neighbour-caves, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal Repitition of her Moans.
Paſſion on Paſſion deeply is redoubled.
Ay me! ſhe cries, and twenty times woe! woe!
And twenty Eccho's twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing Note,
And ſings extemp'rally a woful Ditty. (dote;
How Love makes young Men thrall, and old Men
How Love is wiſe in Folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heavy Anthem ſtill concludes in Woe!
And ſtill the Quire of Eccho's anſwers ſo.

Her Song was tedious, and out-wore the Night,
For Lovers Hours are long, tho' ſeeming ſhort.
If pleas'd themſelves, others they think delight
In ſuch like Circumſtance, with ſuch like Sport.
Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,
End without Audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the Night withal
But idle Sounds, reſembling Paraſites?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering every Call,
Soothing the Humor of fantaſtick Wits?
She ſaid, 'tis ſo: They anſwer all, 'tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle Lark, weary of Reſt,
From his moiſt Cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the Morning, from whoſe ſilver Breaſt
The Sun ariſeth in his Majeſty:
Who doth the World ſo glorioufly behold
The Cedar Tops and Hills ſeem burniſh'd Gold.

*Venus* ſalutes him with this fair good Morrow.
O thou clear God, and Patron of all Light!
From whom each Lamp and ſhining Star doth borrow
The beauteous Influence, that makes him bright,
There lives a Son, that ſuckt an earthly Mother,
May lend thee Light, as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a Mirtle Grove,
Muſing the Morning is ſo much o'er-worn;
And yet ſhe hears no Tydings of her Love:
She hearkens for his Hounds, and for his Horn.
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the Cry.

And as ſhe runs, the Buſhes in the Way
Some catch her by the Neck, ſome kiſs her Face,
Some twine about her Thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict Embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling Dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her Fawn hid in ſome Brake.

By this ſhe hears the Hounds are at a Bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one, that ſpies an Adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal Folds juſt in his Way,
The Fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder:
Even ſo the timorous Yelping of the Hounds,
Appals her Senſes, and her Spirit confounds.

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle Chaſe,
But the blunt Boar, rough Bear, or Lion proud:
Becauſe the Cry remaineth in one Place,
Where fearfully the Dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their Enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain Curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This

This diſmal Cry rings ſadly in her Ear,
Thro' which it enters to ſurpriſe her Heart:
Who overcome by Doubt and bloodleſs Fear,
With cold, pale Weakneſs nums each feeling Part:
Like Soldiers when their Captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the Field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling Ecſtaſie,
'Till cheering up her Senſes ſore diſmaid,
She tells them 'tis a cauſeleſs Fantaſy,
And childſh Error, that they are afraid,
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
And with that Word ſhe ſpied the hunted Boar.

Whoſe frothy Mouth bepainted all with red,
Like Milk and Blood being mingled both together,
A ſecond Fear thro' all her Sinews ſpred,
Which madly hurries her ſhe knows not whither.
This Way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But Back retires to rate the Boar for Murder.

A thouſand Spleens bear her a thouſand Ways,
She treads the Paths, that ſhe untreads again;
Her more, than Haſte is marred with Delays;
Like the Proceedings of a drunken Brain,
Full of Reſpect, yet not at all reſpecting;
In Hand with all things not at all affecting.

Here kennell'd in a Brake ſhe finds an Hound,
And asks the weary Caitif for his Maſter;
And there another licking of his VVound,
'Gainſt venom'd Sores the only ſoveraign Plaiſter;
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcolding,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, and he replies with howling.

VVhen he had ceas'd his ill reſounding Noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd Mourner, black and grim,
Againſt the VVelkin vollies out his Voice;
Another and another anſwer him,
Clapping their proud Tails to the Ground below;
Shaking their ſcratcht Ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the VVorld's poor People are amaz'd
At Apparitions, Signs and Prodigies;
VVhereon, with fearful Eyes, they long have gaz'd,
Infuſing them with dreadful Prophecies,
So ſhe, at theſe ſad Signs, draws up her Breath,
And ſighing it again, exclaims on Death.

Hard-favoured Tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful Divorce of Love (thus chides ſhe Death)
Grim-grinning Ghoſt, Earths VVorm, what doſt thou mean
To ſtifle Beauty, and to ſteal his Breath?
VVho when he liv'd, his Breath and Beauty ſet
Gloſs on the Roſe, Smell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be!
Seeing his Beauty, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O! yes, it may, thou haſt no Eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at Random doſt thou hit.
Thy Mark is feeble Age; but thy falſe Dart
Miſtakes that Aim, and cleaves an Infant's Heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy Power had loſt his Power.
The Deſtinies will curſe thee for this Stroke,
They bid thee crop a VVeed, thou plukeſt a Flower:
Loves golden Arrow at him ſhould have fled,
And not Death's Ebon Dart to ſtrike him dead:

Doſt

Doſt thou drink Tears, that thou provok'ſt ſuch wee-
What may a heavy Groan advantage thee? (ping?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternal Sleeping
Thoſe Eyes, that taught all other Eyes to ſee?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal Vigor,
Since her beſt Work is ruin'd with thy Rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of Deſpair,
She veil'd her Eye-lids, which like Sluces ſtop'd
The Cryſtal Tide, that from her two Cheeks fair,
In the ſweet Channel of her Boſom drop'd. (Rain
But through the Floud-Gates breaks the ſilver
And with his ſtrong Courſe opens them again.

O! how her Eyes and Tears did lend and borrow!
Her Eyes ſeen in her Tears, Tears in her Eye,
Both Cryſtals, where they view'd each others Sorrow;
Sorrow, that friendly Sighs ſought ſtill to dry.
But like a ſtormy Day, now Wind, now Rain,
Sighs dry her Cheeks, Tears makes them wet again.

Variable Paſſions throng her conſtant Woe,
As ſtriving which ſhou'd beſt become her Grief.
All entertain'd, each Paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent Sorrow ſeemeth chief.
But none is beſt, then join they altogether,
Like many Clouds conſulting for foul Weather.

By this, far off, ſhe hears ſome Huntſman hollow.
A Nurſe's Song ne'er pleas'd her Babe ſo well:
The dire Imagination, ſhe did follow,
This Sound of Hope doth labour to expell:
For now reviving Joy bids her rejoyce,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* Voice.

Whereat her Tears began to turn their Tide,
Being priſon'd in her Eye, like Pearls in Glaſs.
Yet ſometime falls an orient Drop beſide,
Which her Cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs
To waſh the foul Face of the ſluttiſh Ground,
Who is but Drunken when ſhe ſeemeth Drown'd.

O hard-believing Love, how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too Credulous!
Thy Weal and Woe, are both of them Extreams,
Deſpair and Hope make thee ridiculous!
The one doth flatter thee in Thoughts unlikely,
With likely Thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the Web, that ſhe had wrought,
*Adonis* lives, and Death is not to blame.
It was not ſhe, that call'd him all to nought,
Now ſhe adds Honor to his hateful Name:
She cleeps him King of Graves, and Grave for (Kings;
Imperial Supreme of all mortal things.

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet Death I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of Fear,
VVhen as I met the Boar, that bloody Beaſt,
VVhich knows no Pity but is ſtill ſevere.
Then gentle Shadow (truth I muſt confeſs)
I rail'd on thee fearing my Loves Deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the Boar provok'd my Tongue;
Be wreak'd on him (inviſible Commander)
'Tis he, foul Creature, that hath done thee Wrong,
I did but Act, he's Author of thy Slander.
Grief hath two Tongues, and never VVoman yet
Cou'd rule them both without ten VVomens VVit.

Thus

Thus hoping, that *Adonis* is alive,
Her raſh Suſpect ſhe doth extenuate:
And that his Beauty may the better thrive,
With Death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate;
Tells him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, and Stories,
His Victories, his Triumphs and his Glories.

O *Jove*, quoth ſhe, how much a Fool was I
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly Mind,
To wail his Death, who Lives, and muſt not Die,
Till mutual Overthow of mortal Kind!
For he being Dead, with him is Beauty ſlain,
And Beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond Love, thou art ſo full of Fear,
As one with Treaſure laden, hem'd with Thieves:
Trifles (unwitneſſed with Eye or Ear)
Thy coward Heart, with falſe bethinking grieves.
Even at this Word ſhe hears a merry Horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As Faulcon to the Lure, away ſhe flies:
The Graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her Haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul Boars Conqueſt on her fair Delight.
Which ſeen, her Eyes, as murder'd with the View,
Like Stars, aſham'd of Day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the Snail, whoſe tender Horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly Cave with Pain,
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody View her Eyes are fled
Into the deep dark Cabins of her Head.

VVhere they reſign'd their Office and their Light
To the diſpoſing of her troubled Brain:
VVho bids them ſtill conſort with ugly Night,
And never wound the Heart with looks again;
VVho like a King perplexed in his Throne,
By their Suggeſtions gives a deadly Groan.

VVhereat each Tributary Subject quakes,
As when the VVind, impriſon'd in the Ground,
Strugling for paſſage, Earths Foundation ſhakes,
VVhich with cold Terrors doth Mens Minds confound.
This Mutiny each Part doth ſo ſurprize,
That from their dark Beds, once more, leap her Eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling Sight
Upon the wide VVound, that the Boar had trench'd
In his ſoft Flank: whoſe wonted Lilly white
With purple Tears, that his Wound, wept, was drench'd.
No Flower was nigh, no Graſs, Herb, Leaf or Weed,
But ſtole his Blood, and ſeem'd with him to bleed.

This ſolemn Sympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
Over one Shoulder doth ſhe hang her Head;
Dumbly ſhe Paſſions, frantickly ſhe Doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not Dead.
Her Voice is ſtop'd, her Joints forget to bow,
Her Eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his Hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the Wound ſeem three;
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling Eye,
That makes more Gaſhes, where no breach ſhould be:
His Face ſeems twain, each ſeveral Limb is doubled,
For oft the Eye miſtakes, the Brain being troubled.

My

My Tongue cannot expreſs my Grief for one;
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two *Adons* Dead!
My Sighs are blown away, my ſalt Tears gone;
Mine Eyes are turn'd to Fire my Heart to Lead;
Heavy Hearts Lead melt at mine Eyes as Fire:
So ſhall I Die by Drops of hot Deſire.

Alas, poor World, what Treaſure has thou loſt!
What Face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe Tongue is Muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The Flowers are ſweet, their Colours freſh and trim:
But true ſweet Beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or Veil, henceforth no Creature wear;
Nor Sun, nor Wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:
Having no Fair to loſe, you need not fear;
The Sun doth ſcorn you, and the Wind doth hiſs you.
But when *Adonis* liv'd, Sun and ſharp Air
Lurk'd like two Thieves, to rob him of his Fair.

And therfore wou'd he put his Bonnet on,
Under whoſe Brim the gaudy Sun wou'd peep;
The VVind wou'd blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his Locks, then wou'd *Adonis* weep:
And ſtraight, in Pity of his tender Years,
They both wou'd ſtrive who firſt ſhou'd dry his Tears.

To ſee his Face, the Lyon walks along
Behind ſome Hedge, becauſe he wou'd not fear him:
To Recreate himſelf when he hath Sung,
The Tygre wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had ſpoke, the Wolf wou'd leave his Prey,
And never fright the ſilly Lamb that Day.

When

When he beheld his Shadow in a Brook
There Fiſhes ſpread on it their golden Gills:
When he was by, the Birds ſuch Pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their Bills
Would bring him Mulberries, and ripe red Cherries:
He fed them with his Sight, they him with Berries.

But this foul, grim, and Urchin ſnouted Boar,
Whoſe downward Eye ſtill looketh for a Grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous Livery, that he wore;
Witneſs the Entertainment, that he gave.
If he did ſee his Face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* ſlain,
He ran upon the Boar with his ſharp Spear,
Who would not whet his Teeth at him again,
But by a Kiſs thought to perſwade him there:
And nouſling in his Flank, the loving Swine,
Sheath'd unaware, his Tusk in his ſoft Groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him I muſt confeſs,
With kiſſing him, I ſhould have kill'd him firſt,
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My Mouth with his; the more I am accurſt.
With this ſhe falleth in the Place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her Face with his congealen Blood.

She looks upon his Lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the Hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his Ear a heavy Tale,
As if he heard the woful VVords ſhe told:
She lifts the Coffer-lids that cloſe his Eyes,
VVhere loe! two Lamps, burnt out in Darkneſs lies!

Two

Two Glaſſes, where her ſelf her ſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now, no more reflect,
Their Vertue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every Beauty robb'd of his Effect.
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my Spight,
That, you being dead, the Day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art Dead, loe! here I propheſy,
Sorrow on Love hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall we waited on with Jealouſy,
Find ſweet Beginning, but unſavory End,
Ne'er ſetled equally, to high or low;
That all Love's Pleaſures ſhall not match his Woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of Fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The Bottom Poiſon, and the Top o'er-ſtraw'd
With Sweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt Sight Beguile.
The ſtrongeſt Body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the Wiſe dumb, and teach the Fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and to full of Riot,
Teaching decrepit Age to tred the Meaſures;
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keep in Quiet,
Pluck down the Rich, inrich the Poor with Treaſures,
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild,
Make the young Old, the Old become a Child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no Cauſe of Fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving when it ſeems moſt juſt:
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put Fear to Valour, Courage to the Coward.

It ſhall be Cauſe of War, and dire Events,
And ſet Diſſention 'twixt the Son and Sire;
Subject and ſervile to all Diſcontents,
As dry combuſtuous Matter is to Fire:
Sith in his Prime, Death doth my Love deſtroy,
They, that love beſt, their Love ſhall not enjoy.

By this the Boy that by her Side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a Vapour from her Sight,
And in his Blood, that on the Ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple Flower ſprung up checker'd with white,
Reſembling well his pale Cheeks and the Blood,
Which in round Drops upon their Whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her Head, the new-ſprung Flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* Breath:
And ſays, within her Boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by Death.
She crops the Stalk, and in the Breach appears
Green dropping Sap, which he compares to Tears.

Poor Flower (quoth ſhe) this was thy Father's Guiſe,
(Sweet Iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling Sire)
For every little Grief to wet his Eyes,
To grow unto himſelf was his Deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine; but know it is as good
To wither in my Breaſt, as in his Blood.

Here was thy Father's Bed, here is my Breaſt,
Thou art the next of Blood, and 'tis thy Right:
Loe, in this hollow Cradle take thy Reſt,
My throbbing Heart ſhall rock thee Day and Night:
There ſhall not be one Minute of an Hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet Love's Flower.

Thus

Thus weary of the World, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver Doves, by whoſe ſwift Aid,
Their Miſtreſs mounted, thro' the empty Skies
In her light Chariot quickly is conveyed,
Holding their Courſe to *Paphos*, where their Queen
Means to immure her ſelf, and not be ſeen.

# TARQUIN

AND

# LUCRECE.

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*LONDON,*

Printed in the Year 1709.

To the Right Honourable

# Henry Wriothesly,

Earl of *SOUTHAMPTON*,

AND

Baron of *TICHFIELD*.

Right Honourable,

*THE Love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant*

*rant I have of your Honourable Diſpoſition, not the Worth of my untutor'd Lines makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty ſhould ſhew greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordſhip; To whom I wiſh long life ſtill, lengthened with all happineſs.*

Your Lordſhips in all Duty

Will. Shakeſpear.

*Place this Leaf, after the Title of* Tarquin *and* Lucrece.

# The Argument.

LUCIUS Tarquinius *(for his exceſſive Pride ſurnam'd* Superbus) *after he had caus'd his Father-in-Law* Servius Tullius *to be cruelly Murder'd, and contrary to the* Roman *Laws and Cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the People's Suffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the Kingdom; went accompany'd with his Sons and other Noblemen of* Rome *to beſiege* Ardea. *During which Siege, the principal Men of the Army, meeting one Evening at the Tent of* Sextus Tarquinius *the King's Son, in their Diſcourſes after Supper every one commended the Vertues of his own Wife; among whom* Colatinus *extol'd the incomparable Chaſtity of his Wife* Lucrece. *In that pleaſant Humour they all poſted to* Rome, *and intending, by their ſecret and ſudden Arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouch'd, only* Colatinus *finds his Wife (tho' it were late in the Night) ſpinning amongſt her Maids, the other Ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral Diſports. Whereupon the Noblemen yielded* Colatinus *the Victory, and his Wife the Fame. At that time* Sextus Taquinius *being inflam'd with* Lucrece's *Beauty, yet ſmothering his Paſſion for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the Camp, from whence he ſhortly after privily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his ſtate)*

*royally entertain'd and lodg'd by* Lucrece *at* Colatium. *The ſame Night he, treacherouſly ſtealing into her Chamber, violently Raviſh'd her, and early in the Morning ſpeeded away.* Lucrece, *in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth Meſſengers, one to* Rome *for her Father, another to the Camp for* Colatine. *They came, the one accompanied with* Junius Brutus, *the other with* Publius Valerius: *and finding* Lucrece *attir'd in Mourning Habit, demanded the Cauſe of her Sorrow. She, firſt taking an Oath of them for her Revenge, reveal'd the Actor, and whole Matter of his Dealing, and withall ſuddenly ſtabb'd her ſelf. Which done, with one Conſent, they all vow'd to root out the whole hated Family of the* Tarquins: *and bearing the dead Body to* Rome, Brutus *acquainted the People with the Doer and Manner of the vile Deed, with a bitter Invective againſt the Tyranny of the King; wherewith the People were ſo mov'd with one Conſent, and a general Acclamation, that the* Tarquins *were all Exil'd, and the State-Government chang'd from Kings to Conſuls.*

TARQUIN

# TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

FROM the beſieg'd *Ardea* all in poſt,
Born by the truſtleſs Wings of falſe Deſire,
Luſt-breathing *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman* Hoſt,
And to *Colatium* bears the lightleſs Fire,
Which in pale Embers hid, lurks to aſpire,
And girdle, with imbracing Flames, the Waſt
Of *Colatine*'s fair Love, *Lucrece* the chaſt.

Haply that Name of Chaſt, unhaply ſet
This bateleſs Edge on his keen Apetite:
When *Colatine* unwiſely did not let
To praiſe the clear unmatched Red and White;
Which triumph'd in that Sky of his Delight;
Where mortal Star, as bright as Heaven's Beauties,
With pure Aſpects did him peculiar Duties.

For he the Night before, in *Tarquin*'s Tent,
Unlock'd the Treaſure of his happy State:
What prizeleſs Wealth the Heavens had him lent,

In the Poſſeſſion of his Beauteous Mate;
Reckoning his Fortune at ſo high a Rate,
That Kings might be eſpouſed to more Fame,
But King, nor Prince to ſuch a peerleſs Dame.

O Happineſs enjoy'd but of a few!
And if poſſeſt, as ſoon decay'd and done!
As is the Morning's ſilver melting Dew,
Againſt the golden Splendor of the Sun;
A Date expir'd, and cancel'd e'er begun.
Honour and Beauty in the Owner's Arms,
Are weakly fortreſt from a World of Harms.

Beauty it ſelf, doth of it ſelf perſuade
The Eyes of Men without an Orator;
What needed then Apologies be made
To ſet forth that, which is ſo ſingular?
Or why is *Colatine* the Publiſher
Of that rich Jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh Cares becauſe it is his own?

Perchance his Boaſt of *Lucrece*'s Sov'reignty
Suggeſted this proud Iſſue of a King;
For by our Ears our Hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance, that Envy of ſo rich a Thing
Braving compare, diſdainfully did ſting (ſhould vant
His high pitcht Thoughts, that meaner Men
The Golden Hap, which their Superiors want.

But ſome untimely Thought did inſtigate
His all too timeleſs ſpeed, if none of thoſe.
His Honour, his Affairs, his Friends, his State,
Neglected all, with ſwift Intent, he goes
To quench the Coal, which in his Liver glows.
O raſh falſe Heat wrapt in repentant Cold!
Thy haſty Spring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows Old.

When

When at *Colatia* this falſe Lord arriv'd
Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* Dame,
Within whoſe Feace Beauty and Vertue ſtriv'd,
Which of them both ſhould underprop her Fame.
When Vertue brag'd, Beauty would bluſh for ſhame;
When Beauty boaſted Bluſhes, in deſpight,
Virtue would ſtain that o'er with ſilver white.

But Beauty, in that white intituled
From *Venus* Doves, doth challenge that fair Field;
Then Vertue claims from Beauty Beauty's Red,
Which Vertue gave the Golden Age to guild
Her Silver Cheeks, and call'd it then their Shield;
Teaching them thus to uſe it in the Fight,
When Shame aſſail'd, the Red ſhould face the (White.

This Heraldry in *Lucrece* Face was ſeen,
Argu'd by Beauties red and Vertues white,
Of either's Colour was the other Queen;
Proving from World's Minority their Right;
Yet their Ambition makes them ſtill to fight:
The Sov'reignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each other's Seat.

This ſilent War of Lillies and of Roſes,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair Face's Field,
In their pure Ranks his Traitor Eye incloſes,
Where, leſt between them both it ſhould be kill'd,
The Coward Captive vanquiſhed doth yield
To thoſe two Armies, that would let him go
Rather, than triumph in ſo falſe a Foe.

Now thinks he, that her Husband's ſhallow Tongue,
The niggard Prodigal, that prais'd her ſo,
In that high Task hath done her Beauty wrong,

Which far exceeds his barren Skill to ſhow.
Therefore that Praiſe, which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* anſwers with Surmiſe,
In ſilent Wonder of ſtill gazing Eyes.

This earthly Saint, adored by this Devil,
Little ſuſpected the falſe Worſhipper.
'For Thoughts unſtain'd do ſeldom dream of Evil,
'Birds never limb'd, no ſecret Buſhes fear:
So guiltleſs ſhe ſecurely gives good Chear,
And reverend Welcome to her Princely Gueſt,
Whoſe inward Ill no outward Harm expreſt.

For That he colour'd with his high Eſtate,
Hiding baſe Sin in Pleats of Majeſty,
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometime too much Wonder of his Eye;
Which having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But poorly rich ſo wanteth in his Store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that never cop'd with ſtranger-Eyes,
Could pick no Meaning from their parling Looks;
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining Secreſies
Writ in the Glaſſy Margents of ſuch Books.
She touch'd no unknown Baits, nor fear'd no Hooks;
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton Sight,
More, than his Eyes were open'd to the Light.

He ſtories to her Ears her Husband's Fame
Won in the Fields of fruitful *Italy*;
And decks with Praiſes *Colatine*'s high Name,
Made glorious by his manly Chivalry,
*With bruiſed Arms and Wreaths of Victory.*
Her Joy with heav'd-up Hand ſhe doth expreſs,
And wordleſs ſo greets Heav'n for his Succeſs.

Far

Far from the Purpoſe of his Coming thither,
He makes Excuſes for his being there;
No cloudy Show of ſtormy bluſtring Weather
Doth yet in his fair *Welkin* once appear,
Till ſable Night, ſad Source of Dread and Fear,
Upon the World dim Darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty Priſon ſhuts the Day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his Bed,
Intending Wearineſs with heavy Sprite:
For after Supper long he queſtion'd
With modeſt *Lucrece*, and wore out the Night.
Now leaden Slumber with Life's Strength doth fight,
And every one to reſt themſelves betake,
Save Thieves, and Cares, and troubled Minds, that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie revolving
The ſundry Dangers of his Will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his Will reſolving
Tho' weak-built Hopes perſuade him to abſtaining,
Deſpair to gain doth traffick oft for Gaining;
And when great Treaſure is the Meed propos'd,
Tho' Death be *adjunct*, there's no Death ſuppos'd.

Thoſe, that much covet are of Gain ſo fond,
That oft they have not that, which they poſſeſs;
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from their Bond,
And ſo by hoping more they have but leſs;
Or gaining more, the Profit of Exceſs
Is but to ſurfeit, and ſuch Griefs ſuſtain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich Gain.

The Aim of all, is but to nurſe the Life,
With Honour, Wealth, and Eaſe in waining Age:
And in this Aim there is ſuch thwarting Strife,

That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As Life for Honour, in fell Battels rage,
Honour for Wealth, and oft that Wealth doth coſt
The Death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The Things we are for that, which we expect:
And this ambitious foul Infirmity,
In having much, torments us with Defect
Of that we have: ſo then we do neglect
The Thing we have, and, all for want of Wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such Hazard now muſt doting *Tarquin* make,
Pawning his Honour to obtain his Luſt:
And for himſelf, himſelf he muſt forſake.
Then where is Truth, if there be no Self-Truſt?
When ſhall he think to find a ſtranger juſt,
When he himſelf himſelf confounds, betrays,
To ſlandrous Tongues the wretched hateful Lays?

Now ſtole upon the Time the Dead of Night,
When heavy Sleep had clos'd up mortal Eye;
No comfortable Star did lend his Light,
No Noiſe but Owls and Wolves death-boding Cries.
Now ſerves the Seaſon, that they may ſurprize
The ſilly Lambs, pure Thoughts are dead and ſtill,
Whilſt Luſt and Murder wakes to ſtain and kill.

And now this luſtful Lord leapt from his Bed,
Throwing his Mantle rudely o'er his Arm,
Is madly toſt between Deſire and Dread;
Th' one ſweetly flatters, the other feareth harm,
But honeſt Fear, bewitch'd with Luſt's foul Charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainſick rude Deſire.

His

His Fauchion on a Flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold Stone ſparks of Fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen Torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be Load-ſtar to his luſtful Eye:
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly;
'As from this cold Flint I enforc'd this Fire,
'So *Lucrece* muſt I force to my Deſire.

Here pale with Fear, he doth premeditate
The Dangers of his loathſom Enterprize:
And in his inward Mind he doth debate
What following Sorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully he doth deſpiſe
His naked Armour of ſtill ſlaughter'd Luſt,
And juſtly thus controuls his Thoughts unjuſt.

Fair Torch burn out thy Light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe Light excelleth thine:
And die unhallow'd Thoughts before you blot
With your uncleanneſs, that which is Divine:
Offer pure Incenſe to ſo pure a Shrine:
Let fair Humanity abhor the Deed,
That ſpots and ſtains Love's modeſt ſnow-white (Weed.

O Shame to Knighthood, and to ſhining Arms!
O foul Diſhonour to my Houſhould's Grave!
O impious Act including all foul Harms!
A martial Man to be ſoft Fancy's Slave!
True Valor ſtill a true Reſpect ſhould have.
Then my Digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will live engraven in my Face.

Yes, tho' I die the Scandal will ſurvive,
And be an Eye-ſore in my Golden Coat:
Some loathſome Daſh the Herald will contrive,

To

To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my Posterity shamed with the Note
Shall curse my Bones, and hold it for no Sin,
To wish, that I their Father had not been.

What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A Dream, a Breath, a Froth of fleeting Joy.
Who buys a Minute's Mirth to wail a Week?
Or sells Eternity to get a Toy?
For one sweet Grape, who will the Vine destroy?
Or what fond Beggar, but to touch the Crown,
Would with the Scepter strait be strucken down?

If *Colatinus* Dream of my Intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate Rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This Siege, that hath ingirt his Marriage,
This Blur to Youth, this Sorrow to the Sage,
This dying Vertue, this surviving Shame,
Whose Crime will bear an ever-during Blame.

O what Excuse can my Invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a Deed!
Will not my Tongue be mute, my frail Joints shake?
Mine Eyes forgo their Light, my false Heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the Fear doth still exceed,
And extreme Fear can neither fight nor flie,
But Coward like with trembling Terror die.

Had *Colatinus* kill'd my Son or Sire,
Or lain in Ambush to betray my Life;
Or were he not my dear Friend, this Desire
Might have Excuse to work upon his Wife,
As in Revenge or Quital of such Strife:
But as he is my Kinsman, my dear Friend,
The Shame and Fault finds no Excuse nor End.

Shamful

Shamful it is, if once the Fact be known;
Hateful it is; there is no Hate in loving.
I'll beg her Love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial, and reproving.
My Will is strong, past Reasons weak removing.
Who fears a Sentence or an old Man's Sawe,
Shall by a painted Cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he Disputation,
'Tween frozen Conscience and hot-burning Will,
And with good Thoughts makes Dispensation,
Urging the worser Sense for Vantage still;
Which in a Moment doth confound and kill
All pure Effects, and doth so far proceed,
Then what is vile shews like a vertuous Deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the Hand,
And gaz'd for Tidings in my eager Eyes,
Fearing some bad News from the warlike Band
Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.
O how her Fear did make her Colour rise!
First red as Roses, that on Lawn we lay,
Then white as Lawn the Roses took away.

And now her Hand in my Hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her Loyal Fear:
Which strook her sad, and then it faster rock'd
Until her Husband's Welfare she did hear,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a Chear,
That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the Flood.

Why hunt I then for Colour or Excuses?
All Orators are dumb, when Beauty pleads.
Poor Wretches have remorse in poor Abuses,

Love

Love thrives not in the Heart, that Shadows dreads,
Affection is my Captain, and he leads;
And when his gaudy Banner is diſplay'd,
The Coward fights, and will not be diſmay'd.

Then Childiſh Fear avant, debating die,
Reſpect and Reaſon wait on wrinkled Age:
My Heart ſhall never countermand mine Eye,
Sad Pauſe and deep Regard beſeems the Sage;
My Part is Youth, and beats theſe from the Stage.
Deſire my Pilot is, Beauty my Prize,
Then who fears ſinking where ſuch Treaſure lies?

As Corn o'er-grown by Weeds, ſo heedful Fear
Is almoſt cloak'd by unreſiſted Luſt.
Away he ſteals with open liſt'ning Ear,
Full of foul Hope, and full of fond Miſtruſt:
Both which, as Servitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite Perſuaſion,
That now he vows a League, and now Invaſion.

Within his Thought her heavenly Image ſits,
And in the ſelf-ſame Seat ſits *Colatine*:
That Eye which looks on her, confounds his Wits;
That Eye which him beholds, as more Divine,
Unto a View ſo falſe will not incline:
But with a pure *Appeal* ſeeks to the Heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worſer Part.

And therein heartens up his ſervile Powers,
Who flatter'd by their Leaders jocund Show,
Stuff up his Luſt, as Minutes fill up Hours;
And as their Captain ſo their Pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlaviſh Tribute, than they owe.
By reprobate Deſire thus madly led,
The *Roman* Lord doth march to *Lucrece*'s Bed.

The

The Locks between her Chamber and his Will,
Each one by him enforc'd, recites his Ward;
But as they open, they all rate his Ill,
Which drives the creeping Thief to ſome Regard;
The Threſhold grates the Door to have him heard;
Night-wandring Weezels ſhreek to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his Fear.

As each unwilling Portal yields him way,
Thro' little Vents and Crannies of the Place,
The Wind wars with his Torch to make him ſtay,
And blows the Smoke of it into his Face,
Extinguiſhing his Conduct in this Caſe.
But his hot Heart, which fond Deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffs forth another Wind that fires the Torch.

And being lighted by the Light he ſpies
*Lucrecia*'s Glove, wherein the Needle ſticks;
He takes it from the Ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the Needle, his Finger pricks,
As who ſhould ſay, this Glove to wanton Tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haſte,
Thou ſeeſt our Miſtreſs Ornaments are chaſte.

But all theſe poor Forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt Senſe conſtrues their Denial.
The Doors, the Wind, the Glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental Things of Trial,
Or as thoſe Bars, which ſtop the hourly Dial;
Which with a lingring Stay his Courſe doth let,
Till every Minute pays the Hour his Debt.

So, ſo, quoth he, theſe Lets attend the Time,
Like little Froſts, that ſometime threat the Spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the Prime,

And

And give the ſneaped Birds more Cauſe to ſing.
Pain pays the Income of each precious thing;
Huge Rocks, high Winds, ſtrong Pirats, Shelves and Sands,
The Merchant fears, e'er rich at home he Lands.

Now is he come unto the Chamber Door,
That ſhuts him from the Heaven of his Thought,
Which with a yielding Latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the bleſſed thing he ſought.
So from himſelf Impiety hath wrought,
That for his Prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heavens ſhould countenance his Sin.

But in the Midſt of his unfruitful Prayer,
Having ſollicited th' eternal Power,
That his foul Thoughts might compaſs his fair Fair,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the Hour,
Even there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflour.
The Powers to whom I pray, abhor this Fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the Act?

Then Love and Fortune be my God's my Guide,
My Will is back'd with Reſolution:
Thoughts are but Dreams till their Effects be try'd,
Black Sin is clear'd with Abſolution;
Againſt Love's Fire, Fear's Froſt hath Diſſolution.
The Eye of Heaven is out, and miſty Night
Covers the Shame, that follows ſweet Delight.

This ſaid the guilty Hand pluck'd up the Latch,
And with his Knee the Door he opens wide,
The Dove ſleeps faſt, that this Night-Owl will catch.
Thus Treaſon works e'er Traitors be eſpy'd:
VVho ſees the lurking Serpent ſteps aſide;
But ſhe found ſleeping, fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the Mercy of his mortal Sting. In-

Into the Chamber wickedly he ſtalks,
And gazeth on her yet unſtained Bed:
The Curtains being cloſe, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy Eye-balls in his Head,
By their high Treaſon in his Heart miſled, (ſoon
VVhich gives the Watch-word to his Hand too
To draw the Cloud that hides the ſilver Moon.

Look as the fair and fiery pointed Sun,
Ruſhing from forth a Cloud, bereaves our Sight:
Even ſo the Curtain drawn, his Eyes begun
To wink being blinded with a greater Light:
Whether it is, that ſhe reflects ſo bright,
That dazleth them, or elſe ſome Shame ſuppos'd;
But blind they are, and keep themſelves inclos'd.

O had they in that darkſom Priſon died!
Then had they ſeen the Period of their Ill;
Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece* Side,
In his clear Bed might have repoſed ſtill.
But they muſt ope this bleſſed League to kill;
And holy thoughted *Lucrece* to their Sight
Muſt ſell her Joy, her Life, her World's Delight.

Her Lilly Hand her roſy Cheeks lies under,
Cozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiſs,
Which therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either Side to want his Bliſs,
Between whoſe Hills, her Head intombed is;
Where like a virtuous Monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd Eyes.

Without the Bed her other fair Hand was
On the green Coverlet, whoſe perfect white
Shew'd like an *April* Daizy on the Graſs,

With

With pearly Sweat, reſembling Dew of Night.
Her Eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their Light,
And canoped in Darkneſs ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the Day.

Her Hair like Golden Threads plaid with her Breath,
O modeſt Wantons, wanton Modeſty!
Showring Life's Triumph in the Map of Death,
And Death's dim Look in Life's Mortality.
Each in her Sleep themſelves ſo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no Strife,
But that Life liv'd in Death, and Death in Life.

Her Breaſts like Ivory Globes circled with Blew,
A pair of maiden Worlds unconquered:
Save of their Lord, no bearing Yoke they knew,
And him by Oath they truly honoured.
Theſe Worlds in *Tarquin*, new Ambition bred,
Who like a foul Uſurper went about,
From this fair Throne to have the Owner out.

VVhat could he ſee but mightily he noted?
VVhat did he note, but ſtrongly he deſir'd?
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his Will his wilful Eye he tyr'd.
With more, than Admiration he admir'd
Her Azure Veins, her Alabaſter Skin,
Her Coral Lips, her Snow-white dimpled Chin.

As the grim Lion fauneth o'er his Prey,
Sharp Hunger by the Conqueſt ſatisfy'd:
So o'er this ſleeping Soul doth *Tarquin* ſtay,
His Rage of Luſt by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not ſuppreſt; for ſtanding by her Side,
His Eye which late this Mutiny reſtrains,
Unto a greater Uproar tempts his Veins.

And

And they, like ſtragling Slaves for Pillage fighting,
Obdurate Vaſſals fell Exploits effecting,
In bloody Death and Raviſhment delighting,
Nor Childrens Tears, nor Mothers Groans reſpecting,
Swell in their Pride, the Onſet ſtill expecting.
Anon his beating Heart alarum ſtriking,
Gives the hot Charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming Heart chears up his burning Eye;
His Eye commends the Leading to his Hand;
His Hand, as proud of ſuch a Dignity,
Smoaking with Pride, marcht on to make his Stand
On her bare Breaſts, the Heart of all her Land,
VVhoſe Ranks of blew Veins, as his Hand did ſcale,
Left their round Turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtring to the quiet Cabinet,
VVhere their dear Governeſs and Lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with Confuſion of her Cries.
She much amaz'd breaks ope her lockt up Eyes;
VVho peeping forth this Tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming Torch dim'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in Dead of Night,
From forth dull Sleep by dreadful Fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome gaſtly Sprite,
VVhoſe grim Aſpect ſets every Joint a ſhaking,
VVhat Terror 'tis: but ſhe in worſer taking,
From Sleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view,
The Sight, which makes ſuppoſed Terror true.

VVrapt and confounded in a thouſand Fears,
Like to a new-kill'd Bird ſhe trembling lies:
She dares not look, yet winking there appear

Quick ſhifting Anticks ugly in her Eyes,
Such Shadows are the weak Brain's Forgeries;
Who angry that the Eyes fly from their Lights,
In Darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful Sights.

His Hand, that yet remains upon her Breaſt,
(Rude Ram to batter ſuch an Ivory VVall)
May feel her Heart (poor Citizen) diſtreſt,
Wounding it ſelf to death, riſe up and fall,
Beating her Bulk, that his Hand ſhakes withal.
This moves in him more Rage, and leſſer Pity,
To make the Breach, and enter this ſweet City.

Firſt like a Trumpet doth his Tongue begin
To ſound a Parley to his heartleſs Foe,
Who o'er the white Sheet peers her whiter Chin,
The Reaſon of this Alarum to know,
Which he by dumb Demeanor ſeeks to ſhow:
But ſhe with vehement Prayers urgeth ſtill,
Under what Colour he commits this Ill.

Thus he replys, The Colour in thy Face,
That even for Anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red Roſe bluſh at her own Diſgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving Tale.
Under that Colour am I come to ſcale
Thy never-conquer'd Fort, the Fault is thine,
For thoſe thine Eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I foreſtal thee, If thou mean to chide:
Thy Beauty hath inſnar'd thee to this Night,
Where thou with Patience muſt my will abide;
My VVill, that marks thee for my Earth's Delight,
Which I to conquer ſought with all my Might.
But as Reproof and Reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright Beauty it was newly bred.

I ſee

I see what Crosses my Attempts will bring;
I know what Thorns the growing Rose defends;
I think the Honey guarded with a Sting.
All this before-hand Counsel comprehends;
But Will is deaf, and hears no heedful Friends.
Only he hath an Eye to gaze on Beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst Law or Duty.

I have debated, even in my Soul,
What Wrong, what Shame, what Sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can Affection's Course controul,
Or stop the headlong Fury of his Speed.
I know repentant Tears insue the Deed.
Reproach, Disdain, and deadly Enmity.
Yet strive I to imbrace mine Infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Roman* Blade,
Which like a Faulcon tow'ring in the Skies,
Coucheth the Fowl below with his Wings Shade,
Whose crooked Beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting Fauchion lies
Harmless *Lucretia*, marking what he tells,
With trembling Fear, as Fowl hear Faulcon's Bells.

*Lucrece*, quoth he, this Night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then Force must work my way;
For in thy Bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless Slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine Honour with thy Life's Decay;
And in thy dead Arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy surviving Husband shall remain,
The scornful Mark of every open Eye;
The Kinsmen hang their Heads at this Disdain,

Thy Iſſue blur'd with nameleſs Baſtardy;
And thou the Author of their Obloquy,
  Shalt have thy Treſpaſs cited up in Rhimes,
  And ſung by Children in ſucceeding Times.

But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret Friend,
The Fault unknown is as a Thought unacted;
A little Harm done to a great good End,
For lawful Policy remains enacted.
The poiſonous Simple ſometimes is compacted
  In pureſt Compounds; being ſo apply'd,
  His Venom in Effect is purify'd.

Then for thy Husband, and thy Children's ſake,
Tender my Suit, bequeath'd not to their Lot,
The Shame that from them no Device can take,
The Blemiſh that will never be forgot,
Worſe, than a ſlaviſh Wipe, or birth-hour's Blot,
  For Marks deſcrib'd in Mens Nativity,
  Are Nature's Faults, not their own Infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead-killing Eye,
He rouſeth up himſelf, and makes a Pauſe;
While ſhe, the Picture of true Piety,
Like a white Hind beneath the Gripe's ſharp Claws,
Pleads in a Wilderneſs, where no Laws;
  To the rough Beaſt, that knows no gentle Right,
  Nor ought obeys but his foul Appetite.

But when a black-fac'd Cloud the VVorld does threat,
In his dim Miſt th' aſpiring Mountain hiding,
From Earth's dark Womb ſome gentle Guſt does get,
Which blow theſe pitchy Vapours from their biding,
Hindring their preſent Fall by this dividing.
  So his unhallow'd haſte her VVords delays,
  And moody *Pluto* winks while *Orpheus* plays.

Like

Like foul night-waking *Cat* he doth but dally,
VVhile in his hold-faſt Foot the weak *Mouſe* panteth;
Her ſad Behaviour feeds his Vulture Folly,
A ſwallowing Gulf, that e'en in Plenty wanteth.
His Ear her Prayers admits, but his Heart granteth
No penetrable Entrance to her plaining,
Tears harden Luſt, tho' Marble wears with rain-
(ing.
Her pity-pleading Eyes are ſadly fix'd
In the remorſleſs VVrinkles of his Face:
Her modeſt Eloquence with Sighs is mix'd,
VVhich to her Oratory adds more Grace.
She puts the Period often from his Place,
And midſt the Sentence ſo her Accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin e'er once ſhe ſpeaks.

She conjures him by high Almighty *Jove*;
By Knighthood, Gentry, and ſweet Friendſhip's Oath;
By her untimely Tears, her Husband's Love;
By holy human Law, and common Troth;
By Heaven and Earth, and all the Power of both;
That to his borrow'd Bed he make retire,
And ſtoop to Honour, not to foul Deſire.

Quoth ſhe, reward not Hoſpitality
VVith ſuch black Payment, as thou haſt pretended,
Mud not the Fountain, that gave Drink to thee,
Mar not the Thing that cannot be amended:
End thy ill Aim, before thy ſhoot be ended.
He is no VVood-man, that doth bend his Bow,
To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable Doe.

My Husband is thy Friend, for his Sake ſpare me;
Thy ſelf art Mighty, for thy own Sake leave me;
My ſelf a VVeakling, do not then inſnare me;

Thou look'ſt not like Deceit, do not deceive me!
My Sighs like Whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
If ever Man was mov'd with Woman's Moans,
Be moved with my Tears, my Sighs, my Groans.

All which together, like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatning Heart,
To ſoften it with their continual Motion;
For Stones diſſolv'd to Water do convert.
O! if no harder, than a Stone thou art,
Melt at my Tears, and be compaſſionate!
Soft pity enters at an Iron Gate.

In *Tarquin*'s Likeneſs I did entertain thee,
Haſt thou put on his Shape to do him ſhame?
To all the Hoſt of Heaven I complain me;
Thou wrong'ſt his Honour, wound'ſt his Princely Name;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a God, a King,
For Kings like Gods ſhould govern every thing.

How will thy Shame be feeded in thine Age,
When thus thy Vices bud before thy Spring?
If in thy Hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch Outrage,
What dar'ſt thou! not when once thou art a King?
O! be remembred, no outragious thing
From Vaſſal Actors can be wip'd away,
Then Kings Miſdeeds cannot be hid in Clay.

This Deed ſhall make thee only lov'd for Fear,
But happy Monarchs ſtill are fear'd for Love:
With foul Offenders thou perforce muſt bear,
When they in thee the like Offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy Will remove.
For Princes are the Glaſs, the School, the Book,
Where Subjects Eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And

And wilt thou be the Shool where Luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read Lectures of ſuch Shame?
Wilt thou be Glaſs wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for Sin, Warrant for Blame?
To priviledge Diſhonour in thy Name.
Thou back'ſt Reproach againſt long-living Laud,
And mak'ſt fair Reputation but a Baud.

Haſt thou commanded? by Him that gave it thee,
From a pure Heart command thy rebel Will:
Draw not thy Sword to guard Iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that Brood to kill.
Thy Princely Office how canſt thou fulfil,
When pattern'd by thy Fault, foul Sin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way.

Think but how vile a Spectacle it were,
To view thy preſent Treſpaſs in another:
Mens Faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear,
Their own Tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother.
This Guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy Brother.
O! how are they wrapt in with Infamies,
That from their own Miſdeeds askaunce their Eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up Hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing Luſt thy raſh reply;
I ſue for exil'd Majeſty's Repeal,
Let him return and flattering Thoughts retire.
His true Reſpect will priſon falſe Deſire,
And wipe the dim Miſt from thy doting Eyes,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy State and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled Tide,
Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this Let;
Small Lights are ſoon blown out, huge Fires abide,

And with the Wind in greater Fury fret:
The petty Streams, that pay a daily Debt
To their ſalt Sovereignwith their freſh falſe haſte,
Add to his Flow, but alter not the Taſte.

Thou art (quoth ſhe) a Sea, a Sovereign King,
And lo! there falls into thy boundleſs Flood
Black Luſt, Diſhonour, Shame, Miſgoverning,
Who ſeek to ſtain the Ocean of thy Blood.
If all theſe petty Ills ſhould change thy Good,
Thy Sea within a puddle Womb is burs'd,
And not the Puddle in thy Sea diſpers'd.

So ſhall theſe Slaves be King, and thou their Slave:
Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified;
Thou their fair Life, and they thy fouler Grave:
Thou loathed in thy Shame, they in thy Pride,
The leſſer thing ſhou'd not the greater hide.
The Cedar ſtoops not to the baſe Shrub's Foot,
But low Shrubs wither at the Cedar's Root.

So let thy Thoughts low Vaſſals to thy State.
No more quoth he, by Heav'n I will not hear thee:
Yield to my Love; if not, enforced Hate,
Inſtead of Love's coy touch, ſhall rudely tear thee:
That done, deſpitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the baſe Bed of ſome Raſcal Groom,
To be thy Partner in this ſhameful Doom.

This ſaid, he ſets his Foot upon the Light,
For Light and Luſt are deadly Enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing Night,
When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The Wolf has ſeiz'd his Prey, the poor Lamb cries,
Till with her own white Fleece her Voice control'd,
Intombs her Outcry in her Lips ſweet Fold.

For

For with the nightly Linen, that ſhe wears,
He pens her pitious Clamors in her Head,
Cooling his hot Face in the chaſteſt Tears,
That ever modeſt Eyes with Sorrow ſhed.
O! that foul Luſt ſhould ſhould ſtain ſo pure a Bed!
The Spots whereof could VVeeping purify,
Her Tears ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing, than Life,
And he hath won what he wou'd loſe again;
This forced League doth force a further ſtrife,
This Momentary Joy breeds Months of Pain,
This hot Deſire converts to cold Diſdain.
Pure Chaſtity is rifled of her Store,
And Luſt, the Thief, far poorer, than before.

Look as the full-fed Hound or gorged Hawk,
Unapt for tender Smell, or ſpeedy Flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether balk
The Prey wherein by Nature they delight:
So ſurfeit-taking *Tarquin* fears this Night;
His Taſte delicious, in Digeſtion ſouring,
Devours his VVill, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper Sin, than bottomleſs Conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill Imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomit his Receit,
E'er he can ſee his own Abomination.
VVhile Luſt is in his Pride, no Exclamation
Can curb his Heat, of Reign his raſh Deſire,
Till, like a Jade, Self-will himſelf doth tire.

And then with lank and lean diſcolor'd Cheek,
VVith heavy Eye, knit Brow, and ſtrengthleſs Pace,
Feeble Deſire all recreant, poor and meek,

Like

Like to a Bankrupt Beggar wails his Caſe:
The Fleſh being proud, Deſire does fight with Grace.
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty Rebel for Remiſſion prays.

So fares it with this Fault-full Lord of *Rome*,
VVho this Accompliſhment ſo hotly chas'd;
For, now againſt himſelf he ſounds this Doom,
That thro' the length of Time he ſtands diſgrac'd.
Beſides, his Soul's fair Temple is defac'd,
To whoſe weak Ruins muſter Troops of Cares,
To ask the ſpotted Princeſs how ſhe fares.

She ſays, her Subjects with foul Inſurrection
Have batter'd down her conſecrated VVall,
And by their mortal Fault brought in Subjection
Her Immortality, and made her thrall
To living Death and Pain perpetual.
VVhich in her Preſcience ſhe controled ſtill,
But her Foreſight could not foreſtall their VVill.

E'en in this Thought thro' the dark Night he ſtealeth,
A Captive Victor, that hath loſt in Gain:
Bearing away the Wound, that nothing healeth,
The Scar, that will deſpight of Cure remain:
Leaving his Spoil perplex'd in greater Pain.
She bears the load of Luſt he left behind,
And he the Burden of a guilty Mind.

He like a theeviſh Dog creeps ſadly thence,
She like a weary'd Lamb lies panting there:
He ſcowls and hates himſelf for his Offence,
She deſperate with her Nails her Fleſh doth tear:
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty Fear;
She ſtays exclaiming on the direful Night,
He runs and chides his vaniſh'd loath'd Delight.

He

He thence departs a heavy Convertite;
She there remains a hopleſs Caſt-away:
He in his Speed looks for the Morning Light;
She prays ſhe never may behold the Day.
For Day (quoth ſhe) Night-ſcapes doth open lay:
And my true Eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak Offences with a cunning Brow.

They think not but, that every Eye can ſee
The ſame Diſgrace, which they themſelves behold:
And therefore would they ſtill in Darkneſs lie,
To have their unſeen Sin remain untold.
For they their Guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave like Water that doth eat in Steel,
Upon their Cheeks what helpleſs Shame they feel.

Here ſhe exclaims againſt Repoſe and Reſt,
And bids her Eyes hereafter ſtill be blind.
She wakes her Heart by beating on her Breaſt,
And bids it leap from thence where it may find
Some purer Cheſt to cloſe ſo pure a Mind.
Frantick with Grief, thus breaths ſhe forth her Spight
Againſt the unſeen Secrecy of Night.

O Comfort-killing Night! Image of Hell!
Dim Regiſter and Notary of Shame!
Black Stage for Tragedies and Murders fell!
Vaſt Sin-concealing *Chaos*! Nurſe of Blame!
Blind muffl'd Bawd! dark Harbour of Defame!
Grim Cave of Death! whiſpering Conſpirator
With cloſe-tongued Treaſon and the Raviſher!

O! hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs Crime,
Muſter thy Miſts to meet the Eaſtern Light,

Make

Make War againſt proportion'd Courſe of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the Sun to climb
His wonted Height, yet e'er he go to Bed,
Knit poiſonous Clouds about his golden Head.

With rotten Damps raviſh the Morning Air,
Let their exhal'd unwholeſom Breaths make ſick
The Life of Purity, the ſupreme Fair,
E'er he arrive his weary Noon-tide Prick:
And let thy miſty Vapors march ſo thick,
That in their ſmoky Ranks his ſmother'd Light
May ſet at Noon and make perpetual Night.

Were *Tarquin* Night, as he is but Night's Child,
The ſilver-ſhining Queen he would diſdain,
Her twinkling Handmaids too (by him defil'd)
Thro' Night's black Boſom ſhould not peep again.
So ſhould I have Copartners in my Pain;
And Fellowſhip in Woe doth Woe aſſwage,
As Palmers, that make ſhort their Pilgrimage.

Where now have I no one to bluſh with me;
To croſs their Arms and hang their Heads with mine;
To maſk their Brows and hide their Infamy.
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine;
Seaſoning the Earth with Showers of Silver Brine;
Mingling my Talk with Tears, my Grief with Groans,
Poor waſting Monuments of laſting Moans.

O Night! thou Furnace of foul-recking Smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that Face,
Which underneath thy black all-hiding Cloak
Immodeſtly lies martyr'd with Diſgrace.
Keep ſtill Poſſeſſion of thy gloomy Place,
That all the Faults, which in thy Reign are made,
May likewiſe be ſepulchred in thy Shade.

Make

Make me not Object to the tell-tale Day;
The Light ſhall ſhew, character'd in my Brow,
The Story of ſweet Chaſtity's Decay,
The impious Breach of holy Wedlock's Vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned Books,
Will quote my loathſom Teſpaſs in my Looks.

The Nurſe to ſtill her Child will tell my Story,
And fright her crying Babe with *Tarquin*'s Name:
The Orator to deck his Oratory,
Will couple my Reproach to *Tarquin*'s Shame.
Feaſt-finding Miniſtrels tuning my Defame,
Will tie the Hearers to attend each Line,
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my good Name, that ſenſeleſs Reputation,
For *Colatine*'s dear Love be kept unſpotted:
If that be made a Theme for Diſputation,
The Branches of another Root are rotted,
And undeſerv'd Reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this Attaint of mine,
And I, e'er this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O! unſeen Shame, inviſible Diſgrace!
O! unfelt Sore, creſt-wounding private Scar!
Reproach is ſtampt in *Colatinus* Face,
And *Tarquin*'s Eye may read the Mote afar,
How he in Peace is wounded, not in War.
Alas! how many bear ſuch ſhameful Blows,
Which not themſelves, but he that gives them knows?

If *Colatine*, thine Honour lay in me,
From me, by ſtrong Aſſault, it is bereft.
My Hony loſt, and I a Drone-like Bee

Have

Have no Perfection of my Summer left,
But robb'd and ranſack'd by injurious Theft.
In thy weak Hive a wandring Waſp hath crept,
And ſuck'd the Hony which thy chaſt Bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy Honour's Wrack;
Yet for thy Honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been Diſhonour to diſdain him.
Beſides, of Wearineſs he did complain him,
And talk'd of Vertue; O unlook'd for Evil!
When Vertue is profhan'd in ſuch a Devil.

VVhy ſhould the Worm intrude the maiden Bud?
Or hateful Cuckows hatch in Sparrows Neſts?
Or Toads infect fair Founts with Venom Mud?
Or Tyrant Folly lurk in gentle Breaſts?
Or Kings be breakers of their own Beheſts?
But no Perfection is ſo abſolute,
That ſome Impurity doth not pollute.

The aged Man, that coffers up his Gold,
Is plagu'd with Cramps, and Gouts and painful Fits;
And ſcarce hath Eyes his Treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining *Tantalus* he ſits,
And uſeleſs Bans the Harveſt of of his Wits:
Having no other Pleaſure of his Gain,
But Torment, that it cannot cure his Pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot uſe it,
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his Young,
Who in their Pride do preſently abuſe it:
Their Father was too weak, and they too ſtrong,
To hold their curſed bleſſed Fortune long.
The Sweets we wiſh for turn to loathed Sours,
E'en in the Moment, that we call them ours.

Un-

Unruly Blaſts wait on the tender Spring; (ers;
Unwholeſome Weeds take Root with precious Flow-
The Adder hiſſeth where the ſweet Birds ſing;
What Vertue breeds, Iniquity devours;
We have no good, that we can ſay is ours.
But ill annexed Opportunity,
Or kills his Life, or elſe his Quality.

O! Oportunity! thy Guilt is great;
'Tis thou, that execut'ſt the Traitor's Treaſon;
Thou ſet'ſt the Wolf where he the Lamb may get:
Whoever plots the Sin, thou point'ſt the Seaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurnſt at Right, at Law, at Reaſon;
And in thy ſhady Cell, where none may ſpy her,
Sits Sin to ſeize the Souls, that wander by her.

Thou mak'ſt the Veſtal violate her Oath;
Thou blow'ſt the Fire when Temperance is thaw'd;
Thou ſmother'ſt Honeſty, thou murder'ſt Troth:
Thou foul Abettor, thou notorious Bawd!
Thou planteſt Scandal, and diſplaceſt Laud.
Thou Raviſher, thou Traitor, thou falſe Thief!
Thy Hony turns to Gall, thy Joy to Grief.

Thy ſecret Pleaſure turns to open Shame;
Thy private Feaſting to a publick Faſt;
Thy ſmothering Titles to a ragged Name;
Thy ſugar'd Tongue to bitter Worm-wood Taſte:
Thy violent Vanities can never laſt.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being ſo bad, ſuch Numbers ſeek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble Suppliants Friend?
And bring him where his Suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou ſort an Hour great Strife's to end?

Or

Or free that Soul, which Whretchedneſs hath chain'd?
Give Phyſick to the ſick, Eaſe to the pain'd?
The Poor, Lame, Blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er met with Opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Phyſician ſleeps;
The Orphan pines while the Oppreſſor feeds;
Juſtice is feaſting while the VVidow weeps;
Advice is ſporting while Infection breeds;
Thou grant'ſt no time for charitable Deeds.
VVrath, Envy, Treaſon, Rape and Murder rages;
Thy henious Hours wait on them as their Pages.

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
A thouſand Croſſes keep them from thy Aid;
They buy thy Help, but Sin ne'er gives a Fee,
He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath ſaid.
My *Colatine* would elſe have come to me,
When *Tarquin* did, but he was ſtaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of Murder and of Theft;
Guilty of Perjury and Subornation;
Guilty of Treaſon, Forgry and Shift;
Guilty of Inceſt, that Abomination;
An Acceſſary by thine Inclination
To all Sins paſt, and all thaat are to come
From the Creation to the general Doom.

Miſhapen Time, Copeſemate of ugly Night;
Swift ſubtle Poſt, Carrier of griſly Care;
Eater of Youth, falſe Slave to falſe Delight (Snare;
Baſe Watch of Woes, Sin's Pack-horſe, Vertue's
Thou nurſeſt all, and murdereſt all that are.
O! hear me then, injurious ſhifting Time!
Be guilty of my Death, ſince of my Crime.

Why

Why hath thy Servant Opportunity
Betray'd the Hours, thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
Cancel'd my Fortunes and inchained me
To endleſs Date of never-ending Woes?
Time's Office is to find the Hate of Foes;
To eat up Error by Opinion bred,
Not ſpend the Dowry of a lawful Bed.

Time's Glory is to calm contending Kings;
To unmask Falſhood, and bring Truth to Light;
To ſtamp the Seal of Time in aged things;
To wake the Morn, and centinel the Night;
To wrong the Wronger till he render Right;
To ruinate proud Buildings with thy Hours,
And ſmear with Duſt their glittering golden (Towers.

To fill with Worm-holes ſtately Monuments;
To feed Oblivion with Decay of things;
To blot old Books, and alter their Contents;
To pluck the Quills from antient Ravens Wings;
To dry the old Oak's Sap, and cheriſh Springs;
To ſpoil Antiquities of hammer'd Steel,
And turn the giddy Round of Fortune's Wheel.

To ſhew the Beldame Daughters of her Daughter;
To make the Child a Man, the Man a Child;
To ſlay the Tyger, that doth live by Slaughter;
To tame the Unicorn and Lion wild;
To mock the Subtle in themſelves beguil'd;
To chear the Plowman with increaſeful Crops,
And waſte huge Stones with little Water-drops.

Why work'ſt thou Miſchief in thy Pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring Minute, in an Age,

Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand Friends,
Lending him Wit, that to bad Debtors lends. (back,
O! this dread Night! wouldſt thou one Hour come
I could prevent this Storm, and ſhun this Wrack.

Thou ceaſeleſs Lacky to Eternity,
With ſome Miſchance croſs *Tarquin* in his Flight.
Deviſe Extremes beyond Extremity
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful Night.
Let ghaſtly Shadows his lewd Eyes affright,
And the dire Thought of his committed Evil
Shape every Buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs Devil.

Diſturb his Hours of Reſt with reſtleſs Trances;
Afflict him in his Bed with bedrid Groans.
Let there bechance him pitiful Miſchances,
To make him moan, but pity not his Moans.
Stone him with harden'd Hearts harder, than Stone,
And let mild Women to him loſe their Mildneſs;
Wilder to him, than Tygers in their Wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled Hair;
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave;
Let him have time of time's Help to deſpair;
Let him have time to live a loathed Slave;
Let him have time a Beggar's Orts to crave,
And time to ſee one, that by Alms do's live,
Diſdain to him diſdained Scraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his Friends his Foes,
And merry Fools to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow Time goes
In time of Sorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of Folly and his time of Sport.
And ever let his unrecalling Time
Have time to wail th' abuſing of his Time.

O

O ! Time ! thou Tutor both to Good and Bad !
Teach me to curſe him, that thou taught'ſt this Ill,
At his own Shadow let the Thief run mad,
Himſelf, himſelf ſeek every Hour to kill ; (ſpill.
Such wretched Hands, ſuch wretched Blood ſhould
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an Office have,
As ſlanderous Deaths-man to ſo baſe a Slave ?

The baſer is he, coming from a King,
To ſhame his Hope with Deeds degenerate ;
The mightier Man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd, or begets him Hate :
For greateſt Scandal waits on greateſt State.
The Moon being clouded, preſently is miſt,
But little Stars may hide them when they liſt.

The Crow may bathe his cole-black Wings in Mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the Filth away ;
But if the like the ſnow-white Swan Deſire,
The Stain upon his ſilver Down will ſtay.
Poor Grooms are ſightleſs Night, Kings glorious Day.
Gnats are unnoted whereſoe'er they fly,
But Eagles gaz'd upon with every Eye.

Oh ! idle Words, Servants to ſhallow Fools ;
Unprofitable Sounds, weak Arbitrators ;
Buſy your ſelves in skill contending Schools ;
Debate where Leiſure ſerves with dull Debators :
To trembling Clients be their Mediators :
For me, I force not Argument a Straw,
Since that my Caſe is paſt all Help of Law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at *Tarquin*, and unſearchful Night !
In vain I cavil with mine Infamy,

In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd Deſpight:
This helpleſs Smoke of Words doth me no Right.
The Remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled Blood.

Poor Hand, why quiverſt thou at this Decree?
Honour thy ſelf to rid me of this Shame;
For if I die, my Honour lives in thee:
But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my Defame;
Since thou couldſt not defend thy Loyal Dame,
And waſt afraid to ſcratch her wicked Foe,
Kill both thy ſelf and her for yielding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betumbled Couch ſhe ſtarts,
To find ſome deſperate Inſtrument of Death.
But this no Slaughter-houſe, no Tool imparts,
To make more Vent for Paſſage of her Breath,
Which thronging thro' her Lips ſo vaniſheth,
As Smoke from *Ætna*, that in Air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharg'd Cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth ſhe) I live, and ſeek in vain
Some happy Mean to end a hapleſs Life:
I fear'd by *Tarquin*'s Fauchion to be ſlain,
Yet for the ſelf-ſame Purpoſe ſeek a Knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a Loyal Wife,
So am I now: Oh no! that cannot be.
Of that true Type hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O! That is gone, for which I ſought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this Spot by Death (at leaſt) I give
A Badge of Fame to Slander's Livery,
A dying Life to living Infamy!
Poor helpleſs Help, the Treaſure ſtol'n away,
To burn the guiltleſs Caſket where it lay.

Well,

Well, well, dear *Colatine*, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained Taſte of violated Troth:
I will not wrong thy true Affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infring'd Oath,
This baſtard Graſs ſhall never come to Growth.
He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy Stock pollute,
That thou art doting Father of his Fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret Thought,
Nor laugh with his Companions at thy State.
But thou ſhalt know thy Intereſt was not bought
Baſely with Gold, but ſtoln from forth thy Gate;
For me I am the Miſtreſs of my Fate,
And with my Treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
Till Life to Death acquit my firſt Offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my Attaint,
Nor fold my Fault in cleanly coin'd Excuſes;
My ſable Ground of Sin I will not paint,
To hide the Truth of this falſe Night's Abuſes.
My Tongue ſhall utter all; mine Eyes like Sluces,
As from a Mountain Spring, that feeds a Dale,
Shall guſh pure Streams to purge my impure Tale.

By this lamenting *Philomel* had ended
The well-tun'd Warble of her nightly Sorrow;
And ſolemn Night with ſlow ſad Gate deſcended
To ugly Hell; when lo the bluſhing Morrow
Lends Light to all fair Eyes, that Light would borrow.
But cloudy *Lucrece* ſhames her ſelf to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in Night would cloiſter'd be.

Revealing Day through every Cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeaks, O! Eye of Eyes!

Why pry'ſt thou thro' my Window? Leave thy peeping,
Mock with thy tickling Beams, Eyes, that are ſleeping.
Brand not my Forehead with thy piercing Light,
For Day hath nought to do what's done by Night.

Thus cavils ſhe with every thing ſhe ſees.
True Grief is fond, and teſty as a Child,
Who way-ward once, his Mood with nought agrees.
Old Woes, not infant Sorrows bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd Swimmer plunging ſtill,
With too much Labour drowns for want of Skill.

So ſhe deep trenched in a Sea of Care,
Holds Diſputation with each thing ſhe views;
And to her ſelf all Sorrow doth compare,
No Object but her Paſſions Strength renews,
And as one ſhifts, another ſtraight enſues.
Sometimes her Grief is dumb, and hath no Words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much Talk affords.

The little Birds, that tune their Mornings Joy,
Make her Moans mad with their ſweet Melody.
For Mirth doth ſearch the Bottom of Annoy;
Sad Souls are ſlain in merry Company,
Grief beſt is pleas'd with Grief's Society.
True Sorrow then is feelingly ſurpriz'd,
When with like Semblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

'Tis double Death to drown in Ken of Shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding Food;
To ſee the Salve doth make the Wound ake more;
Great Grief grieves moſt at that will do it good;
Deep Woes roll forward like a gentle Flood,
Which being ſtopt, the bounding Banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with, nor Law, nor Limit knows.

You

You mocking Birds, quoth ſhe, your Tunes intomb
Within your hollow ſwelling feather'd Breaſts;
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
My reſtleſs Diſcord loves no Stops nor Reſts;
A woful Hoſteſs brooks not merry Gueſts.
Reliſh your nimble Notes to pleaſing Ears,
Diſtreſs likes Dumps when time is kept with Tears.

Come *Philomel*, that ſing'ſt of Raviſhment,
Make thy ſad Grove in my diſhevel'd Hair:
As the dank Earth weeps at thy Languiſhment,
So I at each ſad Strain will ſtrain my Tear,
And with deep Groans the *Diapaſon* bear.
For Burden-wiſe I'll hum on *Tarquin* ſtill,
While thou on *Tereus* deſcants better Skill.

And while againſt a Thorn thou bear'ſt thy Part,
To keep thy ſharp Woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well againſt my Heart
Will fix a ſharp Knife, to affright mine Eye,
Who if it wink, ſhall thereon fall and die.
Theſe Means, as frets upon an Inſtrument,
Shall tune our Heartſtrings to true Languiſhment.

And for poor Bird, thou ſing'ſt not in the Day,
As ſhaming any Eye ſhould thee behold:
Some dark deep Deſart ſeated from the Way,
That knows nor parching Heat, nor freezing Cold,
We will find out; and there we will unfold (Kinds;
To Creatures ſtern, ſad Tunes to change their
Since Men prove Beaſts, let Beaſts bear gentle (Minds.

As the poor frighted Deer, that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which Way to fly;
Or one incompaſt with a winding Maze,

That cannot tread the Way out readily:
So with her ſelf is ſhe in Mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When Life is ſham'd and Death reproaches Debtor?

To kill my ſelf, quoth ſhe, alack what were it,
But with my Body my poor Soul's Pollution?
They, that loſe half with greater Patience bear it,
Than they whoſe whole is ſwallowed in Confuſion.
That Mother tries a mercileſs Concluſion, (one,
Who having two ſweet Babes, when Death takes
Will ſlay the other, and be Nurſe to none?

My Body or my Soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whoſe Love of either to my ſelf was nearer?
When both were kept for Heaven and *Colatine*.
Ay me! the Bark peal'd from the lofty Pine,
His Leaves will wither, and his Sap decay;
So muſt my Soul, her Bark being peal'd away.

Her Houſe is ſack'd, her Quiet interrupted;
Her Manſion batter'd by the Enemy;
Her ſacred Temple ſpotted, ſpoil'd, corrupted,
Groſly ingirt with daring Infamy.
Then let it not be call'd Impiety,
If in this blemiſh'd Fort I make ſome Hole,
Thro' which I may convey this troubled Soul.

Yet die I will not; till my *Colatine*
Have heard the Cauſe of my untimely Death,
That he may vow, in that ſad Hour of mine,
Revenge on him, that made me ſtop my Breath;
My ſtained Blood to *Tarquin* I'll bequeath,
Which by him, tainted ſhall for him be ſpent,
And as his due, writ in my Teſtament.

My

My Honour I'll bequeath unto the Knife,
That wounds my Body ſo diſhonoured:
'Tis Honour to deprive diſhonoured Life.
The one will live, the other being Dead:
So of Shame's Aſhes ſhall my Fame be bred;
For in my Death I murder ſhameful Scorn,
My Shame ſo dead, my Honour is new born.

Dear Lord of that dear Jewel I have loſt,
What Legacy ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My Reſolution, Love, ſhall be thy Boaſt,
By whoſe Example thou reveng'd may'ſt be.
How *Tarquin* muſt be us'd read it in me.
My ſelf thy Friend, will kill my ſelf thy Foe,
And for my ſake ſerve thou falſe *Tarquin* ſo.

This brief Abridgment of my Will I make:
My Soul and Body to the Skies and Ground,
My Reſolution (Husband) do you take;
My Honour be the Knife's, that makes my Wound;
My Shame be his, that did my Fame confound;
And all my Fame, that lives disburſed be
To thoſe, that live and think no Shame of me.

Then *Colatine* ſhall overſee this Will,
How was I overſeen, that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My Blood ſhall waſh the Slander of mine Ill;
My Life's foul Deed, my Life's fair End ſhall free it.
Faint not faint Heart, but ſtoutly ſay, ſo be it.
Yield to my Hand, and that ſhall conquer thee;
Thou dead, that dies, and both ſhall Victors be.

This Plot of Death, when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wip'd the briniſh Pearl from her bright Eyes,
With untun'd Tongue ſhe hoarſly call'd her Maid,
VVhoſe

VVhoſe ſwift Obedience to her Miſtreſs hies,
For fleet-wing'd Duty with Thought's Feathers flies.
Poor *Lucrece* Cheeks unto her Maid ſeem ſo,
As VVinter Meads, when Sun do's melt their Snow.

Her Miſtreſs ſhe doth give demure good-morrow,
VVith ſoft ſlow Tongue, true Marks of Modeſty;
And ſorts a ſad Look to her Ladies Sorrow,
(For why her Face wore Sorrow's Livery)
But durſt not ask of her audaciouſly
VVhy her two Suns were cloud-eclipſed ſo?
Nor why her fair Cheeks over-waſh'd with VVoe?

But as the Earth doth weep, the Sun being ſet,
Each Flower moiſten'd like a melting Eye:
E'en ſo the Maid with ſwelling Drops gan wet
Her circled Eyne enforced, by Simpathy
Of thoſe fair Suns ſet in her Miſtreſs Sky;
VVho in a ſalt-wav'd Ocean quench their Light,
VVhich makes the Maid weep like the dewy Night.

A pretty while theſe pretty Creatures ſtand,
Like Ivory Conduits Coral Ciſterns filling:
One juſtly weeps, the other takes in hand
No Cauſe, but Company of her Drops ſpilling;
Their gentle Sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themſelves to gheſs at other Smarts;
And then they drown their Eyes, or break their (Hearts.

For Men have Marble, Women waxen Minds,
And therefore they are form'd as Marble will:
The Weak oppreſt, th' Impreſſion of ſtrange Kinds
Is form'd in them by Force, by Fraud or Skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their Ill,
No more, than Wax ſhall be accounted Evil,
Wherein is ſtampt the Semblance of a Devil.

Their

Their Smoothneſs, like a Champain Plain,
Lays open all the little Worms, that creep.
In Men, as a rough grown Grove remain
Cave-keeping Evils, that obſcurely ſleep;
Thro' Chriſtal Walls each little Mote will peep.
Tho' Men can cover Crimes with bold ſtern Look,
Poor Womens Faces are their own Faults Books.

No Man invieghs againſt the wither'd Flower,
But chides rough Winter, that the Flower has killd:
Not that's devour'd, but that, which doth devour
Is worthy Blame, O let it not be held
Poor Womens Faults, that they are ſo fulfill'd
With Mens Abuſes, thoſe proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-mad Women Tenants to their Shame.

The Precedent whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Aſſail'd by Night, with Circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent Death and Shame, that might enſue,
By that her Death to do her Husband Wrong;
Such Danger to Reſiſtance did belong.
The dying Fear thro' all her Body ſpread,
And who cannot abuſe a Body dead?

By this mild Patience did fair *Lucrece* ſpeak
To the poor Counterfeit of her complaining.
My Girl, quoth ſhe, on what occaſion break (raining?
Thoſe Tears from thee, that down thy Cheeks are
If thou doſt weep for Grief of my ſuſtaining,
Know gentle Wench, it ſmall avails my Mood,
If Tears cou'd help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, Girl, when went (and there ſhe ſtaid,
Till after a deep Groan) *Tarquin* from hence?
Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the Maid)

The

The more to blame my ſluggard Negligence:
Yet with the Fault I thus far can diſpenſe,
My ſelf was ſtirring e'er the break of Day,
And e'er I roſe was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your Maid may be ſo bold,
She would requeſt to know your Heavineſs.
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it ſhould be told,
The Repetition cannot make it leſs.
For more it is, than I can well expreſs,
And that deep Torture may be call'd a Hell,
When more is felt, than one hath Power to tell.

Go get me hither Paper, Ink, and Pen,
Yet ſave that Labour, for I have them here:
(What ſhould I ſay?) one of my Husband's Men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A Letter to my Lord, my Love, my Dear;
Bid him with Speed prepare to carry it,
The Cauſe craves haſte, and it will ſoon be writ.

Her Maid is gone, and ſhe prepares to write,
Firſt hovering o'er the Paper with her Quill;
Conceit and Grief an eager Combat fight,
What Wit ſets down is blotted ſtill with Will;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill;
Much like a Preſs of People at a Door,
Throng her Inventions, which ſhall go before.

At laſt ſhe thus begins: Thou worthy Lord
Of that unworthy Wife, that greeteth thee,
Health to thy Perſon, next vouchſafe t'afford
(If ever, Love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt ſee)
Some preſent ſpeed to come and viſit me.
So I commend me from our Houſe in Grief,
My Woes are tedious, tho' my Words are brief.

Here

Here folds she up the Tenor of her Woe,
Her certain Sorrow writ uncertainly;
By this short Schedule *Colatine* may know
Her Grief, but not her Grief's true Quality;
She dares not therefore make Discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross Abuse,
E'er she with Blood had stain'd her stain'd Excuse.

Besides the Life and feeling of her Passion,
She hords to spend, when he is by to hear her;
When Sighs, and Groans, and Tears may grace the fashion
Of her Disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that Suspicion, which the World might bear her:
To shun this Blot she wou'd not blot the Letter
With Words, till Action might become them better.

To see sad Sights moves more, than hear them told;
For then the Eye interprets to the Ear
The heavy Motion, that it doth behold:
When every Part a Part of Woe doth bear,
'Tis but a Part of Sorrow that we hear.
Deep Sounds make lesser Noise, than shallow Fords,
And Sorrow ebbs being blown with Wind of Words.

Her Letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than Haste;
The Post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd Groom to hie as fast,
As lagging Souls before the Northern Blast.
Speed, more, than Speed, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still urgeth such Extremes.

The homely Villain curtsies to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast Eye,
Receives the Scroll without or Yea or No,

And

And forth-with baſhful Innocence doth lie.
But they, whoſe Guilt within their Boſoms lie,
Imagine every Eye beholds their Blame,
For *Lucrece* thought he bluſh'd to ſee her Shame.

When ſilly Groom (God wot) it was Defect
Of Spirit, Life, and bold Audacity;
Such harmleſs Creatures have a true Reſpect
To talk in Deeds, while others ſaucily
Promiſe more Speed, but do it leiſurely.
Even ſo this Pattern of the worn-out Age
Pawn'd honeſt Looks, but laid no Words to gage.

His kindled Duty kindled her Miſtruſt,
That two red Fires in both their Faces blaz'd.
She thought he bluſh'd as knowing *Tarquin*'s Luſt;
And bluſhing with him, wiſtly on him gaz'd,
Her earneſt Eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more ſhe ſaw the Blood his Cheeks repleniſh,
The more ſhe thought he ſpy'd in her ſome blemiſh.

But long ſhe thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous Vaſſal ſcarce is gone;
The weary Time ſhe cannot entertain,
For now 'tis ſtale to ſigh, to weep, and groan.
So Woe, hath wearied Woe, Moan tired Moan,
That ſhe her Plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pauſing for Means to mourn ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhe calls to mind where hangs a Piece
Of skilful Painting made for *Priam*'s *Troy*;
Before the which is drawn the Power of *Greece*,
For *Helen*'s Rape the City to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing *Ilion* with Annoy;
Which the conceited Painter drew ſo proud,
As Heaven (it ſeem'd) to kiſs the Turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable Objects there,
In ſcorn of Nature, Art gave lifeleſs Life:
Many a dire Drop ſeem'd a weeping Tear
Shed for the ſlaughter'd Husband by the Wife.
The red Blood reek'd to ſhew the Painter's Strife,
And dying Eyes gleem'd forth their aſhy Lights,
Like dying Coals burnt out in tedious Nights.

There might you ſee the labouring Pioneer
Begrim'd with Sweat, and ſmeared all with Duſt;
And from the Towers of *Troy* there wou'd appear
The very Eyes of Men thro' Loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing upon the *Greeks* with little Luſt.
Such ſweet Obſervance in this Work was had,
That one might ſee thoſe far-off Eyes look ſad.

In great Commanders, Grace and Majeſty
You might behold triumphing in their Faces;
In Youth Quick-bearing and Dexterity:
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale Cowards marching on with trembling Paces;
VVhich heartleſs Peaſants did ſo well reſemble,
That one wou'd ſwear he ſaw them quake and trem-
ble.

In *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes*, O! what Art
Of Phyſiognomy might one behold!
The Face of either cipher'd either's Heart;
Their Face, their Manners moſt expreſly told.
In *Ajax* Eyes blunt Rage and Rigor roll'd.
But the mild Glance that ſhe *Ulyſſes* lent,
Shew'd deep Regard and ſmiling Government.

There pleading might you ſee grave *Neſtor* ſtand,
As 'twere incouraging the *Greeks* to fight,
Making ſuch ſober Actions with his Hand,
That

That it beguil'd Attention, charm'd the Sight :
In Speech it ſeem'd his Beard, all ſilver white,
Wag'd up and down, and from his Lips did fly
Thin winding Breath, which purl'd up to the Sky.

About him were a Preſs of gaping Faces,
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound Advice ;
All jointly liſtning, but with ſeveral Graces,
As if ſome Mairmaid did their Ears intice,
Some high, ſome low, the Painter was ſo nice.
The Scalps of many almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd to mock the Mind.

Here one Man's Hand lean'd on another's Head,
His Noſe being ſhadow'd by his Neighbour's Ear ;
Here one being throng'd bears back all ſwoln and red ;
Another ſmother'd, ſeems to pelt and ſwear,
And in their Rage ſuch Signs of Rage they bear,
As but for loſs of *Neſtor*'s Golden Words,
It ſeems they would debate with angry Swords.

For much imaginary Work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo kind,
That for *Achilles* Image ſtood his Spear,
Grip'd in an armed Hand, himſelf behind
Was left unſeen, ſave the Eye of Mind,
A Hand, a Foot, a Face, a Leg, a Head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the Walls of ſtrong beſieged *Troy*,
When their braveHope, bold *Hector*, march'd toField,
Stood many *Trojan* Mothers, ſharing Joy
To ſee their youthful Sons bright Weapons wield ;
And to their Hope they ſuch odd Action yield,
That thro' their Light Joy ſeemed to appear,
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of heavy Fear.

And

And from the Strond of *Dardan* where they fought
To *Simois* reedy Banks the red Blood ran;
Whoſe Waves to imitate the Battel ſought
With ſwelling Ridges; and their Ranks began
To break upon the galled Shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater Ranks
They join, and ſhoot their Fome at *Simois* Banks.

To this well-painted Piece is *Lucrece* come
To find a Face where all Diſtreſs is ſtell'd.
Many ſhe ſees, where Cares have carved ſome,
But none where all Diſtreſs and Dolour dwell'd,
Till ſhe deſpairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Priam*'s Wounds with her old Eyes,
Who bleeding under *Pirrhus* proud Foot lies.

In her the Painter had anatomiz'd
Time's Ruin, Beauty's Wrack, and grim Cares Reign;
Her Cheeks with Chops and Wrinkles were diſguis'd.
Of what ſhe was, no Semblance did remain;
Her blue Blood chang'd to black in every Vein.
Wanting the Spring, that thoſe ſhrunk Pipes had
Shew'd Life impriſon'd in a Body dead. (fed,

On this ſad Shadow *Lucrece* ſpends her Eyes,
And ſhapes her Sorrow to the Beldam's Woes;
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but Cries,
And bitter Words to ban her cruel Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her thoſe;
And therefore *Lucrece* ſwears he did her Wrong,
To give her ſo much Grief, and not a Tongue.

Poor Inſtrument (quoth ſhe) without a Sound!
I'll tune thy Woes with my lamenting Tongue;
And drop ſweet Balm in *Priam*'s painted Wound,

And rail on *Pirrhus*, that hath done him Wrong,
And with my Tears quench *Troy*, that burns ſo long;
And with my Knife ſcratch out the angry Eyes
Of all the *Greeks*, that are thine Enemies.

Shew me this Strumpet, that began this Stir,
That with my Nails her Beauty I may tear.
Thy Heat of Luſt, fond *Paris*, did incur
This Load of Wrath, that burning *Troy* did bear;
Thy Eye kindled the Fire that burneth here.
And here in *Troy*, for Treſpaſs of thine Eye,
The Sire, the Son, the Dame, and Daughter die.

Why ſhould the private Pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publick Plague of many moe?
Let Sin alone committed light alone
Upon his Head, that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſs Souls be freed from guilty Woe.
For ones Offence why ſhould ſo many fall?
To plague a private Sin in general?

Lo! here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies!
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troylus* ſounds!
Here Friend by Friend in bloody Channel lies!
And Friend to Friend gives unadviſed Wounds!
And one Man's Luſt theſe many Lives confounds!
Had doting *Priam* check'd his Son's Deſire
*Troy* had been bright with Fame, and not with Fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps *Troy*'s painted Woes:
For Sorrow, like a heavy hanging Bell,
Once ſet a ringing, with his own Weight goes;
Then little Strength rings out the doleful Knell.
So *Lucrece* ſet awork, ſad Tales doth tell
To pencil'd Penſiveneſs, and colour'd Sorrow;
She lends them VVords, and ſhe their Looks doth borrow,

She throws her Eyes about the painted Round,
And whom ſhe finds forlorn ſhe doth lament.
At laſt ſhe ſees a wretched Image bound,
That piteous Looks to *Phrygian* Shepherds lent,
His Face tho' full of Cares, yet ſhew'd Content.
Onward to *Troy* with theſe blunt Swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his Woes.

In him the Painter labour'd with his Skill,
To hide Deceit, and give the Harmleſs ſhow,
An humble Gate, calm Looks, Eyes wailing ſtill,
A Brow unbent, that ſeem'd to welcome VVoe;
Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled ſo,
That bluſhing Red, no guilty Inſtance gave,
Nor aſhy Pale, the Fear that falſe Hearts have.

But, like a conſtant and confirmed Devil,
He entertain'd a Show ſo ſeeming juſt,
And therein ſo inſconc'd this ſecret Evil,
That Jealouſy it ſelf could not miſtruſt,
Falſe creeping Craft and Perjury ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a Day ſuch black-fac'd Storms,
Or blot with Hell-born Sin ſuch Saint-like Forms.

The well-skill'd VVoman this wild Image drew
For perjur'd *Sinon*, whoſe inchanting Story
The credulous old *Priam* after Slew;
Whoſe Words like Wild-fire burnt the ſhining Glory
Of rich-built *Ilion*, that the Skies were ſorry,
And little Stars ſhot from their fixed Places,
VVhen their Glaſs fell wherein they view'd their (Faces.

This Picture ſhe adviſedly perus'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous Skill:
Saying, ſome Shape in *Sinon*'s was abus'd,

So fair a Form lodg'd not a Mind ſo ill:
And ſtill on him ſhe gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such Signs of Truth in his plain Face ſhe ſpied,
That ſhe concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth ſhe) that ſo much Guile,
She would have ſaid can lurk in ſuch a Look;
But *Tarquin*'s Shape came in her Mind the while,
And from her Tongue, can lurk, from cannot, took
It cannot be, ſhe in that Senſe forſook,
And turn'd it thus, It cannot be I find,
But ſuch a Face ſhould bear a wicked Mind.

For e'en as ſubtle *Sinon* here is painted,
So ſober ſad, ſo weary and ſo mild
(As if with Grief or Travel he had fainted)
To me came *Tarquin* armed ſo beguild
With outward Honeſty, but yet defil'd
With inward Vice; as *Priam* him did cheriſh,
So did I *Tarquin*, ſo my *Troy* did periſh.

Look, look how liſtning *Priam* wets his Eyes
To ſee thoſe borrow'd Tears, that *Sinon* ſheds!
*Priam*, why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For every Tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds:
His Eyes drop Fire, no Water thence proceeds.
Thoſe round clear Pearls of his, that move thy Pity
Are Balls of quenchleſs Fire to burn thy City.

Such Devils ſteal Effects from lightleſs Hell;
For *Sinon* in his Fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning Fire doth dwell;
Theſe Contraries ſuch Unity do hold
Only to flatter Fools and make them bold:
So *Priam*'s Truſt falſe *Sinon*'s Tears doth flatter,
That he finds Means to burn his *Troy* with Water.

Here

Here all inrag'd ſuch Paſſion her aſſails,
That Patience is quite beaten from her Breaſt;
She tears the ſenſleſs *Sinon* with her Nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy Gueſt,
VVhoſe Deed hath made her ſelf her ſelf deteſt.
At laſt ſhe ſmilingly with this gives o'er,
Fool, Fool, quoth ſhe, his VVounds will not be ſore.

Thus ebbs and flows the Current of her Sorrow,
And Time doth weary Time with her Complaining.
She looks for Night, and then ſhe longs for Morrow,
And both ſhe thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time ſeems long, in Sorrows ſharp ſuſtaining.
Tho' VVoe be heavy, yet it ſeldom ſleeps,
And they, that watch, ſee Time how ſlow it creeps.

VVhich all this Time hath over-ſlipt her Thought,
That ſhe with painted Images hath ſpent,
Being from the feeling of her own Grief brought,
By deep ſurmiſe of others Detriment,
Looſing her VVoes in ſhews of Diſcontent.
It eaſeth ſome, tho' none it ever cur'd,
To think their Dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful Meſſenger comes back,
Brings home his Lord, and other Company;
VVho finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning Black,
And round-about her tear-diſtained Eye
Blew Circles ſtream'd, like Rainbows in the Sky.
Theſe VVatergalls in her dim Element,
Foretel new Storms to thoſe already ſpent.

VVhich when her ſad beholding Husband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad Face he ſtares:
Her Eyes, tho' ſod in Tears, look red and raw,

Her

Her lively Colour kill'd with deadly Cares.
He has no Power to ask her how ſhe fares,
But ſtood like old Acquaintance in a Trance,
Met far from Home, wondring each others Chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloodleſs Hand,
And thus begins. What uncouth ill Event
Hath thee befallen, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet Love, what Spite hath thy fair Colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in Diſcontent?
Unmask dear Dear, this moody Heavineſs,
And tell thy Grief, that we may give Redreſs.

Three Times with Sighs ſhe gives her Sorrow Fire
E'er once ſhe can diſcharge one Word of Woe.
At length addreſs'd, to anſwer his Deſire,
She modeſtly prepares, to let them know
Her Honour is ta'en Priſoner by the Foe;
While *Colatine* and his conſorted Lords
With ſad Attention long to hear her Words.

And now this pale Swan in her wat'ry Neſt,
Begins the ſad Dirge of her certain ending.
Few Words, quoth ſhe, ſhall fit the Treſpaſs beſt,
Wherein no Excuſe can give the Fault amending,
In me more Woes, than Words are now depending:
And my Laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired Tongue.

Then be this all the Task it hath to ſay,
Dear Husband, in the Intereſt of thy Bed
A Stranger came, and on that Pillow lay,
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary Head;
And that Wrong elſe may be imagined
By foul Inforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For

For in the dreadful Dead of dark Midnight,
With ſhining Fauchion in my Chamber came
A creeping Creature with a flaming Light,
And ſoftly cry'd, awake thou *Roman* Dame!
And entertain my Love, elſe laſting Shame
On thee and thine this Night I will inflict
If thou my Love's Deſire do contradict.

For ſome hard-favour'd Groom of thine, quoth he,
Unleſs thou yoak thy Liking to my Will,
I'll murder ſtreight, and then I'll ſlaughter thee,
And ſwear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathſome Act of Luſt; and ſo did kill
The Leachers in their Deed, this Act will be
My Fame, and thy perpetual Infamy.

With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my Heart he ſets his Sword,
Swearing, unleſs I took all patiently,
I ſhould not live to ſpeak another Word:
So ſhould my Shame ſtill reſt upon Record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*,
Th' Adult'rate Death of *Lucrece* and her Groom.

Mine Enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
(And far the weaker with ſo ſtrong a Fear)
My bloody Judge forbad my Tongue to ſpeak:
No rightful Plea might plead for Juſtice there:
His ſcarlet Luſt came Evidence to ſwear,
That my poor Beauty had purloin'd his Eyes;
And when the Judge is rob'd, the Priſoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own Excuſe,
Or, at the leaſt this Refuge let me find;
Tho' my groſs Blood be ſtain'd with this Abuſe,

Immaculate and ſpotleſs is my Mind.
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To acceſſary Yieldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd Cloſet yet indure.

Lo! here the hopeleſs Merchant of this Loſs,
With Head inclin'd, and Voice dam'd up with VVoe.
VVith ſad ſet Eyes, and wretched Arms acroſs,
From Lips new waxen pale begins to blow
The Grief away, that ſtops his Anſwer ſo.
But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain,
VVhat he breathes out, his Breath drinks up again.

As thro' an Arch, the violent roaring Tide
Out-runs the Eye, that doth behold his Haſte;
Yet in the *Eddie* boundeth in his Pride,
Back to the Strait, that forc'd him on ſo faſte,
In Rage ſent out, recall'd in Rage being paſt:
Even ſo his Sighs, his Sorrows make a Saw,
To puſh Grief on, and back the ſame Grief draw.

VVhich ſpeechleſs VVoe of his poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely Frenzy thus awaketh.
Dear Lord, thy Sorrow to my Sorrow lendeth
Another Power, no Flood my raining ſlacketh;
My VVoe too ſenſible thy Paſſion maketh
More feeling painful, let it then ſuffice
To drown one VVoe, one Pair or weeping Eyes.

And for my ſake when I might charm thee ſo,
For ſhe, that was thy *Lucrece*——now attend me,
Be ſuddenly revenged on my Foe.
Thine, mine, his own; ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the Help, that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all to late, yet let the Traitor die;
For ſparing Juſtice feeds Iniquity.

But

But e'r I name him, you fair Lor'ds, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe, that came with *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable Faiths to me,
With ſwift Purſuit to venge this Wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair Deſign,
To chaſe Injuſtice with revengeful Arms,
Knights by their Oaths ſhould right poor Ladies (Harms.
At this Requeſt, with noble Diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe Aid,
As bound in Knighthood to her Impoſition,
Longing to hear the hateful Foe bewray'd:
But ſhe that yet her ſad Task hath not ſaid,
The Proteſtation ſtops. O ſpeak quoth ſhe,
How may this forced Stain be wip'd from me?

What is the Quality of my Offence,
Being conſtrain'd with dreadful Circumſtances?
May my pure Mind with the foul Act diſpenſe
My low declined Honour to advance?
May any Terms acquit me from this Chance?
The poiſon'd Fountain clears it ſelf again,
And why not I from this compelled Stain?

With this they all at once began to ſay,
Her Body's Stain the Mind untainted clears,
While with a joyleſs Smile ſhe turns away
The Face, that Map, which deep Impreſſion bears
Of hard Misfortune carv'd it in with Tears.
No no, quoth ſhe, no Dame hereafter living,
By my Excuſe ſhall claim Excuſes giving.

Here with a Sigh, as if her Heart would break,
She throws forth *Tarquin*'s Name, He, he, ſhe ſays:
But more, than he, her poor Tongue could not ſpeak,
Till

Till after many Accents and Delays,
Untimely Breathings, ſick and ſhort Aſſays,
She utters this, He, he, fair Lord 'tis he
That guides this Hand to give this Wound to me.

Even here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſs Breaſt
A harmful Knife, that thence her Soul unſheathed,
That Blow did bail it from the deep Unreſt
Of that polluted Priſon where it breathed;
Her contrite Sighs unto the Clouds bequeathed
Her winged Spright, and thro' her Wounds doth fly
Life's laſting Date from cancel'd Deſtiny.

Stone-ſtill, aſtoniſh'd with this deadly Deed,
Stood *Colatine* and all his Lordly Crew,
Till *Lucrece* Father, that beholds her Bleed,
Himſelf on her ſelf-ſlaughter'd Body threw:
And from the purple Fountain *Brutus* drew
The murd'rous Knife and as it left the Place,
Her Blood in pure Revenge, held it in Chaſe.

And bubling from her Breaſt it doth divide
In two ſlow Rivers, that the crimſon Blood
Circles her Body in on every Side,
Who like a late ſack'd Iſland vaſtly ſtood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful Flood.
Some of her Blood ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſome look'd black, and that falſe *Tarquin* (ſtain'd.

About the Mourning and congealed Face
Of that black Blood, a watry Rigol goes,
Which ſeems to weep upon the tainted Place;
And ever ſince, a, pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted Blood, ſome wat'ry Token ſhows,
And Blood untainted ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrify'd.

Daughter,

Daughter, dear Daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,
That Life was mine, which thou haſt here depriv'd;
If in the Child the Father's Image lies,
Where ſhall I live, now *Lucrece* is unliv'd?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriv'd.
If Children prædeceaſe Progenitors,
We are their Off-ſpring and they none of ours.

Poor broken Glaſs, I often did behold
In thy ſweet Semblance, my old Age new born,
But now that fair freſh Mirror, dim and cold,
Shews me a barebon'd Death by Time out-worn.
O! from my Cheeks my Image thou haſt torn!
And ſhiver'd all the Beauty from my Glaſs,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O! Time, ceaſe thou thy Courſe and haſte no longer,
If thou ſurceaſe to be, that ſhould ſurvive:
Shall rotten Death make Conqueſt of the Stronger,
And leave the faltring feeble Souls alive?
The old Bees die, the young poſſeſs their Hive;
Then live ſweet *Lucrece*, live again and ſee
Thy Father die, and not thy *Father* thee.

By this ſtarts *Colatine* as from a Dream,
And bids *Lucretius* give his Sorrow place;
And then in Key-cold *Lucrece* bleeding Stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his Face,
And counterfeits to die with her a Space;
Till manly Shame bids him poſſeſs his Breath,
And live to be revenged on her Death.

The deep Vexation of his inward Soul
Hath ſerv'd a dumb Arreſt upon his Tongue,
Who made that Sorrow ſhould his uſe controul,

Or

Or keep him from heart-easing Words so long,
Begins to talk, but thro' his Lips do throng
Weak Words, so thick come in his poor Heart's Aid,
That no Man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
But thro' his Teeth, as if his Name he tore.
This windy Tempest, till it blow up Rain,
Held back his Sorrow's Tide to make it more.
At last it rains, and busy Windsgive o'er:
Then Son and Father weep with equal Strife,
Who should weep most for Daughter, or for Wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the Claim they lay.
The Father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
Replies her Husband; do not take away
My Sorrow's Interest, let no Mourner say,
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by *Colatine*.

O! quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that Life,
Which she too early and too late hath spil'd.
Wo! wo! quoth *Colatine*, she was my Wife,
I own'd her, and 'tis mine, that she hath kill'd.
*My Daughter* and *my Wife* with Clamours fill'd
The dispersed Air, who holding *Lucrece* Life,
Answer'd their Cries, *my Daughter* and *my Wife*.

*Brutus*, who pluck'd the Knife from *Lucrece* Side,
Seeing such Emulation in their Woe,
Began to cloath his Wit in State and Pride,
Burying in *Lucrece* Wound his Follies show:
He with the *Romans* was esteemed so,
As silly jeering *Ideots* are with Kings,
For sportive Words, and uttering foolish Things.

But

But now he throws that ſhallow Habit by,
Wherein the Policy did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long-hid VVits adviſedly,
To check the Tears in *Colatinus* Eyes.
Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, ariſe;
Let my unſounded Self, ſuppos'd a Fool,
Now ſet thy long experienc'd VVit to School.

VVhy *Colatine*, is VVo the Cure for VVo? (Deeds?
Do VVounds help VVounds, or Grief help grievous
Is it Revenge to give thy ſelf a Blow
For his foul Act, by whom thy fair VVife bleeds?
Such childiſh Humour from weak Minds proceeds,
Thy wretched VVife miſtook the matter ſo,
To ſlay her ſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her Foe.

Couragious *Roman*, do not ſteep thy Heart
In ſuch lamenting Dew of Lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy Part,
To rouſe our *Roman* Gods with Invocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe Abominations;
(Since *Rome* her ſelf in them doth ſtand diſgrac'd)
By our ſtrong Arms from forth her fair Streets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol, that we adore!
And by this chaſt Blood ſo unjuſtly ſtain'd!
By Heaven's fair Sun, that breeds the fat Earth's Store!
By all our Country Rites in *Rome* maintain'd!
And by chaſt *Lucrece* Soul, that late complain'd
Her VVrongs to us, and by this bloody Knife!
VVe will revenge the Death of this true VVife.

This ſaid, he ſtrook his Hand upon his Breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal Knife to end his Vow:
And to his Proteſtation urg'd the reſt,

VVho

VVho wondring at him did his VVords allow;
Then jointly to the ground their Knees they bow,
And that deep Vow which *Brutus* made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed Doom,
They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
To ſhew the bleeding Body throughout *Rome*,
And ſo to publiſh *Tarquin*'s foul Offence.
VVhich being done, with ſpeedy Diligence,
The *Romans* plauſibly did give conſent,
To *Tarquin*'s everlaſting Baniſhment.

# POEMS
## ON
# Several Occaſions.

## *The Glory of Beauty.*

H wherefore with Infection ſhou'd he live?
And with his Preſence grace Impiety?
That Sin by him advantage ſhou'd achieve,
And lace it ſelf with his Society?
Why ſhould falſe Painting imitate his Cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hew?
VVhy ſhould poor Beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of Shadow, ſince his Roſe is true?
Why ſhou'd he live, now Nature Bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of Blood to bluſh through lively Veins?
For ſhe hath no Exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his Gains.

O

O! him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what Wealth ſhe had,
In Days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

Thus is his Cheek the Map of Days out-worn,
When Beauty liv'd and dy'd as Flowers do now;
Before theſe baſtard Signs of Fair were born,
Or durſt inhabit on a living Brow.
Before the Golden Treſſes of the Dead,
The Right of Sepulchers were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond Life on ſecond Head,
E'er Beauties dead Fleece made another gay:
In him thoſe holy antique Hours are ſeen,
Without all Ornament, it ſelf and true,
Making no Summer of an others Green,
Robbing no old to dreſs his Beauty new,
And him as for a Map doth Nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe Art what Beauty was of yore.

Thoſe Parts of thee, that the Worlds Eye doth view,
Want nothing, that the thought of Hearts can mend:
All Tongues (the Voice of Souls) give thee that End,
Uttering bare Truth, even ſo as Foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward Praiſe is crown'd,
But thoſe ſame Tongues, that give thee ſo thine own,
In other Accents do this Praiſe confound
By ſeeing farther, than the Eye hath ſhown.
They look into the Beauty of thy Mind,
And that in gheſs they meaſure by thy Deeds,
Then churls their Thoughts (although their Eyes were kind)
To thy fair Flower add the rank Smell of Weeds.
But why thy Odor matcheth not thy ſhow,
The Toil is this, that thou doſt common grow.

*Injurious*

# *Injurious Time.*

Like as the Waves make towards the pibled Shore,
So do our Minutes haſten to their End.
Each changing Place with that, which goes before
In ſequent Toil all Forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the Main of Light,
Crawles to Maturity, wherewith being crown'd
Crooked Eclipſes 'gainſt his Glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his Gift confound.
Time doth transfix the Flouriſh ſet on Youth,
And delves the Parallels in Beauties Brow,
Feeds on the Rarities of Nature's Truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his Sithe to mow.
And yet to Times in hope, my Verſe ſhall ſtand
Praiſing thy Worth, deſpight his cruel Hand.

Againſt my Love ſhall be as I am now
With times injurious Hand cruſh'd and o'er-worn,
When Hours have drain'd his Blood and fill'd his Brow
With Lines and Wrinkles, when his youthful Morn
Hath travail'd on to Ages ſteepy Night,
And all thoſe Beauties, whereof now he's King
Are vaniſhing, or vaniſh'd out of Sight,
Stealing away the Treaſure of his Spring.
For ſuch a Time do I now Fortify
Againſt confounding Ages cruel Knife,
That he ſhall never Cut from Memory
My ſweet Love's Beauty, tho' my Lover's Life.
His Beauty ſhall in theſe black Lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill Green.

When I have ſeen by Times fell Hand defac'd
The rich proud Coſt of out-worn buried Age;

When ſometimes lofty Towers I ſee down razed,
And Braſs eternal Slave to mortal Rage;
When I have ſeen the hungry Ocean gain
Advantage on the Kingdom of the Shoar,
And the firm Soil win of the watry Main,
Increaſing Store with Loſs, and Loſs with Store;
When I have ſeen ſuch Interchange of State,
Or State it ſelf confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That Time will come and take my Love away.
This Thought is as a Death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have, that which it fears to looſe.

Since Braſs, nor Stone, nor Earth, nor boundleſs Sea,
But ſad Mortality o'er-ſways their Power,
How with this Rage ſhall Beauty hold a Plea,
Whoſe Action is no ſtronger, than a Flower?
O! how ſhall Summer's hungry Breath hold out,
Againſt the wrackful Siege of battering Days,
When Rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor Gates of Steel ſo ſtrong but Time decays?
O! fearful Meditation, where a lack
Shall times beſt Jewell from times Cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong Hand can hold this ſwift Foot back,
Or who his Spoil on Beauty can forbid?
O! none, unleſs this Miracle have might,
That in black Ink my Love may ſtill ſhine bright.

Tyr'd with all theſe for reſtful Death I cry,
As to behold Deſart a Beggar born,
And needy Nothing trim'd in Jolity,
And pureſt Faith unhappily forſworn,
And guilded Honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And Maiden Vertue rudely Strumpeted,
And right Perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And Strength by limping Sway diſabled,

And

And Art made Tongue-ty'd by Authority,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling Skill,
And ſimple Truth miſcall'd Simplicity,
And Captive-good attending Captain Ill.
Tyr'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that to die, I leave my Love alone.

---

## *True Admiration.*

WHat is your Subſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange Shadows on you tend?
Since every one, hath every one, one Shade,
And you but one, can every ſhadow lend?
Deſcribe *Adonis*, and the Counterfeit,
Is poorly imitated after you,
On *Hellens* Cheek all Art of Beauty ſet,
And you in *Grecian* Tires are painted new.
Speak of the Spring and Foyzen of the Year,
The one doth ſhadow of your Beauty ſhow,
The other as your Bounty doth appear,
And you in every bleſſed Shape we know.
In all external Grace you have ſome Part,
But you like none, none you for conſtant Heart.

O! how much more doth Beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet Ornament which Truth doth give,
The Roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet Odour, which doth in it live.
The Canker-blooms have full as deep a Die,
As the perfumed Tincture of the Roſes,
Hang on ſuch Thorns, and play as wantonly,
When Summers breath their masked Buds diſcloſes:
But for their Vertue's only in their ſhow,

They live unmov'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves, Sweet Roses do not so,
Of their sweet Deaths, are sweetest Odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely Youth,
When that shall fade, by Verse distils your Truth.

---

## *The Force of Love.*

BEing your Slave what should I do but tend
Upon the Hours and Times of your Desire?
I have no precious Time at all to spend,
Nor Services to do till you require.
Nor dare I chide the World-without-end-Hour,
Whilst I (my Soveraign) watch the Clock for you;
Nor think the Bitterness of Absence sour,
When you have bid your Servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous Thought,
Where you may be, or your Affairs suppose,
But like a sad Slave stay and think of Nought,
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a Fool is Love, that in your Will,
(Tho' you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That God forbid, that made me first your Slave,
I should in Thought controul your times of Pleasure,
Or at your Hand th' Account of Hours to crave,
Being your Vassal bound to stay your Leisure.
Oh! let me suffer, (being at your Beck)
Th' imprison'd Absence of your Liberty,
And Patience tame, to Sufferance bide each Check,
Without accusing you of Injury!
Be where you list, your Charter is so strong,
That you your self may privilege your Time

To

To what you will to you it doth belong;
Your self to pardon of self-doing Crime.
I am to wait, tho' waiting so be Hell,
Not blame your Pleasure be it ill or well.

---

## *The Beauty of Nature.*

IF there be nothing new, but that, which is
Hath been before, how are our Brains beguil'd?
Which labouring for Invention bear amiss
The second Burthen of a former Child?
O! that Record could with a backward Look,
Even of five hundred Courses of the Sun,
Show me your Image in some antique Book,
Since mine at first in Character was done.
That I might see what the old World could say,
To this composed Wonder of your Frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether Revolution be the same.
Oh! sure I am the Wits of former Days,
To Subjects worse have given admiring Praise.

---

## *Love's Cruelty.*

FROM fairest Creatures we desire Increase,
That thereby Beauties *Rose* may never die;
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender Heir might bear his Memory.

But thou contracted to thine own bright Eyes,
Feed'ſt thy Light's Flame with ſelf ſubſtantial Fuel,
Making a Famine where Abundance lies,
Thy ſelf thy Foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel:
Thou that art now the World's freſh Ornament,
And only Herald to the gaudy Spring,
Within thine own Bud burieſt thy Content,
And tender Churle mak'ſt waſte in niggarding.
Pity the VVorld, or elſe this Glutton be
To eat the VVorld's due, by the Grave and thee.

VVhen forty VVinters ſhall beſiege thy Brow,
And dig deep Trenches in thy Beauties Field,
Thy Youth's proud Livery ſo gaz'd on now,
VVill be a tatter'd VVeed of ſmall Worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy Beauty lies,
Where all the Treaſure of thy luſty Days?
To ſay within thine own deep ſunken Eyes,
Were an all-eating Shame, and thriftleſs Praiſe.
How much more Praiſe deſerv'd thy Beauty's Uſe,
If thou couldſt anſwer this fair Child of mine
Shall ſum my Count, and make my old Excuſe,
Proving his Beauty by Succeſſion thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And ſee thy Blood warm when thou feel'ſt it cold.

Look in thy Glaſs and tell the Face thou viewеſt,
Now is the time that Face ſhould form another,
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou do'ſt beguile the World, unbleſs ſome Mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair whoſe un-eard Womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy Husbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond will be the Tomb
Of his ſelf Love to ſtop Poſterity?
Thou art thy Mother's Glaſs and ſhe in thee
Calls back the lovely *April* of her Prime.

So

So thou thro' Windows of thine Age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpight of Wrinkles this thy golden Time.
But if thou live, remember not to be,
Die ſingle and thine Image dies with thee.

---

## *Youthful Glory.*

O That you were your ſelf, but, Love, you are
No longer yours, than you your ſelf here live,
Againſt this coming End you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet Semblance to ſome other give.
So ſhou'd that Beauty, which you hold in Leaſe
Find no Determination; then you were
Your ſelf again after your ſelf's Deceaſe,
When your ſweet Iſſue your ſweet Form ſhou'd bear.
Who lets ſo fair a Houſe fall to decay,
Which Husbandry in Honour might uphold,
Againſt the ſtormy Guſts of Winters Day,
And barren Rage of Death's eternal Cold?
O! none but Unthrifts, dear my Love, you know,
You had a Father, let your Son ſay ſo.

Not from the Stars do I my Judgment pluck,
And yet me thinks I have Aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil Luck,
Of Plagues, of Dearths, or Seaſons quality,
Nor can I Fortune to brief Minutes tell;
Pointing to each his Thunder, Rain and Wind,
Or ſay with Princes if it ſhall go well
By oft predict, that I in Heaven find.
But from thine Eyes my Knowledge I derive;
And conſtant Stars in them I read ſuch Art,
As Truth and Beauty ſhall together thrive,

If from thy ſelf, to ſtore thou wouldſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy End is Truth's and Beauty's Doom and date.

When I conſider every thing, that grows
Holds in Perfection but a little Moment;
That this huge Stage preſenteth nought but Shows,
Whereon the Stars in ſecret influence comment.
When I perceive, that Men as Plants increaſe,
Cheared and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame Sky,
Vaunt in their youthful Sap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave State out of Memory.
Then the Conceit of this inconſtant Stay,
Sets you moſt rich in Youth before my Sight,
Where waſteful Time debateth with decay
To change your Day of Youth to ſullied Night,
And all in War with Time for love of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

---

## *Good Admonition.*

BUt wherefore do not you a mightier Way
Make War upou this bloody Tyrant Time?
And fortifie your ſelf in your Decay
With Means more bleſſed, than my barren Rime?
Now ſtand you on the Top of happy Hours,
And many maiden Gardens yet unſet,
With vertuous Wiſh would bear you living Flowers,
Much liker, than your painted Counterfeit.
So ſhou'd the Lines of Life, that Life repair,
Which this (Time's Penſill or my Pupil Pen)
Neither in inward Worth nor outward fair
Can make you live your ſelf in Eyes of Men,

To

To give away your ſelf, keeps your ſelf ſtill,
And you muſt live drawn by your own ſweet Skill.

Who will believe my Verſe in time to come
If it were fill'd with your moſt high Deſerts?
Though yet Heaven knows it is but as a Tomb,
Which hides your Life, and ſhows not half your Parts:
If I cou'd write the Beauty of your Eyes,
And in freſh Numbers number all your Graces,
The Age to come wou'd ſay this Poet lies,
Such heavenly Touches ne're touch'd earthly Faces.
So ſhould my Papers (yellow'd with their Age)
Be ſcorn'd, like old Men of leſs Truth, than Tongue,
And your true Rights be term'd a Poets Rage,
And ſtretched Metre of an Antick Song.
But were ſome Child of yours alive that time
You ſhould live twice in it, and in my Rhime.

---

## *Quick Prevention.*

LOe in the Orient when the gracious Light,
Lifts up his burning Head each under Eye
Doth Homage to his new appearing Sight,
Serving with Looks his ſacred Majeſty,
And having clim'd the ſteep-up heavenly Hill,
Reſembling ſtrong Youth in his middle Age,
Yet mortal Looks adore his Beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden Pilgrimage.
But when from high-moſt Pitch, with weary Care,
Like feeble Age he reeleth from the Day,
The Eyes (fore dutious) now converted are
From his low Tract and look another way:

So

So thou, thy ſelf out-going in thy Noon;
Unlook'd on dieſt unleſs thou get a Son.

---

## *Magazine of Beauty.*

UNthrifty Lovelineſs why doſt thou ſpend,
Upon thy ſelf thy Beauties Legacy?
Natures bequeſt gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank ſhe lends to thoſe are free.
Then beauteous Nigard why doſt thou abuſe,
The bounteous Largeſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs Uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a Sum of Sums yet can'ſt not live?
For having Traffick with thy ſelf alone,
Thou of thy ſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive,
Then how when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* can'ſt thou leave?
Thy unus'd Beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which uſed lives th' Executor to be.

Thoſe Hours, that with gentle Work did frame
The lovely Gaze where every Eye doth dwell
Will play the Tyrants to the very ſame,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell.
For never reſting Time leads Summer on,
To hideous Winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with Froſt and luſty Leaves quite gone.
Beauty o'er-ſnow'd and Barenneſs every where,
Then were not Summers diſtillation left
A liquid Priſoner pent in Walls of Glaſs,
Beauties Effect with Beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no Remembrance what it was.

But

But Flowers diſtil'd though they with Winter meet,
Loſe but their Show, their Subſtance ſtill lives ſweet.

Then let not Winters ragged Hand deface,
In thee thy Summer e'er thou be diſtill'd:
Make ſweet ſome Vial; Treaſure thou ſome Place,
With Beauties Treaſure e'er it be ſelf-kill'd:
That uſe is not forbidden Uſury,
Which happies thoſe, that pay the willing Lone.
That's for thy ſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy ſelf were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could Death do if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in Poſterity?
Be not Self-will'd for thou art much too Fair,
To be Death's Conqueſt and make Worms thine Heir.

---

## *An Invitation to Marriage.*

MUſick to hear, why hear'ſt thou Muſick ſadly?
Sweets with Sweets war not, Joy delights in Joy:
Why lov'ſt thou that, which thou receiv'ſt not gladly?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with Pleaſure thine annoy!
If the true Concord of well tuned Sounds,
By Unions married do offend thy Ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In Singleneſs the Parts, that thou ſhould'ſt bear:
Mark how one ſtring ſweet Husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reſembling Sire and Child, and happy Mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing Note do Sing:

Whoſe

Whoſe ſpeechleſs Song being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, thou ſingle wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a Widow's Eye
That thou conſum'ſt thy ſelf in ſingle Life?
Ah! if thou Iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The World will wail thee like a makeleſs Wife,
The World will be thy Widow, and ſtill weep,
That thou no Form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private Widow well may keep,
By Childrens Eyes, her Husband's Shape in Mind:
Look what an Unthrift in the World doth ſpend
Shifts but his Place, for ſtill the World enjoys it.
But Beauties waſte hath in the World an End,
And kept unus'd the Uſer ſo deſtroys it.
No Love towards others in that Boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murd'rous Shame commits.

For ſhame deny, that thou bear'ſt Love to any,
Who for thy ſelf art ſo unprovident;
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt is moſt evident:
For thou art ſo poſſeſt with murd'rous Hate,
That gainſt thy ſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beauteous Roof to ruinate
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief Deſire.
O! change thy Thought, that I may change my Mind.
Shall Hate be fairer lodg'd, than gentle Love?
Be as thy Preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thy ſelf at leaſt kind hearted prove.
Make thee another ſelf for love of me,
That Beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt,
In one of thine, from that, which thou departeſt,
And that freſh Blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou

Thou maiſt call thine, when thou from Youth con-
Herein lives Wiſdom, Beauty and Increaſe, (verteſt,
Without this Folly, Age, and cold Decay,
If all were minded ſo, the Times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore Years would make the World away:
Let thoſe, whom Nature hath not made for Store,
Harſh, featurleſs, and rude barrenly periſh,
Look whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gave the more;
Which bounteous Gift thou ſhouldſt in Bounty cheriſh,
She carv'd thee for her Seal, and ment thereby
Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that Copy die.

When I do count the Clock, that tells the Time,
And ſee the brave Day ſunk in hidious Night;
When I behold the Violet paſt Prime,
And ſable Curls or ſilver'd o'er with white:
When lofty Trees I ſee barren of Leaves,
Which erſt from Heat did canopy the Herd,
And Summers Green all girded up in Sheaves,
Born on the Bear with white and briſtly Beard:
Then of thy Beauty do I queſtion make
That thou among the Waſtes of Time muſt go,
Since Sweets and Beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow,
And nothing 'gainſt Times Sithe can make Defence
Save Breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

---

## *Falſe Belief.*

WHen my Love ſwears, that ſhe is made of Truth,
I do believe her (tho' I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd Youth,
Unskilful in the Worlds falſe Forgeries.

Thus

Thus vainly thinking, that ſhe thinks me young,
Although I know my Years be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credit her falſe ſpeaking Tongue,
Outfacing Faults in Love, with loves ill Reſt.
But wherefore ſays my Love that ſhe is Young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O! Loves beſt Habit is a ſmoothing Tongue,
And Age (in Love) loves not to have Years told.
Therefore I'll lye with Love, and Love with me,
Since that our Faults in Love thus ſmother'd be.

---

## *A Temptation.*

TWO Loves I have, of Comfort, and Deſpair,
That like two Spirits do ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better Angel is a Man (right fair)
My worſer Spirit a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To win me ſoon to Hell, my Female Evil
Tempteth my better Angel from my Side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Devil,
Wooing his Purity with her fair Pride.
And whether, that my Angel be turn'd Fiend,
Suſpect I may (yet not directly tell:)
For being both to me: both to each Friend,
I gheſs one Angel in another's Hell.
The Truth I ſhall not know, but live in Doubt,
Till my bad Angel fire my good one out.

*Faſt*

## *Faſt and Looſe.*

DID not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine Eye,
'Gainſt whom the World could not hold Argu-
Perſwade my Heart to this falſe Perjury, (ment,
Vows for thee broke deſerve not Puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore: But I will prove,
Thou being a Goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love,
Thy Grace being gain'd, cures all Diſgrace in me.
My Vow was Breath, and Breath a Vapour is,
Then thou fair Sun, that on this Earth doth ſhine,
Exhale this Vapour Vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no Fault of mine.
If by me broke, what Fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an Oath to win a Paradiſe?

---

## *True Content.*

SO is it not with me, as with that Muſe,
Stirr'd by a painted Beauty to his Verſe,
Who Heaven it ſelf for Ornament doth uſe,
And every Fair with his Fair doth rehearſe,
Making a Complement of proud Compare
With Sun and Moon, with Earth and Seas rich Gems:
With *April*'s firſt-born Flowers and all things rare,
That Heaven's Air, in this huge Rondure hems,
O! let me true in Love but truly Write,
And then believe me, my Love is as fair
As any Mother's Child, tho' not ſo bright
As thoſe Gold Candels fix'd in Heaven's Air.

Let

Let them ſay more, that like of Hear-ſay well,
I will not praiſe, that Purpoſe not to ſell.

---

## *A baſhful Lover.*

AS an unperfect Actor on the Stage,
Who with his Fear is put beſides his Part;
Or ſome fierce Thing repleat with too much Rage,
Whoſe Strength abundance, weakens his own Heart;
So I for fear of Truſt, forget to ſay,
The perfect Ceremony of Love's Right,
And in mine own Love's Strength ſeem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with Burthen of mine own Love's Might.
O! let my Books be then the Eloquence,
And dumb Preſagers of my ſpeaking Breaſt,
Who plead for Love, and look for Recompence,
More, than that Tongue, that more hath more expreſt.
O! learn to read what ſilent Love hath writ,
To hear with Eyes belongs to Love's fine Wit.

---

## *Strong Conceit.*

MY Glaſs ſhall not perſwade me I am Old,
So long as Youth and thou art of one Date;
But when in thee Times Sorrows I behold,
Then look I Death my Days ſhould expiate.
For all that Beauty, that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly Rayment of my Heart,
Which in thy Breaſt doth live, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder, than thou art?

O!

O! therefore, Love be of thy self so wary,
As I not for my self, but for thee, will,
Bearing thy Heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender Nurse her Babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy Heart when mine is slain,
Thou gave'st me thine not to give back again.

---

## *A sweet Provocation.*

SWeet *Cytherea*, sitting by a Brook,
With young *Adonis*, lovely, fresh and green,
Did Court the Lad with many a lovely Look;
Such Looks as none could look but Beauties Queen.
She told him Stories, to delight his Ears;
She show'd him Favours, to allure his Eye;
To win his Heart, she toucht him here and there;
Touches so soft, still conquer Chastity.
But whether unripe Years did want Conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd Proffer,
The tender Nibler would not touch the Bait,
But smile, and jest, at every gentle offer.
Then fell she on her Back, fair Queen, and toward,
He rose and ran away, ah! Fool too froward.

---

## *A constant Vow.*

IF Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O! never Faith could hold, if not to Beauty vow'd:
Tho' to my self forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove,
Those thoughts to me like Oaks, to thee like Osiers bow'd.

Study his byas Leaves, and makes his Book thine Eyes,
Where all thoſe Pleaſures live, that Art can comprehend.
If Knowledge be the Mark, to know Thee ſhall ſuffice:
Well learned is that Tongue, that well can thee commend!
All ignorant that Soul, that ſees thee without Wonder,
Which is to me ſome Praiſe, that I thy Parts admire.
Thine Eye *Jove*'s Lightning ſeems, thy Voice his dreadful Thunder
Which (not to Anger bent) is Muſick and ſweet Fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, O! do not love that Wrong,
To ſing Heaven's Praiſe, with ſuch an earthly Tongue.

---

## *The Exchange.*

A Woman's Face, with Nature's own Hand painted,
Haſt thou the Maſter, Miſtreſs of my Paſſion;
A Woman's gentle Heart but not acquainted
With ſhifting Change, as is falſe Womens Faſhion.
An Eye more bright, than theirs, leſs falſe in rowling:
Gilding the Object whereupon it gazeth.
A Man in hew all *Hews* in his controuling,
Which ſteals Mens Eyes, and Womens Souls amazeth:
And for a Woman wer't thou firſt created,
Till Nature as ſhe wrought thee, fell a doting,
And by Addition me of thee defeated;
By adding one thing to my Purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for Womens Pleaſure,
Mine be thy Love and thy Loves Uſe their Treaſure.

*A diſ-*

# *A Diſconſolation.*

WEary with Toil, I haſte me to my Bed,
The dear Repoſe for Limbs with Travail tired,
But then begins a Journey in my Head
To work my Mind, when Bodies work's expired.
For then my Thoughts (far from where I abide)
Intend a zealous Pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping Eye-lids open wide,
Looking on Darkneſs, which the Blind do ſee.
Save that my Soul's imaginary Sight
Preſents their Shadow to my ſightleſs View;
Which like a Jewel (hung in ghaſtly Night)
Makes black Night beauteous and her old Face new.
Lo! thus by Day my Limbs, by Night my Mind,
For thee, and for my ſelf no Quiet find.

How can I then return in happy Plight,
That am debar'd the Benefit of Reſt?
When Days Oppreſſion is not eas'd by Night,
But Day by Night, and Night by Day oppreſt?
And each (tho' Enemies to others reign)
Do in Conſent ſhake Hands to torture me:
The one by Toil, the other to complain,
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to pleaſe him thou art bright,
And do'ſt him grace when Clouds do blot the Heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd Night,
When ſparkling Stars tweer out, thou guil'ſt th' Even.
But Day doth daily draw my Sorrows longer,
And Night doth nightly make Grief's length, ſeem ſtronger.
When in Diſgrace with Fortune and Mens Eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-caſt State,

And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootleſs Cries,
And look upon my ſelf and Curſe my Fate.
Wiſhing me like to one more Rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with Friends poſſeſt;
Deſiring this Man's Art, and that Man's Scope,
With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt.
Yet in theſe Thoughts my ſelf almoſt deſpiſing,
Haply I think on thee, and then my State,
(Like to the Lark at break of Day ariſing)
From ſullen Earths Sings Hymns at Heaven's Gate.
For thy ſweet Love remembred ſuch Wealth brings,
That then I ſcorn to change my State with Kings.

---

## *Cruel Deceit.*

SCarce had the Sun dry'd up the dewy Morn,
And ſcarce the Herd gone to the Hedge for Shade:
When *Cytherea* (all in Love forlorn)
A longing Tariance for *Adonis* made
Under an Oſier growing by a Brook:
A Brook, where *Adon* us'd to cool his Spleen.
Hot was the Day, ſhe hotter; that did look
For his Approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark Naked on the Brooks green Brim:
The Sun look't on the World with glorious Eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queen on him:
He ſpying her, bounc'd in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh! *Jove* (quoth ſhe) why was not I a Flood?

## *The Unconſtant Lover.*

FAir is my Love, but not ſo Fair as Fickle ;
Mild as a Dove, but neither true nor truſty;
Brighter, than Glaſs, and yet as Glaſs is brittle ;
Softer, than Wax, and yet as Iron ruſty ;
A Lilly Pale, with Damask Die to Grace her,
None Fairer, nor none Falſer to Deface her.

Her Lips to mine how often hath ſhe join'd,
Between each Kiſs her Oaths of true Love ſwearing ?
How many Tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe Coined,
Dreading my Love, the Loſs thereof ſtill fearing.
Yet in the midſt of all her pure Proteſtings,
Her Faith, her Oaths, her Tears, and all were Jeaſtings
She burnt with Love, as Straw with Fire flameth ;
She burnt out Love, as ſoon as Straw out burneth ;
She fram'd the Love, and yet ſhe foil'd the Framing ;
She bad Love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a Lover, or a Letcher whether ?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

---

## *The Benefit of Friendſhip.*

WHen, to the Seſſions of ſweet ſilent Thought,
I ſummon up Remembrance of things paſt,
I Sigh the lack of many a Thing I ſought,
And with old Woes new wail my dear Times waſte.
Then can I drown an Eye (unus'd to flow)
For precious Friends hid in Death's dateleſs Night,

And weep a fresh Loves long since cancell'd VVoe,
And moan th' Expence of many a vanish'd Sight.
Then can I grieve at Grievances foregone,
And heavily from VVoe to VVoe tell o'er
The sad Account of fore-bemoaned Moan,
VVhich I new pay, as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee (dear Friend)
All Losses are restor'd, and Sorrows end.

Thy Bosom is indeared with all Hearts,
VVhich I by lacking have supposed Dead;
And there reigns Love and all Loves loving Parts,
And all those Friends, which I thought buried.
How many a Holy and Obsequious Tear
Hath dear Religious Love stolen from mine Eye,
As Interest of the Dead, which now appear,
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lye.
Thou art the Grave where buried Love doth live.
Hung with the Trophies of my Lovers gone;
VVho all their Parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their Images I lov'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou survive my well contented Day,
VVhen that Churl Death my Bones with Dust shall cover;
And shalt by Fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude Lines of thy deceased Lover:
Compare them with the bett'ring of the Time,
And though they be out-stript by every Pen,
Reserve them for my Love, not for their Rhime,
Exceeded by the height of happier Men.
Oh! then vouchsafe me but this loving Thought,
Had my Friends Muse grown with this growing Age,
A dearer Birth, than this his Love had brought
To march in Ranks of better Equipage:

But

But ſince he Dyed, and Poets better prove,
Theirs for their Stile I'll read, his for his Love.

---

## *Friendly Concord.*

IF Muſick and ſweet Poetry agree,
As they muſt needs (the Siſter and the Brother)
Then muſt the Love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
*Dowland* to thee is Dear, whoſe heavenly Touch
Upon the Lute, doth raviſh human Senſe:
*Spencer* to me, whoſe deep Conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all Conceit, needs no Defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious Sound,
That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queen of Muſick) makes
And I in deep Delight am chiefly Drown'd,
VVhen as himſelf to Singing he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets fain)
One Knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

---

## *Inhumanity.*

FAir was the Morn, when the fair Queen of Love,
Paler for Sorrow than her milk white Dove,
For *Adons* Sake, a Youngſter Proud and VVild,
Her Stand ſhe takes upon a ſteep up Hill.
Anon *Adonis* comes with Horn and Hounds,
She ſilly Queen, with more, than Loves good VViſh,
Forbad the Boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe Grounds,
Once (quoth ſhe) did I ſee a fair ſweet Youth

Here in theſe Brakes, deep wounded with a Boar,
Deep in the Thigh a Spectacle of Ruth,
See in my Thigh (quoth ſhe) here was the Sore,
She ſhewed hers, he ſaw more VVounds then one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

---

## *A Congratulation.*

HOW can my Muſe want Subject to invent,
VVhile thou doſt breath that pour'ſt into my Verſe
Thine own ſweet Argument, too Excellent,
For every vulgar Paper to Rehearſe.
Oh! give thy ſelf the Thanks if ought in me,
VVorthy Peruſal ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dull, that cannot VVrite to thee,
VVhen thou thy ſelf doſt give Invention Light?
Be thou the tenth Muſe, ten times more in worth,
Than thoſe old Nine, which Rhimers invocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal Numbers to out-live long Date.
If my ſlight Muſe do pleaſe theſe curious Days,
The Pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the Praiſe.

Oh! how thy VVorth with Manners may I Sing,
VVhen thou art all the better Part of me?
VVhat can mine own Praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own when I Praiſe thee?
Even for this, let us devided Live,
And our dear Love loſe Name of ſingle one;
That by this Separation I may give:
That due to thee, which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
Oh! Abſence what a Torment wouldſt thou prove,
VVere't not that thy ſour Leiſure gave ſweet Leave,

To

To entertain the Time with Thoughts of Love,
Who Time and Thoughts ſo ſweetly doſt deceive.
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my Loves, my Love, yea take them all,
What haſt thou then more, than thou hadſt before?
No Love, my Love, that thou may'ſt true Love call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more.
Then if for my Love, thou my Love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my Love thou uſeſt;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thy ſelf decieveſt
By wilful Taſte of what thy ſelf refuſeſt.
I do forgive thy Robb'ry, gentle Thief,
Although thou ſteal thee all my Poverty:
And yet Love knows it is a greater Grief
To bear Love's Wrong, than hates known Injury.
Laſcivious Grace, in whom all Ill well ſhows,
Kill me with Spight, yet we muſt not be Foes.

---

## *Loſs and Gain.*

THoſe pretty Wrongs that Liberty commits,
When I am ſometimes abſent from thy Heart,
Thy Beauty, and thy Years full well befits,
For ſtill Temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beautious thou art, and therefore to be aſſailed,
And when a Woman woos, what Woman's Son,
Will ſourely leave her till he have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightſt my Seat forbear,
And chide thy Beauty and thy ſtraying Youth,

Who

Who lead thee in their Riot even there,
Where thou art forc't to break a twofold Truth:
Hers by thy Beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy Beauty being falſe to me.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my Grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly,
That ſhe hath thee is of my wayling Chief,
A Loſs in Love that touches me more nearly.
Loving Offenders thus I will excuſe ye,
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou knowſt I love her,
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my Friend for my ſake to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my Loſs is my Love's Gain,
And loſing her, my Friend hath found that Loſs.
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this Croſs.
But here's the Joy, my Friend, and I are one,
Sweet Flattery, then ſhe loves but me alone.

---

## *Fooliſh Diſdain.*

VEnus with *Adonis* ſitting by her,
Under a Mirtle Shade began to woo him.
She told the Youngling how God *Mars* did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike God embrac't me,
And then ſhe clipt *Adonis* in her Arms.
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike God unlac't me,
As if the Boy ſhould uſe like loving Charms.
Even thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my Lips,
And with her Lips on his did act the Seizure:

And

And as ſhe fetched Breath, away he skips,
And would not take her Meaning, nor her Pleaſure.
Ah! that I had my Lady at this Bay:
To kiſs and clip me till I run away.

---

## *Ancient Antipathy.*

CRabbed Age and Youth cannot live together;
Youth is full of Pleaſance, Age is full of Care;
Youth like Summer Morn, Age like Winter Weather;
Youth like Summer brave, Age like Winter bare.
Youth is full of Sport, Ages Breath is ſhort;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I do abhor thee, Youth I do adore thee;
O my Love my Love is young:
Age I do defie thee, Oh! ſweet Shepherd hie thee:
For me thinks thou ſtays too long.

---

## *Beauty's Valuation.*

BEauty is but a vain and doubtful Good,
A ſhining Gloſs, that fadeth ſuddenly;
A Flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud,
A brittle Glaſs, that's broken preſently.
A doubtful Good, a Gloſs, a Glaſs, a Flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an Hour.

And

And as Goods loſt, are ſeld or never found;
As faded Gloſs no rubbing will refreſh;
As Flowers dead, lie withered on the Ground;
As broken Glaſs no Scement can redreſs;
So Beauty blemiſht once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of Phyſick, Painting, Pain and Coſt.

---

## *Melancholy Thoughts.*

IF the dull Subſtance of my Fleſh were Thought,
Injurious Diſtance ſhould not ſtop my Way;
For then deſpight of Space I would be brought,
To Limits far remote, where thou do'ſt ſtay.
No matter then although my Foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt Earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble Thought can jump both Sea and Land,
As ſoon as think the Place where he would be.
But ah! Thought kills me, that I am not Thought,
To leap large Lengths of Miles when thou art gone;
But that ſo much of Earth and Water wrought,
I muſt attend, Time's Leiſure with my Moan;
Receiving Naught by Elements ſo ſlow,
But heavy Tears, Badges of eithers Wo.

The other two, ſlight Air, and purging Fire
Are both with thee, where ever I abide;
The firſt my Thought, the other my Deſire.
Theſe preſent abſent with ſwift Motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embaſſy of Love to thee,
My Life being made of Four, with two alone,
Sinks down to Death, oppreſt with Melancholy.
Until Live's Compoſition be recured,

By

By thoſe ſwift Meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again aſſured
Of their fair Health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back again and ſtraight grow ſad.

---

## *Love's Loſs.*

SWeet Roſe, fair Flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded
Pluck'd in the Bud, and faded in the Spring:
Bright orient Pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded,
Fair Creature kill'd too ſoon by Death's ſharp Sting:
Like a green Plumb, that hangs upon a Tree,
And falls (thro' Wind) before the Fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no Cauſe I have,
For why? Thou lefts me nothing in thy Will,
And yet thou lefts me more, than I did crave,
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes (dear Friend) I Pardon crave of thee,
Thy Diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

---

## *Love's Relief.*

FULL many a glorious Morning have I ſeen,
Flatter the Mountain Tops with ſoveraign Eye,
Kiſſing with golden Face the Meadows green;
Gilding pale Streams with heavenly Alcumy;
Anon permit the baſeſt Clouds to ride,
With ugly Rack on his celeſtial Face,

And

And from the forlorn World his Viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to VVeſt with this Diſgrace.
Even ſo my Sun one early Morn did ſhine,
VVith all triumphant Splendor on my Brow.
But out alack! he was but one Hour mine,
The Region Cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my Love no whit diſdaineth,
Suns of the VVorld may ſtain, when Heaven's Sun (ſtaineth.
VVhy didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous Day,
And make me travail forth without my Cloak,
To let baſe Clouds o'er-take me in my VVay,
Hiding thy Bravery in their rotten Smoke.
'Tis not enough, that thro' the Cloud thou break,
To dry the Rain on my ſtorm-beaten Face,
For no Man well of ſuch a Salve can ſpeak,
That heals the Wound, and cures not the Diſgrace:
Nor can thy Shame give Phyſick to my Grief,
Tho' thou repent, yet I have ſtill the Loſs;
Th' Offender's Sorrow lends but weak Relief
To him, that bears ſtrong Offences Loſs.
Ah! but thoſe Tears are Pearl which thy Love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill Deeds.

No more be griev'd at that, which thou haſt done,
Roſes have Thorns and ſilver Fountains Mud,
Clouds and Eclipſes ſtain both Moon and Sun,
And loathſom Canker lives in ſweeteſt Bud.
All Men make Faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy Treſpaſs with Compare,
My ſelf corrupting ſalving thy Amiſs,
Excuſing their Sins more, than their Sins are.
For to my ſenſual Fault I bring in Senſe,
Thy adverſe Party is thy Advocate,
And 'gainſt my ſelf a lawful Plea commence;
Such civil War is in my Love and Hate,

That

That I an Accessary needs must be,
To that sweet Theif which sorely robs from me.

---

## *Unanimity.*

LET me confess, that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided Loves are one.
So shall those Blots, that do with me remain,
VVithout thy Help, by me be born alone.
In our two Loves there is but one Respect,
Though in our Lives a seperable Spight,
VVhich though it alter not Loves sole Effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet Hours from Love's Delight.
I may not ever-more acknowledge thee,
Least my bewailed Guilt should do thee Shame,
Nor thou with publick Kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that Honour from thy Name.
But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good Report.

As a decrepit Father takes Delight
To see his active Child do Deeds of Youth,
So I, made Lame by Fortunes dearest Spight,
Take all my Comfort of thy VVorth and Truth.
For whether Beauty, Birth, or VVealth, or VVit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their Parts, do crowned sit,
I make my Love ingrafted to this Store:
So then I am not Lame, Poor, nor despis'd,
VVhilst that this Shadow doth such Substance give,
That I in thy Abundance am suffic'd:
And by a Part of all thy Glory live:

Look

Look what is beſt, that Beſt I wiſh in thee,
This Wiſh I have, then ten Times happy me.

---

## *Loath to depart.*

GOod Night, good Reſt, ah neither be my Share!
She bad good Night, that kept my Reſt away.
And daft me to a Cabben hang'd with Care
To deſcant on the Doubts of my Decay.
Farewel (quoth ſhe) and come again to Morrow:
Farewel I could not, for I ſupt with Sorrow.

Yet at my Parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In Scorn, or Friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
It may be ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my Exile;
It may be again to make me wander thither.
Wander (a Word) for Shadows like my ſelf,
As take the Pain, but cannot pluck the Pelf.

Lord how mine Eyes throw Gazes to the Eaſt!
My Heart doth charge the Watch; the Morning Riſe
Doth ſcite each moving Senſe from idle Reſt,
Not daring truſt the Office of mine Eyes.
While *Philomela* ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her Lays were tuned like the Lark.

For ſhe doth welcome Day-light with her Ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming Night:
The Night ſo packt, I poſt unto my Pretty;
Heart hath his Hope, and Eyes their wiſhed Sight,
Sorrow chang'd toSolace, and Solace mixt with Sor-
For why, ſhe ſigh'd, and bad me come to morrow. (row,

VVere

Were I with her the Night would poſt too ſoon:
But now are Minutes added to the Hours:
To ſpite me now, each Minute ſeems an Hour,
Yet not for me, ſhine Sun to ſuccour Flowers.
Pack Night, peep Day, good Day of Night now borrow,
Short Night, to Night, and length thy ſelf to Morrow.

---

## *A Maſter-piece.*

MIne Eye hath play'd the Painter and hath ſteel'd
Thy Beauties Form in Table of my Heart.
My Body is the Frame, wherein 'tis held,
And Perſpective it is beſt Painters Art.
For thro' the Painter muſt you ſee his Skill
To find where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my Boſom's Shop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his Windows glazed with thine Eyes.
Now ſee what good Turns Eyes for Eyes have done,
Mine Eyes have drawn thy Shape, and thine for me
Are Windows to my Breaſt, where thro' the Sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
Yet Eyes this cunning Want to grace their Art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the Heart.

---

## *Happineſs in Content.*

LET thoſe, who are in Favour with their Stars,
Of publick Honour and proud Titles boaſt:

Whilſt I, whom Fortune of ſuch Triumph bars,
Unlook'd for Joy in that, I honour moſt.
Great Princes Favourites their fair Leaves ſpread;
But as the Marigold at the Sun's Eye,
And in themſelves their Pride lies buried;
For at a Frown they in their Glory die.
The painful Warriour famouſed for Worth,
After a thouſand Victories once foil'd,
Is from the Book of Honour razed quite,
And all the reſt forgot, for which he toil'd.
Then happy I that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

---

## *A dutiful Meſſage.*

LORD of my Love, to whom in Vaſſalage
Thy Merit hath my Duty ſtrongly knit;
To thee I ſend this written Ambaſſage
To witneſs Duty, not to ſhew my Wit.
Duty ſo great, which Wit ſo poor as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting Words to ſhew it;
But that I hope ſome good Conceit of thine
In thy Soul's Thought (all naked) will beſtow it.
Till whatſoever Star, that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair Aſpect,
And puts Apparrel on my tottered Loving,
To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet Reſpect.
Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee,
Till then, not ſhow my Head, where thou may'ſt prove me.

*Go*

## *Go and come quickly.*

HOW heavy do I journey on the Way,
When, That, I ſeek (my weary Travels end)
Doth teach that Eaſe and that Repoſe to ſay
Thus far the Miles are meaſur'd from thy Friend?
The Beaſt, that bears me, tir'd with my Wo,
Plods dully on, to bear that Weight in me,
As if by ſome Inſtinct the Wretch did know
His Rider lov'd not Speed being made from thee.
The bloody Spur cannot provoke him on,
That ſometimes Anger thruſts into his Hide;
Which heavily he anſwers with a Groan,
More ſharp to me, than ſpurring to his Side.
For that ſame Groan doth put this in my Mind,
My Grief lies onward and my Joy behind.

Thus can my Love excuſe the ſlow Offence,
Of my dull Bearer, when from thee I ſpeed.
From where thou art why ſhould I haſte me thence?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.
O! what Excuſe will my poor Beaſt then find,
When ſwift Extremity can ſeem but ſlow?
Then ſhould I ſpur tho' mounted on the Wind;
In winged Speed no Motion ſhall I know.
Then can no Horſe with my Deſire keep Pace,
Therefore Deſire (of perfect Love being made)
Shall neigh no dull Fleſh in his fiery Race,
But Love for Love, thus ſhall excuſe my Jade.
Since from thee going, he went wilful ſlow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

# *Two faithful Friends.*

MIne Eye and Heart are at a mortal War
How to divide the Conqueſt of thy Sight.
Mine Eye, my Heart their Pictures Sight would bar,
My Heart, mine Eye the Freedom of that Right;
My Heart doth plead, that thou in him doſt lye;
(A Cloſet never pierc'd with Chriſtal Eyes)
But the Defendant doth that Plea deny,
And ſays in him their fair Appearance lies.
To ſide this Title is impannelled
A Queſt of Thoughts, all Tenants to the Heart,
And by their Verdict is determined
The clear Eyes Moiety, and the dear Heart's Part.
As thus; mine Eyes due is their outward Part,
And my Heart's Right, their inward Love of Heart.

Betwixt mine Eye and Heart a League is took,
And each doth good Turns now unto the other:
When that mine Eye is famiſht for a Look,
Or Heart in Love with Sighs himſelf doth ſmother;
With my Love's Picture then my Eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted Banquet bids my Heart.
Another Time mine Eye is my Heart's Gueſt,
And in his Thoughts of Love doth ſhare a Part.
So either by the Picture of my Love,
Thy ſelf away, are preſent ſtill with me,
For thou not farther, than my Thoughts canſt move,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee.
Or if they ſleep, thy Picture in my Sight
Awakes my Heart, to Heart's and Eyes Delight.

*Careleſs*

## *Careleſs Neglect.*

HOW careful was I, when I took my VVay,
Each Trifle under trueſt Bars to thruſt,
That to my Uſe it might unuſed ſtay
From Hands of Falſhood, in ſure VVards of Truſt?
But thou, to whom my Jewels Trifles are,
Moſt worthy Comfort, now my greateſt Grief.
Thou beſt of Deareſt, and mine only Care,
Art left the Prey of every vulgar Thief.
Thee have I not lockt up in any Cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
VVithin the gentle Cloſure of my Breaſt,
From whence at Pleaſure thou maiſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtol'n, I fear;
For Truth proves thieviſh for a Prize ſo dear.

---

## *Stout Reſolution.*

AGainſt that time (if ever that time come)
VVhen I ſhall ſee thee frown on my Defects;
VVhen as thy Love hath caſt his utmoſt Sum,
Call'd to that Audit by advis'd Reſpects;
Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
And ſcarcely greet me with that Sun thine Eye;
When Love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall Reaſons find of ſettled Gravity.
Againſt that time do I inſconce me here,
Within the Knowledge of mine own Deſert,
And this my Hand, againſt my ſelf uprear,
To guard the lawful Reaſons on thy Part;

To leave poor me thou haſt the Strength of Laws,
Since why to love, I can alledge no Cauſe.

---

# *A Duel.*

IT was a Lording's Daughter,
The faireſt one of three,
That liked of her Maſter, as well as well might be.
Till looking on an Engliſhman,
The faireſt Eye could ſee,
Her Fancy fell a turning.

Long was the Combat doubtful,
That Love with Love did fight,
To leave the Maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant Knight.
To put in practice either, alas it was a Spite
Unto the ſilly Damſel.

But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the Pain,
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to Gain;
For of the two the truſty Knight
Was wounded with Diſdain,
Alas! ſhe could not help it.

Thus Art with Arms contending, was Victor of the Day,
Which by a Gift of Learning, did bear the Maid away.
Then lullaby the learned Man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my Song is ended.

*Love*

## *Love-ſick.*

ON a Day (alack the Day)
Love, whoſe Month was ever *May*,
Spied a Bloſſom paſſing Fair,
Playing in the wanton Air.
Through the velvet Leaves the Wind,
All unſeen, gan Paſſage find,
That the Lover (ſick to Death)
Wiſht himſelf the Heaven's Breath.
Air (quoth he) thy Cheeks may blow;
Air! would I might triumph ſo!
But (alas) my Hand hath ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Throne,
Vow (alack) for Youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a Sweet,
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* would ſwear,
*Juno* but an Ethiope were,
And deny himſelf for *Jove*
Turning mortal for thy Love.

---

## *Love's Labour loſt.*

MY Flocks feed not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams ſpeed not, all is amiſs.
Love is dying, Faith's defying,
Heart's denying, Cauſer of this.

All my merry Jiggs are quite forgot,
All my Lady's Love is loſt (God wot)

Where her Faith was firmly fixt in Love,
There a Nay is plac't without Remove.
One ſilly Croſs, wrought all my Loſs;
O! frowning Fortune, curſed fickle Dame!
For now I ſee, Inconſtancy,
More in Women, than in Men remain.

In black Mourn I, all Fears ſcorn I,
Love hath forlorn me living in Thrall:
Heart is bleeding, all Help needing;
O! cruel Speeding, fraughted with Gall.
My Shepherd's Pipe can ſound no Deal,
My Weather's Bell rings doleful Knell,
My curtail Dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid.
With Sighs ſo deep, procures to weep,
In howling wiſe, to ſee my doleful Plight.
How Sighs reſound through heartleſs Ground,
Like a thouſand vanquiſht Men in bloody Fight.

Clear Wells ſpring not, ſweet Birds ſing not,
Green Plants bring not forth their Die.
Herds ſtand weeping, Flocks all ſleeping,
Nimphs black Peeping fearfully.
All our Pleaſure known to us poor Swains;
All our merry Meetings on the Plains;
All our Evening Sport from us is fled;
All our Love is loſt, for Love is dead.
Farewel, ſweet Love, thy like ne'er was,
For a ſweet Content the Cauſe of all my Woe;
Poor *Coridon* muſt live alone,
Other Help for him I ſee, that there is none.

*Wholeſome*

# *Wholeſome Counſel.*

WHen as thine Eye hath choſe the Dame,
And ſtal'd the Deer, that thou ſhouldſt ſtrike,
Let Reaſon rule things worthy Blame,
As well as Fancy (partly all might)
Take Counſel of ſome wiſer Head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy Tale to tell
Smooth not thy Tongue with filed Talk;
Leaſt ſhe ſome ſubtil Practiſe ſmell.
A Cripple ſoon can find a Halt!
But plainly ſay thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet her Perſon forth to Sale.

What though her frowning Brows be bent?
Her cloudy Looks will calm e'er Night.
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her Delight:
And twice deſire e'er it be Day,
That which with Scorn ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her Strength,
And ban, and braul, and ſay thee nay?
Her feeble Force will yield at length,
When Craft hath taught her thus to ſay:
Had Women been ſo ſtrong as Men,
In Faith, you had not had it then.

And to her Will frame all thy Ways,
Spare not to ſpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy Deſert may merit Praiſe
By ringing in thy Lady's Ear.

The

The ſtrongeſt Caſtle, Tower and Town,
The golden Bullet beats it down.

Serve always with aſſured Truſt,
And in thy Sute be humble true;
Unleſs thy Lady prove unjuſt,
Preaſe never thou to chuſe a New.
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlack,
To proffer though ſhe put it back.

The VViles and Guiles, that VVomen work,
Diſſembled with an outward Shew:
The Tricks and Toys, that in them lurk,
The Cock that treads them ſhall not know.
Have you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A Womans Nay doth ſtand for nought.

Think Women ſtill to ſtrive with Men,
To Sin, and never for to Saint.
There is no Heaven (by Holy then)
When Time with Age ſhall them attaint.
Were Kiſſes all the Joys in Bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But ſoft enough, too much I fear,
Leaſt, that my Miſtreſs hear my Song,
She will not ſtick to round me on th' Ear,
To teach my Tongue to be ſo long.
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To hear her Secrets ſo bewraid.

*Sat*

## *Sat fuiſſe.*

SIn of Self-love poſſeſſeth all mine Eye,
And all my Soul, and all my every Part;
And for this Sin there is no Remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my Heart.
Me thinks no Face ſo gracious is, as mine,
No Shape ſo true, no Truth of ſuch Account;
And for my ſelf mine own Worth do define,
As I all other in all Worths ſurmount.
But when my Glaſs ſhews me my ſelf indeed
Beated and chop'd with tann'd Antiquity,
Mine own Self-love quite contrary I read
Self, ſo ſelf-loving were Iniquity,
'Tis thee (my Self) that for my ſelf I praiſe,
Painting my Age with Beauty of thy Days.

---

## *A living Monument.*

NOt Marble, nor the guilded Monument
Of Princes ſhall out-live this powerful Rhime,
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe Contents,
Than unſwept Stone, beſmeer'd with ſluttiſh Time.
When waſteful War ſhall *Statutes* overturn,
And Broils root out the Work of Maſonry;
Nor *Mars* his Sword, nor War's quick Fire ſhall burn
The living Record of your Memory.
'Gainſt Death, and all oblivious Emnity
Shall you pace forth, your Praiſe ſhall ſtill find Room,
Even in the Eyes of all Poſterity,
That wear this World out to the ending Doom.

So

So till the Judgment, that your ſelf ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in Lovers Eyes.

---

## *Familiarity breeds Contempt.*

SO am I as the Rich, whoſe bleſſed Key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked Treaſure,
The which he will not every Hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine Point of ſeldom Pleaſure.
Therefore are Feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare;
Since ſeldom coming in the long Year ſet,
Like Stones of Worth they thinly placed are,
Or Captain Jewels in the Carconet.
So is the time, that keeps you, as my Cheſt,
Or as the Wardrobe, which the Robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpecial Inſtant ſpecial bleſt,
By new unfoulding his impriſon'd Pride.
Bleſſed are you whoſe Worthineſs gives Scope,
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

---

## *Patiens Armatus.*

IS it thy Will, thy Image ſhould keep open
My heavy Eye-lids to the weary Night?
Doſt thou deſire my Slumbers ſhou'd be broken,
While Shadows like to thee do mock my Sight?
Is it thy Spirit, that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So far from Home, into my Deeds to pry?
To find out Shames and Idle Hours in me,
The Scope and Tenure of thy Jealouſy?

O! no, thy Love tho' much, is not ſo great,
It is my Love, that keeps mine Eye awake.
Mine own true Love, that doth my Reſt defeat,
To play the Watch-man ever for thy Sake.
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſe-where,
From me far off, with others all too near.

---

## *A Valediction.*

NO longer Mourn for me when I am Dead,
Then you ſhall hear the ſurly, ſullen Bell
Give Warning to the World, that I am fled
From this vile World with vileſt Worms to dwell.
Nay if you read this Line, remember not
The Hand, that writ it; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet Thoughts wou'd be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O! if (I ſay) you look upon this Verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with Clay,
Do not ſo much as my poor Name rehearſe;
But let your Love even with my Life Decay.
Leaſt the wiſe World ſhould look into your Moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

O! leaſt the World ſhould task you to recite,
What Merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love;
After my Death (dear Love) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing Worthy prove.
Unleſs you would deviſe ſome vertuous Lye,
To do more for me now, than mine own Deſert,
And hang more Praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than nigard Truth wou'd willingly impart.
O! leaſt your true Love may ſeem falſe in this,

That

That you for Love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My Name be buried where my Body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me, nor you.
For I am Sham'd by that, which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented when, that fell Arreſt,
Without all Bail, ſhall carry me away,
My Life hath in this Line ſome Intereſt,
Which for Memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
VVhen thou revieweſt this, thou doſt review,
The very Part was Conſecrate to thee;
The Earth can have but Earth, which is his due;
My Spirit is thine the better Part of me.
So then thou haſt but loſt the Dregs of Life,
The Prey of VVorms, my Body being dead;
The Coward Conqueſt of a VVretch's Knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembred.
The VVorth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

---

## *Nil magnis Invidia.*

THat thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy Defect,
For Slanders Mark was ever yet the Fair;
The Ornament of Beauty is Suſpect;
A Crow that flies in Heaven's ſweeteſt Air.
So thou be good, Slander doth but approve
Their VVorth the greater being woo'd of Time,
For Canker Vice the ſweeteſt Buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained Prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the Ambuſh of young Days,
Either not aſſail'd, or Victor being charg'd,

Yet

Yet this thy Praiſe cannot be ſo thy Praiſe,
To tie up Envy, evermore inlarged;
If ſome ſuſpect of Ill mask not thy Show,
Then thou alone Kingdoms of Hearts ſhouldſt owe.

---

## *Love-ſick.*

O How I Faint when I of you do VVrite!
Knowing a better Spirit doth uſe your Name,
And in the Praiſe thereof ſpends all his Might,
To make me Tongue-ty'd ſpeaking of your Fame.
But ſince your Worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt Sail doth bear,
My ſaucy Bark (inferior far to his)
On your broad Main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt Help will hold me up a Float,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſs Deep doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthleſs Boat,
He of tall Building, and of goodly Pride.
Then if he thrive and I be caſt away
The worſt was this, my Love was my Decay.

Or ſhall I live your Epitaph to make?
Or you ſurvive when I in Earth am Rotten?
From hence your Memory Death cannot take,
Although in me each Part will be forgotten.
Your Name from hence immortal Life ſhall have,
Tho' I (once gone) to all the World muſt dye;
The Earth can yield me but a common Grave,
When you intombed in Mens Eyes ſhall lie,
Your Monument ſhall be my gentle Verſe,
Which Eyes not yet Created ſhall o'er-read;

And

And Tongues to be, your Being ſhall rehearſe.
When all the Breathers of this World are dead,
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch Vertue hath my Pen)
Where Breath moſt breaths, even in the Mouths of (Men.

---

## *The Picture of true Love.*

LET me not to the Marriage of true Minds
Admit Impediments Love is not Love,
Which alters when it Alteration finds,
Or bends with the Remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed Mark.
That looks on Tempeſts and is never ſhaken;
It is the Star to every wandring Bark,
Whoſe Worths unknown, altho' his Height be taken.
Lov's not time's Fool, tho' roſie Lips and Cheeks
Within his bending Sickle's Compaſs come;
Love alters not with his brief Hours and Weeks,
But bears it out even to the Edge of Doom.
If this be Error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no Man ever loved.

---

## *In Praiſe of his Love.*

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muſe,
And therefore mayſt without Attaint o'er-look
The dedicated Words which Writers uſe
Of their fair Subject, bleſſing every Book,
Thou art as fair in Knowledge as in Hew.
Finding thy Worth a Limit paſt my Praiſe, And

And therefore are inforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher Stamp of the time-bettering Days;
And do so love, yet when they have devis'd
What strained Touches Rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair, wert truly simpathiz'd,
In true plain Words, by thy true telling Friend.
And their gross Painting might be better us'd,
Where Cheeks need Blood, in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw, that you did Painting need,
And therefore to your Fair no Painting set.
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
The barren tender of a Poet's Debt:
And therefore have I slept in your Report;
That you your self being extant well might show,
How far a modern Quill doth come too short,
Speaking of Worth, what Worth in you doth grow.
This Silence of my Sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my Glory being dumb,
For I impair not Beauty being mute,
When others wou'd give Life and bring a Tomb.
There lives more Life in one of your fair Eyes,
Than both your Poets can in Praise devise.

Who is it, that says most, which can say more,
Than this rich Praise, that you alone are you?
In whose Confine immured is the Store,
Which should Example, where your Equal grew.
Lean Penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
That to his Subject lends not some small Glory:
But he, that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his Story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what Nature made so clear,
And such a Counter-part shall fame his Writ,
Making him still admir'd every where.

You to your beauteous Bleſſing add a Curſe,
Being fond on Praiſe, which makes your Praiſes worſe.

My Tongue-tide Muſe in Manners holds her ſtill,
While Comments of your Praiſe richly compil'd,
Reſerve their Character with golden Quill,
And precious Phraſe by all the Muſes fill'd. (Words
I think good Thoughts, whilſt other write good
And like unletter'd Clerk ſtill cry Amen
To every Hymn, that able Spirit affords,
In poliſht Form of well refin'd Pen.
Hearing you praiſed, I ſay 'tis ſo, 'tis true,
And to the moſt of Praiſe add ſomething more,
But that is in my Thought, whoſe Love to you
(Tho' Words come hind-moſt) holds his Rank before:
Then others, for the breath of Words reſpect,
Me for my dumb Thoughts, ſpeaking in Effect.

---

## *A Reſignation.*

WAs it the proud, full Sail of his great Verſe,
Bound for the Prize of (all too precious) you,
That did my ripe Thoughts in my Brain rehearſe,
Making their Tomb the Womb wherein they grew?
Was it his Spirit, by Spirits taught to write,
Above a mortal Pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No neither he nor his Compeers by Night
Giving him Aid, my Verſe aſtoniſhed.
He nor that affable familiar Ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with Intelligence,
As Victors of my Silence cannot boaſt,
I was not ſick of any fear from thence.

But

But when your Countenance fill'd up his Line,
Then lack't I Matter, that infeebl'd mine.

Farewel, thou art too dear for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou know'ſt thy Eſtimate:
The Charter of thy Worth gives thee releaſing:
My Bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that Riches where is my Deſerving?
The Cauſe of this fair Guift in me is wanting,
And ſo my Pattent back again is ſwerving.
Thy ſelf thou gav'ſt, thy own Worth then not know-
Or me to whom thou gav'ſt it elſe miſtaking; (ing,
So thy great Gift upon Miſpriſion growing,
Comes home again, on better Judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a Dream doth flatter,
In Sleep a King, but waking no ſuch matter.

---

## *Sympathizing Love.*

AS it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Month of May.
Sitting in a pleaſant Shade,
Which a Grove of Myrtles made,
Beaſts did leap and Birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did ſpring:
Every thing did baniſh Moan,
Save the Nightingale alone,
She (poor Bird) as all forlorn,
Lean'd her Breaſt up-till a Thorn,
And there ſung the doleful'ſt Ditty,
That to hear it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry
Teru, Teru, by and by.

That to hear her ſo complain,
Scarce I could from Tears refrain:
For her Griefs ſo lovely ſhown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vain,
None takes Pity on thy Pain.
Senſleſs Trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthleſs Bears, they will not chear thee;
King *Paudion* he is dead;
All thy Friends are lap'd in Lead;
All thy fellow Birds do ſing,
Careleſs of thy ſorrowing.
Whilſt as fickle Fortune ſmil'd,
Thou and I, were both beguil'd,
Every one, that flatters thee,
Is no Friend in Miſery.
Words are eaſie, like the Wind,
Faithful Friends are hard to find:
Every Man will be thy Friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crowns be ſcant,
No Man will ſupply thy Want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with ſuch like Flattering,
Pity but he was a King.
If he be addict to Vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to Women he be bent,
They have at Commandment.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great Renown.
They, that fawn'd on him before,
Uſe his Company no more.
He, that is thy Friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy Need.

If

If thou Sorrow, he will Weep:
If thou Awake, he cannot Sleep.
Thus of every Grief, in Heart
He, with thee, doth bear a Part.
Theſe are certain Signs, to know
Faithful Friend, from Flattering Foe.

---

## *A Requeſt to his ſcornful Love.*

WHen thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my Merit in the Eye of Scorn,
Upon thy Side, againſt thy ſelf I'll Fight,
And prove thee Vertuous, tho' thou art Forſworn.
With mine own Weakneſs being beſt acquainted,
Upon thy Part I can ſet down a Story
Of Faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looſing me, ſhall win much Glory:
And I by this will be a Gainer too,
For bending all my loving Thoughts on thee,
The Injuries that to my ſelf I do,
Doing thee Vantage double Vantage me.
Such is my Love; to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy Right, my ſelf will bear all Wrong.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome Fault,
And I will comment upon that Offence;
Speak of my Lameneſs, and I ſtraight will halt;
Againſt thy Reaſons making no Defence.
Thou canſt not (Love) Diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a Form upon deſir'd Change,
As I'll my ſelf Diſgrace; knowing thy Will,
I will Acquaintance ſtrangle and look ſtrange;
Be abſent from thy Walks and in my Tongue,

Thy ſweet beloved Name no more ſhall dwell,
Leaſt I (too much Prophane) ſhould do it Wrong:
And haply of our old Acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt my ſelf I'll vow Debate,
For I muſt ne'er Love him, whom thou doſt Hate.

Then Hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the World is bent my Deeds to croſs;
Joyn with the Spight of Fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after Loſs:
Ah! do not, when my Heart hath 'ſcapt this Sorrow,
Come in the Rereward of a Conquer'd Woe!
Give not a windy Night a rainy Morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd Overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty Griefs have done their Spight;
But in the Onſet come, ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of Fortunes might.
And other Strains of Woe, which now ſeem Woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

Some glory in their Birth, ſome in their Skill;
Some in their Wealth; ſome in their Bodies force;
Some in their Garments tho' new-fangled ill;
Some in their Hawks and Hounds, ſome in their Horſe.
And every Humour hath his adjunct Pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a Joy above the reſt.
But theſe Particulars are not my Meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general Beſt.
Thy Love is better, than high Birth to me,
Richer, than Wealth, prouder than Garments Coſt;
Of more Delight, than Hawks or Horſes be:
And having thee, of all Mens Pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayſt take,
All this away, and me moſt Wretched make.

## *A Lovers Affection, tho' his Love prove Unconſtant.*

BUT do thy worſt to ſteal thy ſelf away,
For Term of Life thou art aſſured mine;
And Life no longer, than my Love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that Love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of Wrongs;
When in the leaſt of them my Life hath End,
I ſee, a better State to me belongs,
Than that, which on my Humour doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant Mind.
Since that my Life on thy Revolt doth lie,
Oh! what a happy Title do I find,
Happy to have thy Love, happy to Die!
But what's ſo bleſſed Fair, that fears no Blot?
Thou may'ſt be Falſe, and yet I know it not.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived Husband; ſo Loves Face
May ſtill ſeem Love to me tho' alter'd new:
Thy Looks with me, thy Heart in other Place.
For there can live no Hatred in thine Eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy Change.
In manies Looks, the falſe Heart's Hiſtory
Is writ in Moods and Frowns and Wrinkles ſtrange.
But Heaven in thy Creation did decree,
That in thy Face ſweet Love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy Thoughts, or thy Heart's workings be,
Thy Looks ſhall nothing thence but Sweetneſs tell.
How like *Eves* Apple doth thy Beauty grow,
If thy ſweet Vertue anſwer not thy Show.

They that have Power to Hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the Thing, they muſt do ſhow;

Who moving others, are themſelves as Stone,
Unmov'd, Cold, and to Temptation ſlow.
They rightly do inherit Heaven's Graces,
And husband Nature's Riches from Expence;
They are the Lords and Owners of their Faces,
Others, but Stewards of their Excellence.
The Summer's Flower is to the Summer ſweet,
Tho' to it ſelf, it only Live and Die,
But if that Flower with baſe Infection meet,
The baſeſt Weed out-braves his Dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſowereſt by their Deeds,
Lillies, that feſter, ſmell far worſe, than Weeds.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the Shame,
VVhich like a Canker in the fragrant Roſe,
Doth Spot the Beauty of thy budding Name?
Oh! in what Sweets doſt thou thy Sins incloſe!
That Tongue, that tells the Story of thy Days,
(Making Laſcivious Comments on thy Sport)
Cannot diſpraiſe, but in a kind of Praiſe;
Naming thy Name, bleſſes an ill Report.
Oh! what a Manſion have thoſe Vices got,
VVhich for their Habitation chooſe out thee!
VVhere Beauties Vail doth cover every Blot,
And all things turns to Fair, that Eyes can ſee!
Take heed (dear Heart) of this large Privilege,
The hardeſt Knife ill us'd doth loſe his Edge.

---

## *Complaint for his Lovers Abſence.*

HOVV like a VVinter hath my Abſence been
From thee, the Pleaſure of the fleeting Year!
VVhat Freezings have I felt, what dark Days ſeen?
VVhat

VVhat old *December*'s Barenness every where ?
And yet this Time remov'd was Summer's Time;
The teeming Autumn big with rich Increase,
Bearing the wanton Burthen of the Prime,
Like widow'd VVombs after their Lord's Decease.
Yet this abundant Issue seem'd to me,
But Hope of Orphans and un-father'd Fruit,
For Summer and his Pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very Birds are mute.
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a Chear,
That Leaves look Pale, dreading the VVinters near.

From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud py'd *April*, (Dress't in all his Trim)
Hath put a Spirit of Youth in every thing;
That heavy *Saturn* laugh'd and leap'd with him:
Yet not the Lays of Birds, nor the sweet Smell
Of different Flowers in Odor and in Hew,
Cou'd make me any Summers Story tell;
Or from their proud Lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor Praise the deep Vermillion in the Rose,
They were but sweet, but Figures of Delight,
Drawn after you, you Pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it VVinter still, and you away,
As with your Shadow I with these did play.

The forward Violet thus did I chide, (smells?
Sweet Thief whence didst thou steal thy Sweet that
If not from my Loves Breath ? The purple Pride,
VVhich on thy soft Cheek for Complexion dwells
In my Lov's Veins thou hast too grosly dy'd
The Lilly I Condemned for thy Hand,
And Buds of Marjerom had stol'n thy Hair,
The Roses fearfully on Thorns did stand,
Our blushing Shame, another white Despair,

A third nor red, nor white, had ſtol'n of both,
And to his Robb'ry had annext thy Breath;
But for his Theft in Pride of all his Growth,
A vengeful Canker eat him up to Death.
More Flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But Sweet, or Colour it had ſtol'n from thee.

---

## *An Invocation to his Muſe.*

WHere art thou Muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long,
To ſpeak of that, which gives thee all thy Might?
Spend'ſt thou thy Fury on ſome worthleſs Song,
Darkning thy Power to lend baſe Subjects Light?
Return, forgetful Muſe, and ſtraight redeem,
In gentle Numbers, Time ſo idely ſpent;
Sing to the Ear, that doth thy Lays eſteem,
And give thy Pen both Skill and Argument.
Riſe, reſty Muſe, my Love's ſweet Face ſurvey,
If time hath any Wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a *Satir* to Decay,
And make Time's Spoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my Love Fame, faſter than Time waſts Life,
So thou prevent'ſt his Sithe, and crooked Knife.

Oh! truant Muſe! what ſhall be thy Amends,
For thy neglect of Truth in Beauty dy'd?
But Truth and Beauty on my Love depends:
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe, wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no Colour with his Colour fixt;
Beauty no Pencil, Beauty's Truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermixt,
Becauſe he needs no Praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?

Excuſe

Excuſe no Silence ſo, for't lies in thee,
To make her much out-live a gilded Tomb:
And to be prais'd of Ages yet to be.
Then do thy Office, Muſe, I teach thee how,
To make her ſeem long hence, as ſhe ſhows now.

---

## *Conſtant Affection.*

TO me fair Love you never can be Old,
For as you were when firſt your Eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your Beauty ſtill. Three Winters Cold,
Have from the Foreſts ſhook three Summers Pride;
Three beauteous Springs to yellow *Autumn* turn'd,
In Proceſs of the Seaſons have I ſeen;
Three *April* Perfumes in three hot *Junes* burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you, freſh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth Beauty like a Dial-Hand,
Steal from his Figure, and no Place perceiv'd;
So your ſweet Hew, which, me thinks, ſtill do ſtand,
Hath Motion, and mine Eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this thou Age unbred,
E'er you was born was Beauty's Summer dead.

Let not my Love by call'd Idolatry,
Nor my Beloved as an Idol Show;
Since all alike my Songs and Praiſes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my Love to Day, to Morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous Excellence;
Therefore my Verſe to Conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out Difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my Argument;
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other Words;

And

And in this Change is my Invention ſpent,
Three Theams in one, which wondrous Scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone.
Which three till now, never Sate in one.

When in the Chronicle of waſted Time,
I ſee Deſcriptions of the faireſt Wights,
And Beauty making beautiful old Rhime,
In praiſe of Ladies dead, and lovely Knights;
Then in the Blazon of ſweet Beauty's beſt,
Of Hand, of Foot, of Lip, of Eye, of Brow,
I ſee their antick Pen would have expreſs,
Even ſuch a Beauty as you maſter now.
So all their Praiſes are but Propheſies
Of this our Time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining Eyes,
They had not ſtill enough your Worth to ſing:
For we who now behold theſe preſent Days,
Have Eyes to wonder, but lack Tongues to praiſe.

---

## *Amazement.*

MY Love is ſtrengthned, tho' more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, tho' leſs the Show appear:
That Love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich Eſteeming,
the Owner's Tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our Love was new, and then but in the Spring,
When I was wont to greet it in my Lays,
As *Philomel* in Summer's Front doth ſing,
And ſtops his Pipe in Growth of riper Days.
Not that the Summer is leſs pleaſant now,
Than when her mournful Hymns did huſh the Night;

But

But that wild Muſick burthens every Bough,
And Sweets grown common loſe their dear Delight!
Therefore like her I ſometime hold my Tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my Song.

Alack! what Poverty my Muſe brings forth!
That having ſuch a Scope to ſhow her Pride,
The Argument all bare, is of more Worth,
Than when it hath my added Praiſe beſide.
Oh! blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your Glaſs, and there appears a Face,
That overgoes my blunt Invention quite,
Dulling my Lines, and doing me Diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then ſtriving to mend,
To marr the Subject that before was well?
For to no other paſs my Verſes tend,
Than of your Graces, and your Gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my Verſe can ſit,
Your own Glaſs ſhows you, when you look in it.

---

## *A Lover's Excuſe for his long Abſence.*

O! never ſay that I was falſe of Heart,
Tho' Abſence ſeem'd my Flame to qualify;
As eaſie might I from my ſelf depart,
As from my Soul which in my Breaſt doth lie.
That is my Home of Love, if I have rang'd,
Like him, that travels I return again
Juſt to the Time, not with the Time exchang'd.
So that my ſelf bring Water for my Stain,
Never believe, tho' in my Nature reign'd
All Frailties, that beſiege all Kinds of Blood,

That

That it could ſo prepoſterouſly be ſtained,
To leave for nothing all thy Sum of Good:
For nothing this wide Univerſe I call,
Save thou, my Roſe, in it thou art my All.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there;
And made my ſelf a Motely to the View;
Gor'd mine own Thoughts, ſold cheap what is moſt (dear;
Made old Offences of Affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I have look'd on Truth
Aſconce and ſtrangely: But by all above,
Theſe Blenches gave my Heart another Youth,
And worſe Aſſays prov'd thee my beſt of Love.
Now all is done have what ſhall have no End,
Mine Appetite I never more will grind
On newer Proof, to try an older Friend,
A God in Love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my Heaven the beſt,
Even to thy pure and moſt moſt loving Breaſt.

---

## *A Complaint.*

OH! For my Sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty Goddeſs of my harmleſs Deeds,
That did not better for my Life provide,
Than publick Means which publick Manners breeds.
Thence comes it, that my Name receives a Brand,
And almoſt thence my Nature is ſubdued
To what it works in, like the Dyer's Hand.
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;
Whilſt like a willing Patient I will drink,
Potions of Eyſel 'gainſt my ſtrong Infection,
No Bitterneſs, that I will bitter think,
Nor double Penance to correct Correction.

Pity

Pity me then dear Friend, and I aſſure ye,
Even that your Pity is enough to cure me.

Your Love and Pity doth th' Impreſſion fill,
Which vulgar Scandal ſtamp'd upon my Brow,
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad my good allow?
You are my all, the World and I muſt ſtrive,
To know my Shames and Praiſes from your Tongue,
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd Senſe or changes right or wrong,
In ſo profound *Abiſme* I throw all Care
Of others Voices, that my Adders Senſe,
To Crytic and to Flatterer ſtopped are:
Mark how with my Neglect I do diſpence.
You are ſo ſtrongly in my Purpoſe bred,
That all the World beſides me thinks y'are dead.

---

## *Self-flattery of her Beauty.*

SInce I left you mine Eye is in my Mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his Function, and is partly blind,
Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out.
For it no Form delivers to the Heart
Of Birds, or Flower, or Shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick Objects hath the Mind no Part,
Nor his own Viſion holds what it doth catch:
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt Sight,
The moſt ſweet Favour or deformedſt Creature,
The Mountain or the Sea, the Day or Night:
The Crow, or Dove it ſhapes them to your Feature,

In-

Incapable of more, Repleat with you,
My most true Mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my Mind being crown'd with you
Drink up the Monarch's Plague this Flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine Eye saith true,
And that Your Love taught it this *Alchimy*?
To make of Monsters, and things indegest,
Such Cherubins as your sweet self resemble?
Creating every bad a perfect Best;
As fast as Objects to his Beams assemble?
Oh! 'tis the first, 'tis Flatt'ry in my seeing,
And my great Mind most kindly drinks it up,
Mine Eye well knows what with his Gust is 'greeing,
And to his Pallat doth prepare the Cup.
If it be poison'd 'tis the lesser Sin,
That mine Eye loves it and doth first begin.

Those Lines, that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my Judgment knew no Reason why,
My most full Flame should afterwards burn clearer,
But reck'ning Time, whose million Accidents
Creep in twixt Vows, and change Decrees of Kings,
Tan sacred Beauty, blunt the sharp'st Intents,
Divert strong Minds to th' Course of alt'ring Things.
Alas! Why fearing of Times Tyranny,
Might I not then say now I love you best,
When I was certain o'er In-certainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a Babe, then might I not say so
To give full Growth to that which still doth grow?

*Tryal*

# *A Trial of Love's Conſtancy.*

ACcuſe me thus; that I have ſcanted all,
Wherein I ſhould your great Deſerts repay;
Forgot upon your deareſt Love to call,
Whereto all Bonds do tie me Day by Day;
That I have frequent been with unknown Minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd Right;
That I have hoiſted Sail to all the Winds,
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your Sight.
Book both my Wilfulneſs and Error down,
And on juſt Proof ſurmiſe, accumilate;
Bring me within the Level of your Frown,
But ſhoot not at me in your wakened Hate.
Since my Appeal ſays I did ſtrive to prove
The Conſtancy and Vertue of your Love.

Like as to make our Appetites more keen,
With eager Compounds; we our Pallate urge,
As to prevent our Maladies unſeen,
We ſicken to ſhun Sickneſs when we purge.
Even ſo being full of your near cloying Sweetneſs,
To bitter Sauces did I frame my Feeding;
And ſick of Welfare, found a kind of Meetneſs,
To be diſeas'd e'er that there was true needing.
Thus Policy in Love t' anticipate
The Ills that were not, grew to Faults aſſured,
And brought to Medicine a healthful State,
Which Rank of Goodneſs would by Ill be cured.
But thence I learn and find the Leſſon true,
Drugs poiſon him, that ſo fell ſick of you.

What Potions have I drunk of *Syren* Tears,
Diſtill'd from Limbecks foul, as Hell within?

Applying Fears to Hopes, and Hopes to Fears,
Still loſing when I ſaw my ſelf to win.
What wretched Errors hath my Heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought it ſelf ſo bleſſed never?
How have mine Eyes out of their Spheres been fitted,
In the Diſtraction of this madding Feaver?
O! Benefit of Ill! now I find true,
That better is, by Evil ſtill made better.
And ruin'd Love when it is built anew,
Grows fairer, than at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I return Rebuke to my Content,
And gain by Ills thrice more, than I have ſpent.

---

## *A good Conſtruction of his Love's Unkindneſs.*

THat you were once unkind befriends me now;
And for that Sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs muſt I under my Tranſgreſſion bow,
Unleſs my Nerves were Braſs or hammer'd Steel.
For if you were by my Unkindneſs ſhaken,
As I by yours, y'have paſt a Hell of Time;
And I a Tyrant have no Leiſure taken,
To weigh how once I ſuffered in your Crime.
O! that our Night of Woe might have remembred
My deepeſt Sence! how hard true Sorrow hits,
And ſoon to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble Salve, which wounded Boſoms fits!
But that your Treſpaſs now becomes a Fee,
Mine ranſoms yours, and yours muſt ranſom me.

*Error*

## *Error in Opinion.*

'TIS better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be, receives Reproach of Being;
And the just Pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our Feeling, but by others Seeing.
For why should others false adulterate Eyes,
Give Salutation to my sportive Blood?
Or on my Frailties, why are frailer Spies;
Which in their Wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my Abuses, reckon up their own;
I may be streight though they themselves be bevel,
By their rank Thoughts my Deeds must not be shown,
Unless this general Evil they maintain,
All Men are bad, and in their Badness reign.

---

## *Upon the Receipt of a Table Book from his Mistress.*

THY Gift, thy Tables, are within my Brain
Full character'd with a lasting Memory,
Which shall above that idle Rank remain,
Beyond all Date, even to Eternity.
Or at the least, so long as Brain and Heart
Have Faculty by Nature to subsist;
'Till each to raz'd Oblivion yield his Part
Of thee, thy Record never can be mist.
That poor Retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I Tallies thy dear Love to score.

Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those Tables, that recieve thee more.
To keep an Adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import Forgetfulness in me.

---

## *A Vow.*

NO Time! thou shalt not boast, that I do change:
Thy Pyramids, built up with newer Might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but Dressings of a former Sight.
Our Dates are brief, and therefore we admire,
What thou dost foist upon us that is Old,
And rather make them born to our Desire,
Than think, that we before have heard them told.
Thy Registers and thee I both defie,
Not wondring at the Present nor the Past,
For thy Records, and what we see doth lye,
Made more or less by thy continual Haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
I will be true dispight thy Sithe and thee.

---

## *Love's Safety.*

IF my dear Love were but the Child of State
It might for Fortune's Bastard be unfathered:
As subject to Time's Love, or to Time's Hate,
Weeds among Weeds, or Flowers with Flowers gather'd.
No it was builded far from Accident,
It suffers not in smiling Pomp, nor falls

Under

Under the Blow of thralled Discontent;
Whereto th' inviting Time our Fashion calls:
It fears not Policy that *Heretic*,
Which works on Leases of short numbred Hours:
But all alone stands hugely Politick,
That it nor grows with Heat, nor drowns with (Showers.
To this I Witness call the Fools of Time,
Which die for Goodness, who have liv'd for Crime.

---

## *An Intreaty for her Acceptance.*

WEr't ought to me I bore the Canopy,
With my Extern the outward Honouring;
Or laid great Bases for Eternity,
Which proves more short, than Waste or Ruining?
Have I not seen Dwellers on Form and Favour,
Lose all, and more, by paying too much Rent
For Compound-sweet, foregoing simple Savour;
Pitiful Thrivers in their Gazing spent.
No, let me be obsequious in thy Heart,
And take thou my Oblation, poor, but free,
Which is not mixt with Seconds, knows no Art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence thou subborn'd *Informer*, a true Soul,
When most impeacht, stands least in thy Controul.

---

## *Upon her playing on the Virginals.*

HOw oft when thou thy Musick, Musick play'st,
Upon that blessed Wood, whose Motion sounds

With thy ſweet Fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt,
The wity Concord, that mine Ear confounds;
Do I envy thoſe Jacks, that nimble leap,
To kiſs the tender Inward of thy Hand,
Whilſt my poor Lips, which ſhould that Harveſt reap,
At the Wood's Boldneſs by thee bluſhing ſtand.
To be ſo tickled they would change their State,
And Situation with thoſe dancing Chips,
O'er whom thy Fingers walk with gentle Gate,
Making dead Wood more bleſt than living Lips.
Since ſaucy Jacks ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy Fingers, me thy Lips to kiſs.

---

## *Immoderate Luſt.*

TH' Expence of Spirit in a Waſte of Shame,
Is Luſt in Action, and till Action, Luſt
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of Blame,
Savage, extream, rude, cruel, not to truſt,
Injoy'd no ſooner, but deſpiſed ſtreight,
Paſt Reaſon hunted, and no ſooner had
Paſt Reaſon hated as a ſwallowed Bait
On purpoſe laid to make the Taker mad.
Mad in Purſuit and Poſſeſſion ſo;
Had, having, and in queſt, to have extream;
A Bliſs in Proof, and prov'd, and very Woe,
Before a Joy propos'd, behind a Dream.
All this the World well knows, yet none knows well,
To ſhun the Haven, that leads Men to this Hell.

*In*

## *In praiſe of her Beauty tho' black.*

IN the old Age Black was not counted fair,
Or if it were it bore not Beauties Name:
But now is Black Beauties ſucceſſive Heir,
And Beauty ſlander'd with a Baſtard Shame;
For ſince each Hand hath put on Nature's Power,
Fairing the Foul with Art's falſe borrow'd Face,
Sweet Beauty hath no Name no holy Bower,
But is prophan'd, if not, lives in Diſgrace.
Therefore my Miſtreſs Eyes are Raven black,
Her Eyes ſo ſuted, that they Mourners ſeem,
At ſuch who not born fair no Beauty lack,
Slandering Creation with a falſe Eſteem,
Yet ſo they mourn becoming of their Woe,
That every Tongue ſays Beauty ſhou'd look ſo.

My Miſtreſs Eyes are nothing like the Sun;
Coral is far more red, than her Lips red.
If Snow be white, why then her Breaſts are dun;
If Hairs be Wires, black Wires grow on her Head;
I have ſeen Roſes, Damask, red and white,
But no ſuch Roſes ſee I in her Cheeks;
And in ſome Perfumes is there more Delight,
Then in the Breath, that from my Miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak, yet well I know,
That Muſick hath a far more pleaſing Sound.
I grant I never ſaw a Goddeſs go,
My Miſtreſs when ſhe walks treads on the Ground.
And yet, by Heaven, I think my Love as rare,
As any ſhe beli'd with falſe Compare.

Thou art as Tiranous, yes ſo thou art,
As thoſe whoſe Beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt, to my dear doting Heart,

Thou art the faireſt, and moſt precious Jewel;
Yet in good Faith ſome ſay, that thee behold,
Thy Face hath not the Power to make Love groan.
To ſay they err I dare not be ſo bold,
Altho' I ſwear it to my ſelf alone.
And to be ſure, that is not falſe I ſwear,
A thouſand Groans but thinking on thy Face,
One on another's Neck do witneſs bear,
Thy Black is faireſt in my Judgment's Place.
In nothing art thou black ſave in thy Deeds,
And thence this Slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine Eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy Heart torments me with Diſdain,
Have put on black, and loving Mourners be,
Looking with pretty Ruth upon my Pain.
And truly not the Morning Sun of Heaven
Better becomes the grey Cheeks of th' Eaſt;
Nor that full Star, that uſhers in the Even,
Doth half that Glory to the ſober Weſt,
As thoſe two mourning Eyes become thy Face.
O! let it then as well beſeem thy Heart
To mourn for me, ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſute thy Pity like in every Part.
Then will I ſwear Beauty her ſelf is black,
And all they foul, that thy Complexion lack.

---

## *Unkind Abuſe.*

BEſhrew that Heart, that makes my Heart to groan
For that deep Wound it gives my Friend and me.
I'ſt not enough to torture me alone,
But Slave to Slavery my ſweeteſt Friend muſt be?

Me

Me from my self thy cruel Eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast ingrossed;
Of him, my self, and thee I am forsaken,
A Torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed.
Prison my Heart in thy steel Bosom's Ward;
But then my Friends Heart let my poor Heart bail,
Who e'er keeps me, let my Heart be his Guard,
Thou canst not then use Rigor in my Jail.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confest, that he is thine,
And I my self am Morgag'd to thy Will;
My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine,
Thou wilt restore to me my Comfort still.
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free;
For thou art Covetous, and he is Kind,
He learned but Surety-like to write for me
Under that Bond, that him as fast doth bind.
The Statute of thy Beauty thou wilt take,
Thou, Usurer that put'st forth all to Use,
And Sue a Friend, came Debtor for my sake,
So him I lose through my unkind Abuse.
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me,
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

---

## *Love-Suit.*

WHoever hath her Wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boot, and *Will* in over-plus,
More than enough am I, that vex thee still,
To thy sweet Will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose Will is large and spacious,

Not

Not once vouchsafe to hide my Will in thine?
Shall Will in others seem right gracious,
And in my Will no fair Acceptance shine?
The Sea all Water, yet receives Rain still,
And in Abundance addeth to his Store,
So thou being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One Will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair Beseechers kill,
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

If thy Soul check thee, that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind Soul, that I was thy *Will*,
And Will thy Soul knows is admitted there,
Thus far for Love, my Love-suit sweet fulfil.
*Will*, will fulfil the Treasure of thy Love;
I fill it full with VVills, and my VVill one;
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a Number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the Number let me pass untold,
Tho' in thy Stores Account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That Nothing-me, a Some-thing sweet to thee.
Make but my Name thy Love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my Name is *Will*.

---

## *His Heart wounded by her Eye.*

THou blind Fool Love, what dost thou to mine Eyes,
That they behold and see not what they see?
They know what Beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If Eyes, corrupt by over-partial Looks,
Be anchor'd in the Bay where all Men ride,

Why

Why of Eyes falſhood haſt thou forged Hooks,
Whereto the Judgment of my Heart is ty'd?
Why ſhould my Heart think, that a ſeveral Plot,
Which my Heart knows the wide World's common (Place?
Or mine Eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not
To put fair Truth upon ſo foul a Face;
In things right true my Heart and Eyes have err'd,
And to this falſe Plague are they now transferr'd.

O! call not me to juſtifie the Wrong,
That thy Unkindneſs lays upon my Heart!
Wound me not with thine Eye but with thy Tongue.
Uſe Power with Power, and ſlay me not by Art;
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſe-where; but in my Sight,
Dear Heart forbear to glance thine Eye aſide.
What needſt thou wound with Cunning when thy (Might
Is more, than my o'er-preſt Defence can bide? (Might
Let me excuſe thee, ah! my Love well knows,
Her pretty Looks have been my Enemies,
And therefore from my Face ſhe turns my Foes,
That they elſe-where might dart their Injuries.
Yet do not ſo, but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me out-right with Looks, and rid my Pain.

Be Wiſe as thou art Cruel, do not preſs
My Tongue-ty'd Patience with too much Diſdain:
Leaſt Sorrow lend me Words and Words expreſs,
The Manner of my Pity-wanting Pain.
If I might teach thee Wit better it were,
Though not to love, yet love to tell me ſo,
As teſty Sick-men when their Deaths be near,
No News but Health from their Phyſicians know.
For if I ſhould Deſpair I ſhould grow mad,
And in my Madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee,
Now this ill-wreſting World is grown ſo bad,
Mad Slanderers by mad Ears believed be.

That

That I may not be ſo, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine Eyes ſtraight, tho' thy proud Heart go (wide.

## *A Proteſtation.*

IN Faith I do not love thee with mine Eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand Errors note;
But 'tis my Heart, that loves what they deſpiſe,
Who in deſpight of View is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine Ears with thy Tongues Tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling to baſe Touches prone;
Nor Taſte, nor Smell, deſire to be invited
To any ſenſual Feaſt with thee alone.
But my five Wits, nor my five Senſes can
Diſwade one fooliſh Heart from ſerving thee,
VVho leaves unſway'd the Likeneſs of a Man
Thy proud Heart's Slave and vaſſal VVretch to be:
Only my Plague thus far I count my Gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, rewards me Pain.

Love is my Sin, and my dear Vertue Hate;
Hate, of Sin, grounded on ſinful Loving.
O! but with mine, compare thou thine own Sate,
And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving;
Or if it do, not from thoſe Lips of thine,
That have Prophan'd their Scarlet Ornaments,
And ſeal'd falſe Bonds of Love as oft as mine,
Rob'd others Beds Revenues of their Rents.
Be it Lawful I Love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe,
VVhom thine Eyes woe, as mine importune thee.
Root Pity in thy Heart, that when it grows,
Thy Pity may deſerve to pity'd be.

If

If thou doſt ſeek to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelf Example may'ſt thou be deny'd.

---

## *An Alluſion.*

LO! as a careful Huſwife runs to catch
One of her feather'd Creatures broke away,
Sets down her Babe and makes all ſwift Diſpatch,
In purſuit of the Thing ſhe would have ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected Child holds her in Chace,
Cries to catch her, whoſe buſie Care is bent,
To follow that, which flies before her Face,
Not priſing her poor Infant's Diſcontent;
So runſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy Babe chaſe thee a-far behind;
But if thou catch thy Hope turn back to me,
And play the Mother's Part, kiſs me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou may'ſt have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill.

---

## *Life and Death.*

THoſe Lips, that Love's own Hand did make,
Breath'd forth the Sound, that ſaid I hate,
To me that languiſht for her Sake.
But when ſhe ſaw my woful State,
Strait in her Heart did Mercy come,
Chiding that Tongue, that ever ſweet,
Was us'd in giving gentle Doom,
And taught it thus a-new to greet.

I hate

I hate ſhe altered with an End,
That follow'd it as gentle Day,
Doth follow Night, who like a Fiend,
From Heaven to Hell is flown away.
I hate, from Hate away ſhe threw,
And ſav'd my Life, ſaying not you.

## *A Conſideration of Death.*

POor Soul, the Center of my ſinful Earth,
My ſinful Earth theſe rebel Powers, that thee aray,
Why doſt thou pine within and ſuffer Dearth,
Painting thy outward Walls in coſtly Gay?
Why ſo large Coſt, having ſo ſhort a Leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading Manſion ſpend?
Shall Worms; Inheritors of this Exceſs,
Eat up thy Charge? Is this thy Body's End?
Then Soul, live thou upon thy Servant's Loſs;
And let that pine to aggravate thy Store.
Buy Terms Divine in ſelling Hours of Droſs:
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So ſhalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on Men;
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

## *Immoderate Paſſion.*

MY Love is as a Fever longing ſtill,
For that, which longe rnurſeth the Diſeaſe;
Feeding on that, which doth preſerve the Ill,
Th' uncertain ſickly Appetite to pleaſe.

My

My Reaſon the Phyſiican to my Love,
Angry, that his Preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve;
Deſire is Death, which Phyſick did except.
Paſt Cure I am, now Reaſon is paſt Cure;
And frantick mad with ever-more unreſt,
My Thoughts and my Diſcourſe as mad Mens are,
At random from the Truth vainly expreſt.
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright.
Who art as black as Hell, as dark as Night.

---

## *Love's powerful Subtilty.*

O Me! what Eyes hath Love put in my Head,
Which have no Correſpondence with true Sight!
Or if they have, where is my Judgment fled,
That cenſures falſly what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe Eyes dote,
What means the World to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then Love doth well denote,
Love's Eye is not ſo true as all Mens. No,
How can it? O how can Love's Eye be true,
That is ſo vext with Watching and with Tears?
No marvel then, though I miſtake my View;
The Sun it ſelf ſees not, till Heaven clears.
O! cunning Love, with Tears thou keepſt me blind,
Leaſt Eyes well ſeeing thy foul Faults ſhould find.

Can'ſt thou, O! cruel, ſay I love thee not,
When I againſt my ſelf with thee partake.
Do I not think on thee when I forgot,
Am of my ſelf, all Tyrant for thy ſake?
Who hateth thou, that do I call my Friend,
On whom frown'ſt thou, that I do fawn upon. Nay

Nay if thou lowr'ſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon my ſelf with preſent Moan?
What Merit do I in my ſelf reſpect,
That is ſo proud thy Service to deſpiſe?
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy Defect,
Commanded by the Motion of thine Eyes.
But, Love, hate on; for now I know thy Mind,
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blind.

Oh! from what Power haſt thou this powerful might,
With Inſufficiency my Heart to ſway?
To make me give the Lye to my true Sight,
And ſwear? that Brightneſs doth not grace the Day?
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuſe of thy Deeds,
There is ſuch Strength and Warrantiſe of Skill,
That in my Mind thy worſt all beſts exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and ſee juſt chuſe of Hate?
Oh! tho' I love what others do abhor,
With others thou ſhould'ſt not abhor my State.
If thy Unworthineſs rais'd Love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

---

## *Retaliation.*

SO oft have I invok'd thee for my Muſe,
And found ſuch fair Aſſiſtance in my Verſe,
As every *Alien* Pen hath got my Uſe,
And under thee their Poeſie diſperſe.
Thine Eyes that taught the Dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy Ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added Feathers to the Learned's Wing;

And

And given Grace a double Majeſty;
Yet be moſt proud of that, which I compile,
VVhoſe Influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others VVorks thou doſt but mend the Stile,
And Arts with thy ſweet Graces graced be;
But thou art all my Art, and doſt advance
As high as Learning, my rude Ignorance,

VVhilſt I alone did call upon thy Aid,
My Verſe alone had all thy gentle Grace;
But now my gracious Numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick Muſe doth give another Place.
I grant (ſweet Love) thy lovely Argument
Deſerves the Travel of a worthier Pen;
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again;
He lends thee Vertue, and he ſtole that VVord,
From thy Behaviour. Beauty doth he give
And found it in thy Cheek. He can afford
No Praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that, which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy ſelf doſt pay.

---

## *Sun Set.*

THat time of Year thou may'ſt in me behold,
VVhen yellow Leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon thoſe Boughs, which ſhake againſt the Cold,
Bare ruin'd Quires, where late the ſweet Birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the Twi-lights of ſuch Day,
As after Sun-ſet fadeth in the VVeſt,
VVhich by and by black Night doth take away,
Death's ſecond ſelf that ſeals up all in Reſt.

In me thou ſee'ſt the Glowing of ſuch Fire,
That on the Aſhes of his Youth doth lie,
As the Death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that, which it was nouriſh'd by.
'Tis thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy Love more ſtrong
To love that well, which thou muſt leave e'er long.

Thy Glaſs will ſhew thee how thy Beauties were;
Thy Dial how thy precious Minutes waſte;
The vacant Leaves thy Mind's Imprint will bare,
And of this Book, this Learning may'ſt thou taſte.
The VVrinkles, which thy Glaſs will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed Graves will give the Memory.
Thou by thy Dial's ſhady Stealth may'ſt know,
Time's theeviſh Progreſs to Eternity.
Look what thy Memory cannot contain,
Commit to theſe waſte Blacks, and thou ſhalt find,
Thoſe Children nurſt, deliver'd from thy Brain,
To take a new Acquaintance of thy Mind.
Theſe Offices ſo oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy Book.

---

## *A Monument to Fame.*

NOt mine own Fears, nor the prophetick Soul
Of the wide World, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the Leaſe of my true Love controul,
Suppos'd as Forfeit to a confin'd Doom.
The mortal Moon hath her Eclipſe endur'd
And the ſad Augurs mock their own Preſage:
Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And Peace proclaims Olives of endleſs Age.

Now

Now with the Drops of this moſt balmy time,
My Love looks freſh, and Death, to me ſubſcribes;
Since Spight of him I'll live in this poor Rime,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs Tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt find thy Monument,
When Tyrants Creſts and Tombs of Braſs are ſpent.

What's in the Brain, that Ink may Character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true Spirit?
What's new to ſpeak, what now to regiſter,
That may expreſs my Love, or thy dear Merit?
Nothing, ſweet Love, but yet like Frayers divine,
I muſt each Day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when firſt I hallow'd thy fair Name.
So that eternal Love, in Loves freſh Caſe,
Weighs not the Duſt and Injuries of Age,
Nor gives to neceſſary Wrinkles Place,
But makes Antiquity for aye his Page,
Finding the firſt Conceit of Love there bred,
Where Time and outward Form would ſhew it dead.

---

## *Perjury.*

LOve is too young to know what Conſcience is,
Yet who knows not Conſcience is born of Love?
Then gentle Cheater urge not my Amiſs,
Leaſt guilty of my Faults thy ſweet ſelf prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler Part to my groſs Body's Treaſon.
My Soul doth tell my Body that he may,
Triumph in Love, Fleſh ſtays no farther Reaſon;
But riſing at thy Name doth point out thee,

As his triumphant Prize, proud of this Pride,
He is contented thy poor Drugde to be,
To ſtand in thy Affairs, fall by thy Side.
No want of Conſcience hold it that I call,
Her Love, for whoſe dear Love I riſe and fall.

In loving thee thou know'ſt I am forſworn,
But thou art twice forſworn to me Love ſwearing:
In Act thy Bed-vow broke and new Faith torn,
In Vowing new Hate after new Love bearing.
But why of two Oaths Breach do I accuſe thee
VVhen I break twenty? I am Perjur'd moſt,
For all my Vows are Oaths but to miſuſe thee:
And all my honeſt Faith in thee is loſt.
For I have ſworn deep Oaths of thy deep Kindneſs:
Oaths of thy Love, thy Truth, thy Conſtancy;
And to enlighten thee gave Eyes to Blindneſs;
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee.
For I have ſworn thee fair: more perjur'd Eye,
To Swear againſt the Truth ſo foul a Lie.

---

## *The Tale of* Cephalus *and* Procris.

BEneath Hymetus Hill, well cloath'd with Flowers,
A holy Well her ſoft Springs gently Powers.
Where ſtands a Cops, in which the Wood Nymphs (ſhrove,
(No Wood) it rather ſeems a ſlender Grove.
The humble Shrubs and Buſhes hide the Graſs,
Here Lawrel, Roſemary, here Mirtil was.
Here grew thick Box, and *Tam'rix*, that excells,
And made a meer Confuſion of ſweet Smells:
The Triffoly, the Pine; and on this Heath
Stands many a Plant that feels cool *Zephirs* breath.

Here

Here the young *Cephalus*, tyr'd in the Chace,
Us'd his Repoſe and Reſt alone t' embrace;
And where he ſat, theſe Words he would repeat,
Come Air, ſweet Air, come cool my Heat!
Come gentle Air, I never will forſake thee,
I'll hug thee thus, and in my Boſom take thee.
Some double dutious Tel-tale hapt to hear this,
And to his jealous Wife doth ſtraight-way bear this.
Which *Procris* hearing, and with all the Name
Of Air, (ſweet Air) which he did oft proclaim,
She ſtands confounded, and amaz'd with Grief,
By giving this fond Tale too ſound Belief.
And looks, as do the Trees by Winter nipt,
Whom Froſt and Cold, of Fruit and Leaves half ſtript.
She bends like Corveil, when too rank it grows,
Or when the ripe Fruits clog the Quince-tree Boughs.
But when ſhe comes t' her ſelf, ſhe tares
Her Garments, her Eyes, her Cheeks, and Hairs;
And then ſhe ſtarts, and to her Feet applies her,
Then to the Woods (ſtark Wood) in rage ſhe hies her.
Approaching ſome-what near her Servants they
By her Appointment in a Valley ſtay,
Whilſt ſhe alone with creeping Paces ſteals
To take the Srumpet, whom her Lord conceals.
What mean'ſt thou *Procris* in theſe Groves to hide thee?
What rage of Love doth to this Madneſs guide thee?
Thou hop'ſt the Air he calls, in all her Bravery
Will ſtraight approach, and thou ſhalt ſee their Knavery?
And now again it irks her to be there,
For ſuch a killing Sight her Heart will tear.
No Truce can with her troubled Thoughts diſpence,
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.
Behold the Place, her jealous Mind foretels,
Here do they uſe to meet, and no where elſe:
The Graſs is laid, and ſee their true impreſſion,
Even here they lay! I, here was their Tranſgreſſion.

A Body's Print ſhe ſaw, it was his Seat,
Which makes her faint Heart 'gainſt her Ribs to beat.
*Phœbus* the lofty Eaſtern Hill had ſcal'd,
And all moiſt Vapours from the Earth exhal'd.
Now in his Noon-tide point he ſhineth bright,
It was the middle Hour, 'twixt Noon and Night.
Behold young *Cephalus* draws to the Place,
And with the Fountain Water ſprinks his Face:
*Procris* is hid, upon the Graſs he lies,
And come ſweet *Zephir*, come ſweet Air he cries.
She ſees her Error now from where he ſtood,
Her Mind returns to her, and her freſh Blood;
Among the Shrubs and Briers ſhe moves and ruſtles,
And the injurious Boughs away ſhe juſtles,
Intending, as he lay, there to repoſe him,
Nimbly to run, and in her Arms incloſe him.
He quickly caſts his Eye upon the Buſh,
Thinking therein ſome ſavage Beaſt did ruſh;
His Bow he bends, and a keen Shaft he draws;
Unhappy Man, what doſt thou? Stay and pauſe,
It is no brute Beaſt thou would'ſt reave of Life;
O! Man unhappy! thou haſt ſlain thy Wife!
Oh! Heaven, ſhe cries, Oh! help me, I am ſlain;
Still doth thy Arrow in my VVound remain,
Yet though by timeleſs Fate my Bones here lie,
It glads me moſt, that I, no Cuck-quean die.
Her Breath (thus in the Arms ſhe moſt affected,)
She breaths into the Air (before ſuſpected)
The whilſt he lifts her Body from the Ground,
And with his Tears doth waſh her bleeding Wound.

*Cupid's*

# Cupid's *Treachery.*

*Cupid* laid by his Brand and fell aſleep,
A Maid of *Dian*'s this Advantage found,
And his love-kindling Fire did quickly ſteep
In a cold Vally-Fountain of that Ground:
Which borrow'd from his holy Fire of Love,
A dateleſs lively Heat ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething Bath which yet Men prove,
Againſt ſtrange Malladies a ſoveraign Cure.
But at my Miſtreſs Eye Love's Brand new fired,
The Boy for Trial needs would touch my Breaſt;
I ſick with all the Help of Bath deſired,
And thither heied a ſad diſtemper'd Gueſt.
But found no Cure, the Bath for my help lies,
Where *Cupid* got new Fire my Miſtreſs Eyes.

The little Love-God lying once a ſleep,
Laid by his Side his Heart in flaming Brand,
Whilſt many Nymphs that vow'd chaſt Life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden Hand,
The faireſt Votary took up that Fire,
Which many Legions of true Hearts had warm'd;
And ſo the General of hot Deſire,
Was ſleeping by a Virgin Hand diſarm'd.
This Brand ſhe quenched in a cool Well by,
Which from Love's Fire took Heat perpetual,
Growing a Bath and heathful Remedy,
For Men diſeas'd, but I my Miſtreſs thrall,
Came there forCure, and this by that I prove,
Love's Fire heats Water, Water cools not Love.

## *That* Menelaus *was the Cauſe of his own Wrongs.*

WHen *Menelaus* from his Houſe is gone,
Poor *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone;
And to allay theſe Fears (lodg'd in her Breaſt)
In her warm Boſom ſhe receives her Gueſt.
What Madneſs was this? *Menelaus*, ſay
Thou art Abroad whilſt in thy Houſe doth ſtay
Under the ſelf-ſame Roof, thy Gueſt, and Love?
Mad-man unto the Hawk thou truſts the Dove.
And who but ſuch a Gull, would give to keep
Unto the Mountain Woolf, full Folds of Sheep?
*Hellen* is blameleſs, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou, or I my ſelf would do.
The Fault is thine, I tell thee to thy Face,
By limiting theſe Lovers, Time and Place.
From thee the Seeds of all thy Wrongs are grown,
Whoſe Counſels have they follow'd, but thine own?
(Alack) what ſhould they do? Abroad thou art,
At Home thou leaveſt thy Gueſt to play thy Part.
To lie alone, the poor Queen is afraid,
In the next Room an Amorous Stranger ſtaid.
Her Arms are ope to embrace him, he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of the Sin.

*And in another Place ſomewhat reſembling this.*

*Oreſtes* liked, but not loved dearly
*Hermione*, till he had loſt her clearly.
Sad *Menelaus*, why doſt thou lament
Thy late Miſhap? I prethee be content.
Thou know'ſt the amorons *Hellen* fair and ſweet;
And yet without her didſt thou ſail to *Creet*;

And

And thou waſt blithe, and merry all the VVay;
But when thou ſaw'ſt ſhe was the *Trojans* Prey;
Then waſt thou mad for her, and for thy Life,
Thou canſt not now one Minute want thy Wife.
So ſtout *Achilles*, when his lovely Bride,
*Briſeis*, was diſpos'd to great *Atride*.
Nor was he vainly mov'd, *Artrides* too,
Offer'd no more, than he of Force muſt do.
I ſhould have done as much, to ſet her free;
Yet I (Heaven knows) am not ſo wiſe as he.

---

VULCAN *was* JUPITER's *Smith, an excellent Workman, on whom the Poets father many rare Works, among which I find this one.*

## MARS *and* VENUS.

THis Tale is blaz'd thro'Heav'n, how once unware,
*Venus* and *Mars* were took in *Vulcan*'s Snare.
The God of War doth in his Brow diſcover
The perfect and true Pattern of a Lover.
Nor could the Goddeſs *Venus* be ſo cruel
To deny *Mars* (ſoft Kindneſs is a Jewel
In any Woman, and becomes her well)
In this the Queen of Love doth moſt excel.
(Oh Heaven!) how often have they mockt and flouted
The Smith's Polt-foot (whilſt nothing he miſdoubted)
Made Jeſts of him, and his begrimed Trade;
And his ſmoog'd Viſage, black with Cole-duſt made.
*Mars*, tickled with loud Laughter, when he ſaw
*Venus* like *Vulcan* limp, to halt and draw
One Foot behind another, with ſweet Grace,
To counterfeit his lame uneven Pace.

Their

Their Meetings first the Lovers hide with Fear
From every jealous Eye, and captious Ear.
The God of VVar, and Love's lascivious Dame,
In publick View were full of bashful Shame.
But the *Sun* spies, how this sweet Pair agree,
(Oh what bright *Phœbus*, can be hid from thee ?)
The *Sun* both sees and blabs the Sight forthwith,
And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith.
(Oh *Sun !*) what bad Examples dost thou show ?
VVhat thou in secret seest must all Men know ?
For Silence, ask a Bribe from her fair Treasure ;
She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with Pleasure.
The God, whose Face is smoog'd with Smoke and Fire,
Placeth about their Bed a Net of Wyar ;
So quaintly made, that it deceives the Eye.
Strait (as he feigns) to *Lemnos* he must hie ?
The Lovers meet, where he the Train hath set,
And both lie fast catcht in a wiery Net :
He calls the Gods, the Lovers naked sprall,
And cannot rise ; the Queen of Love shews all.
*Mars* chafes, and *Venus* weeps, neither can flinch,
Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.
Their Legs are one within another tide ;
Their Hands so fast, that they can nothing hide.
Amongst these high Spectators, one by chance,
That saw them naked in this pitfall Dance :
Thus to himself said. If it tedious be,
Good God of War, bestow thy Place on me.

---

## *The History how the* Minotaur *was begot.*

IDA of Cædars, and tall Trees stand full,
Where fed the Glory of the Herd a Bull

Snow-

Snow-white ſave 'twixt his Horns one Spot there grew
Save that one Stain; he was of Milky hew.
This fair Steer did the Heifers of the Groves
Deſire to bear as Prince of all the Droves.
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous Breath,
Envies the wanton Heifers to the Death.
'Tis ſaid, that for this Bull the doting Laſs,
Did uſe to crop young Boughs, and mow freſh Graſs,
Nor was the Amorous *Cretan* Queen afeard,
To grow a kind Companion to the Herd.
Thus through the Champian ſhe is madly born
And a wild Bull, to *Minos* gives the Horn.
'Tis not for Bravery He can love or loath thee,
Then why *Paſiphae* doſt thou richly cloath thee?
Why ſhould'ſt thou thus thy Face and Looks prepare?
What makeſt thou with thy Glaſs ordering thy Hair?
Unleſs thy Glaſs could make thee ſeem a Cow;
But how can Horns grow on that tender Brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no Adulterer ſeek thee;
Or if thy Husband *Minos* do not like thee,
But thy laſcivious Thoughts are ſtill increas'd,
Deceive him with a Man, not with a Beaſt.
Thus by the Queen the wild Woods are frequented,
And leaving the King's Bed, ſhe is contented
To uſe the Groves, born, by the Rage of Mind,
Even as a Ship with a full Eaſtern Wind.
Some of theſe Strumpet Heifers the Queen ſlew,
Her ſmoaking Altars their warm Bloods imbrew,
Whilſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripes their trembling Entrails in her Hands:
At length, the Captain of the Herd beguil'd,
With a Cows skin, by curious Art compil'd,
The longing Queen obtains her full Deſire,
And in her Infant's Form berays the Sire.

*This* Minotaure, *when he came to growth, was inclos'd in the Labrinth, which was made by the curious Arts-maſter* Dedalus, *whoſe Tale likewiſe we thus purſue.*

WHen *Dedalus* the Labrinth had built,
In which t'include the Queen *Paſiphaes* Guilt,
And that the time was now expir'd full,
To incloſe the *Minotaure* half Man, half Bull:
Kneeling he ſays juſt *Minos* end my Moans
And let my Native Soil intomb my Bones:
Or if, dread Sovereign, I deſerve no Grace,
Look with a pitious Eye on my Son's Face.
And grant me leave from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me if you deny my Child.
This and much more he ſpeaks, but all in vain,
The King, both Son and Father will detain,
Which he perceiving ſays: Now, now, 'tis fit,
To give the World Cauſe to admire my Wit,
Both Land and Sea, are watcht by Day and Night,
Nor Land nor Sea lies open to our Flight,
Only the Air remains; then let us try,
To cut a Paſſage thro' the Air and fly.
*Jove* be auſpicious in my Enterprize,
I covet not to mount above the Skies:
But make this Refuge, ſince I can prepare
No Means to fly, my Lord, but thro' the Air,
Make me immortal, bring me to the Brim
Of the black *Stigian*, Water, *Styx* I'll ſwim.
Oh! human Wit, thou canſt invent much Ill?
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange Arts, who would think by Skill,
A heavy Man, like a light Bird ſhou'd ſtray,
And thro' the empty Heavens find a Way?

He

He placeth in juſt Order all his Quills,
Whoſe Bottoms with reſolved Wax he fills;
Then binds them with a Line, and being faſt tied,
He placeth them like Oars on either Side,
The tender Lad the downy Feathers blew,
And what his Father meant, he nothing knew.
The Wax he faſten'd, with the Strings he play'd,
Not thinking for his Shoulders they were made,
To whom his Father ſpake (and then look'd pale)
VVith theſe ſwift Ships, we to our Land muſt ſail.
All Paſſages doth cruel *Minos* ſtop,
Only the empty Air he ſtill leaves ope.
That VVay muſt we; the Land and the rough Deep
Doth *Minos* bar, the Air he cannot keep.
But in thy VVay beware thou ſet no Eye
On the Sign *Virgo*, nor *Boetes* high:
Look not the black *Orion* in the Face,
That ſhakes his Sword, but juſt with me keep Pace.
Thy VVings are now in faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee fly, as thou ſhalt ſee
Thy Father mount, or ſtoop, ſo I aread thee;
Make me thy Guard, and ſafely I will lead thee.
If we ſhould ſoar too near great *Phœbus* Seat,
The melting VVax will not endure the Heat;
Or if we fly too near the humid Seas,
Our moiſten'd Wings we cannot ſhake with Eaſe.
Fly between both, and with the Guſts, that riſe,
Let thy light Body ſail amidſt the Skies.
And ever as his little Son he Charms,
He fits the Feathers to his tender Arms:
And ſhews him how to move his Body light,
As Birds firſt teach their little young ones Flight.
By this he calls to Counſel all his Wits,
And his own Wings unto his Shoulders fits,
Being about to riſe, he fearful quakes,
And in this new way his faint Body ſhakes.

Firſt e'er he took his Flight, he kiſs'd his Son,
Whilſt by his Cheeks the briniſh Waters run.
There was a Hillock not ſo towring tall,
As lofty Mountains be, nor yet ſo ſmall
To be with Valleys even, and yet a Hill;
From this thus both Attempt their uncouth Skill.
The Father moves his Wings, and with Reſpect
His Eyes upon his wandering Son reflect.
They bear a ſpacious Courſe, and the apt Boy
Fearleſs of Harm, in his new tract doth joy,
And flies more boldly. Now upon them looks
The Fiſhermen, that angle in the Brooks,
And with their Eyes caſt upward, frighted ſtand.
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left Hand,
Upon the right *Lebinthos* they forſake,
*Aſtipalen* and the Fiſhy Lake.
Shady *Pachime* full of Woods and Groves.
When the raſh Youth, too bold in vent'ring, roves;
Loſeth his Guide, and takes his Flight ſo high,
That the ſoft Wax againſt the Sun doth fry,
And the Cords ſlip that kept the Feathers faſt,
So that his Arms have Power upon no Blaſt.
He fearfully from the high Clouds looks down,
Upon the lower Heavens, whoſe curl'd Waves frown
At his ambitious Height, and from the Skies
He ſee black Night and Death before his Eyes.
Still melts the Wax, his naked Arms he ſhakes,
And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes.
But now the naked Lad down headlong falls,
And by the Way, he Father, Father calls,
Help Father, help, I die, and as he ſpeaks,
A violent Surge his Courſe of Language breaks.
Th' unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cries out aloud, Son *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*, where doſt thou fly?
*Icarus* where art? When lo he may eſpy

The

The Feathers ſwim, aloud he doth exclaim,
The Earth his Bones, the Sea ſtill bears his Name.

---

# Achilles *his Concealment of his Sex in the Court of* Lycomedes.

NOW from another World doth ſail with Joy,
A welcome Daughter to the King of *Troy*.
The whilſt the *Græcians* are already come,
(Mov'd with that general wrong 'gainſt *Ilium*)
*Achilles* in a Smock his Sex doth ſmother,
And lays the blame upon his careful Mother.
What mak'ſt thou, great *Achilles*, teazing Wooll,
When *Pallas* in a Helm ſhould claſp thy Scull?
What doth theſe Fingers with fine Threds of Gold?
Which were more fit a Warlike Shield to hold.
Why ſhould that right Hand, Rocke or Tow contain,
By which the *Trojan Hector* muſt be ſlain?
Caſt off thy looſe Veils, and thy Armour take,
And in thy Hand the Spear of *Pallas* ſhake.
Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was, her Belly muſt bewray,
Yet was ſhe forc'd (ſo ſhould we all believe)
Not to be forc'd ſo, now her Heart would grieve.
When he ſhould riſe from her, ſtill would ſhe cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his Rock laid by)
And with a ſoft Voice ſpeak: *Achilles* ſtay,
It is too ſoon to riſe, lie down I pray.
And then the Man that forc'd her, ſhe would Kiſs,
What force *(Deidamea)* call you this?

# *A Lover's Complaint.*

FRom off a Hill, whose Concave Womb reworded
A plaintful Story from a sist'ring Vale,
My Spirits t' attend this double Voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad tun'd Tale,
E'er long espied a fickle Maid full pale,
Tearing of Papers, breaking Rings a twain,
Storming her World with Sorrows Wind and Rain,
Upon her Head a platted Hive of Straw,
Which fortified her Visage from the Sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The Carkass of a Beauty spent and done.
Time had not sithed all, that Youth begun,
Nor Youth all quit, but spight of Heavens fell Rage,
Some Beauty peept, through Lettice of sear'd Age.
Oft did she heave her Napkin to her Eyne,
Which on it had conceited Characters:
Laundring the silken Figures in the Brine,
That season'd Woe had pelleted in Tears:
And often reading what Contents it bears:
As often shriking undistinguish'd Woe,
In Clamours of all Size both high and low.
Sometimes her level'd Eyes their Carriage ride,
As they did batt'ry to these Spheres intend:
Sometimes diverted their poor Balls are ty'd,
To th' orbed Earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on anon their Gazes lend
To every Place at once and no where fixt,
The Mind and Sight distractedly commixt.
Her Hair nor loose nor ty'd in formal Plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless Hand of Pride:
For some untuck'd descended her shev'd Hat,
Hanging her pale and pined Cheek beside,

Some

Some in her threaden Fillet ſtill did bide,
And true to Bondage would not break from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in loſe Negligence.
A thouſand Favours from a Maund ſhe drew,
Of Amber, Chriſtal, and of beded Jet;
Which one by one ſhe in a River threw,
Upon whoſe weeping Margent ſhe was ſet;
Like Uſury applying wet to wet;
Or Monarchs Hands, that lets not Bounty fall,
Where Want crys ſome, but where Exceſs begs all.
Of folded Schedules had ſhe many a one;
Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore and gave the Flood;
Crack'd many a Ring of poſied Gold and Bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in Mud.
Found yet moe Letters ſadly pen'd in Blood,
With ſleided Silk, feat and affectedly
Enſwath'd and ſeal'd to curious Secrecy.
Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxive Eyes,
And often Kiſs'd, and often gave a Tear;
Cried, O falſe Blood! thou Regiſter of Lies,
What unapproved Witneſs do'ſt him bear!
Ink would have ſeem'd more Black and Damned here!
This ſaid in Top of Rage the Lines ſhe rents,
Big Diſcontent ſo breaking their Contents.
A Reverend Man, that Graz'd his Cattle nigh,
Sometime a Bluſterer, that the Ruffle knew
Of Court of City, and had let go by,
The ſwifteſt Hours obſerved as they flew,
Towards this afflicted Fancy faſtly drew.
And priviledg'd by Age, deſires to know,
In brief, the Grounds and Motives of her Woe?
So ſlides he down upon his grained Bat;
And comely diſtant ſits he by her Side
When he again deſires her, being ſat,
Her Grievance with his Hearing to divide.
If that from him there may be ought applied,

Which may her ſuffering Ecſtaſie aſſwage,
'Tis promis'd in the Charity of Age.
Father ſhe ſays, tho' in me you behold
The Injury of many a blaſting Hour,
Let it not tell your Judgment I am Old;
Not Age, but Sorrow, over me hath Power.
I might as yet have been a ſpreading Flower,
Freſh to my ſelf, if I had ſelf applied
Love to my ſelf, and to no Love beſide.
But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful Suit it was to gain my Grace.
O! one by Nature's Outwards ſo commended,
That Maidens Eyes ſtuck over all his Face;
Love lack'd a Dwelling, and made him her Place,
And when in his fair Parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deified.
His browny Locks did hang in crooked Curls;
And every light Occaſion of the Wind
Upon his Lips their ſilken Parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find,
Each Eye, that ſaw him did inchant the Mind.
For on his Viſage was in little drawn,
What Largeneſs thinks in Paradice was ſawn.
Small ſhew of Man was yet upon his Chin,
His Phœnix Down began but to appear,
Like unſhorn Velvet, on that termleſs Skin,
VVhoſe bare out-brag'd the VVeb it ſeem'd to wear.
Yet ſhewed his Viſage by that Coſt moſt dear,
And nice Affections wavering ſtood in doubt
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.
His Qualities were Beauteous as his Form,
For maiden Tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if Men mov'd him, was he ſuch a Storm,
As of 'twixt *May* and *April* is to ſee,
VVhen Winds breath ſweet, unruly tho' they be.

His

His Rudeneſs ſo with his authoris'd Youth,
Did livery Falſneſs in a pride of Truth.
Well could he ride, and often Men would ſay,
That Horſe his Mettal from his Rider takes;
Proud of Subjection, noble by the Sway,
What Rounds, what Bounds, what Courſe, what Stop he (makes,
And Controverſie hence a Queſtion takes,
Whether the Horſe by him became his Deed,
Or he his manag'd, by th' well-doing Steed?
But quickly on this Side the Verdict went,
His reall habitude gave Life and Grace
To Appertainings and to Ornament,
Accompliſh'd in himſelf not in his Caſe.
All Aids themſelves made fairer by their Place,
Can for Additions, yet their Purpoſe trim
Piec'd not his Grace, but were all grac'd by him.
So on the Tip of his ſubduing Tongue
All kind of Arguments and Queſtions deep,
All Replication prompt, and Reaſon ſtrong
For his Advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the VVeeper laugh, the Laugher weep.
He had the Dialect and different Skill,
Catching all Paſſions in his Craft of Will,
That he did in the general Boſom reign
Of Young, of Old, and Sexes both inchanted,
To dwell with him in Thoughts, or to remain
In perſonall Duty, following where he haunted,
Conſent's bewitcht, e'er he deſire have granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Ask'd their own Wills and made their Wills obey.
Many there were that did his Picture get
To ſerve their Eyes and in it put their Mind:
Like Fools, that in th' Imagination ſet
The goodly Objects, which abroad they find,
Of Lands and Manſions, their's in Thought aſſign'd,

And labouring in Moe Pleaſures to beſtow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord, who doth owe them.
So many have, that never touch'd his Hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them Miſtreſs of his Heart:
My Woful ſelf, that did in Freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee ſimple, not in Part,
What with his Art in Youth and Youth in Art,
Threw my Affections in his charmed Power,
Reſerv'd the Stalk and gave him all my Flower.
Yet did I not as ſome my Equals did
Demand of him, nor being deſired yielded:
Finding my ſelf in Honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt Diſtance I my Honour ſhielded,
Experience for me many Bulwarks builded
Of Proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the Foil
Of this falſe Jewel, and his amorous Spoil.
But ah! whover ſhunn'd by Precedent,
The deſtin'd Ill ſhe muſt her ſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd Examples 'gainſt her own Content,
To put the by-paſt Perils in her Way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay:
For when we rage, Advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our Wits more keen.
Nor gives it Satisfaction to our Blood,
That we muſt curb it upon others Proof,
To be forbid the Sweets, that ſeem ſo good,
For Fear of Harms, that preach in our Behoof.
O Appetite! from Judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a Pallat hath, that needs will taſte,
Though Reaſon weep and cry it is thy laſt.
For further I could ſay this Man's untrue,
And knew the Patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his Plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how Deceits were gilded in his ſmiling,
Knew Vows, were ever Brokers to defiling,

Thought

Thought Characters and VVords meerly but Art,
And Baſtards of his foul adult'rate Heart.
And long upon theſe Terms I held my City,
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me. Gentle Maid,
Have of my ſuffering Youth ſome feeling Pity,
And be not of my holy Vows afraid,
What's to you ſworn to none was ever ſaid.
For Feaſts of Love I have been call'd unto
'Till now did ne'er invite nor never vow,
All my Offences, that abroad you ſee
Are Errors of the Blood none of the Mind.
Love made them not, with Acture they may be,
Where neither Party is nor true nor kind:
They ſought their Shame that ſo their Shame did find.
And ſo much leſs of Shame in me remains,
By how much of me their Reproach contains.
Among the many, that mine Eyes have ſeen,
Not one whoſe Flame my Heart ſo much as warmed,
Or my Affection put to th' ſmalleſt Teen,
Or any of my Leiſures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them but ne'er was harmed.
Kept Hearts in Liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd commanding in his Monarchy.
Look here what Tributes wounded Fancy ſent me,
Of palid Pearls, and Rubies red as Blood.
Figuring, that they their Paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of Grief and Bluſhes aptly underſtood;
In bloodleſs white, and the encrimſon'd Mood,
Effects of Terror and dear Modeſty,
Encamp'd in Hearts but fighting outwardly.
And lo! behold theſe Talents of their Hair,
With twiſted Mettle amorouſly empleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a ſeveral Fair;
Their kind Acceptance, weepingly beſeech'd,
With th' Annexions of fair Gems inrich'd,

And deep brain'd Sonnets, that did amplifie,
Each Stone's dear Nature, Worth and Quality.
The Diamond! why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
VVhereto his invis'd Properties did tend.
The deep, green Emrald, in whose fresh Regard,
VVeak Sights their sickly Radience do amend.
The Heav'n-hew'd Saphyr and the Ophal blend,
VVith Objects manifold; each several Stone,
With Wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some Moan.
Lo! all these Trophies of Affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd Desires the Tender,
Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoor'd them not,
But yield them up where I my self must render:
That is to you my Origin and Ender.
For these of Force must your Oblations be,
Since I their Altar, you enpatron me.
Oh! then advance (of yours) that phraseless Hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy Scale of Praise;
Take all these Similes unto your own command,
Hollow'd with Sighs, that burning Lungs did raise;
What me your Minister for you obeys,
Works under you, and to your Audit comes,
Their distract Parcels, incombined Sums.
Lo! this Device was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest Note,
Which late her noble Suit in Court did shun,
Whose rarest Havings made the Blossoms dote;
For she was sought by Spirits of richest Coat,
But kept cold Distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her Living in eternal Love.
But oh! my Sweet, what Labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastring what not strives?
Playing the Place which did no Form receive;
Playing patient Sports in unconstrain'd gives?
She that her Fame so to her self contrives,

The

The Scars of Battel ſcapeth by the Flight,
And makes her Abſence valiant, not her Might.
Oh! pardon me in that my Boaſt is true,
The Accident which brought me to her Eye,
Upon the Moment did her Force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged Cloiſter flie.
Religious Love put out Religious Eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be immured,
And now, to tempt, all Liberty procured.
How mighty then you are, Oh hear me tell!
The broken Boſoms, that to me belong,
Have emptied all their Fountains in my Well;
And mine I pour your Ocean all among.
I ſtrong o'er them, and you o'er me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your Victory us all congeſt,
As compound Love to phyſick your cold Breaſt.
My Parts had Power to charm a ſacred Sun,
Tho' diſciplin'd I dieted in Grace,
Believ'd her Eyes, when they t'aſſail begun,
All Vows and Conſecrations giving Place.
O! moſt potential Love, Vow, Bond, nor Space,
In thee hath neither Sting, Knot, nor Confine
For thou art all, and all things elſe are thine.
When thou impreſſeſt, what are Precepts worth,
Of ſtale Example? when thou wilt enflame,
How coldly thoſe Impediments ſtand forth
Of Wealth, of filial Fear, Law, Kindred, Fame?
Loves Arms are Peace, 'gainſt Rule, 'gainſt Senſe, 'gainſt (Shame,
And Sweetneſs in the ſuffering Pang it bears,
The *Alloes* of all Forces, Shocks and Fears.
Now all theſe Hearts, that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding Groans they pine,
And ſupplicant their Sighs to you extend,
To leave the Battery, that you make 'gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft Audience, to my ſweet Deſign:

And credent Soul, to that strong bonded Oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my Troth.
This said, his watry Eyes he did dismount,
Whose Sights till then were leavel'd on my Face.
Each Cheek a River running from a Fount,
With brinish Currant down-ward flow'd apace.
Oh! how the Channel to the Stream gave Grace!
Who glaz'd with Christal Gate the glowing Roses,
That Flame through Water which their Hew incloses.
Oh! Father, what a Hell of Witch-craft lies,
In the small Orb of one particular Tear?
But with the Inundation of the Eyes
What rocky Heart to Water will not wear?
What Breast so cold, that is not warmed here?
Oh! cleft Effect! cold Modesty, hot Wrath,
Both Fire from hence, and Chill extincture hath.
For loe his Passion but an Art of Craft,
Even there resolv'd my Reason into Tears;
There my white Stole of Chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober Guards, and civil Fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears:
All melting, tho' our Drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.
In him a plenitude of subtil Matter,
Applied to Cautles, all strange Forms receives
Of burning Blushes, or of weeping Water,
Or swouning Paleness, and he takes and leaves,
In eithers Aptness as it best deceives.
To Blush at Speeches rank, to Weep at Woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at Tragic Shows.
That not a Heart, which in his level came,
Could 'scape the Hail of his all hurting Aim,
Shewing fair Nature is both kind and tame:
And vail'd in them did win whom he would maim,
Against the thing, he sought, he wou'd exclaim,

When

When he moſt burnt in Heart-wiſh'd Luxury,
He preach'd pure Maid, and prais'd cold Chaſtity.
Thus meerly with the Garment of a Grace,
The naked and concealed Fiend he cover'd,
That th' unexperienc'd gave the Tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin above them hover'd:
Who Young and Simple wou'd not be ſo lover'd?
Ah! me I fell, and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.
Oh! that infected Moiſture of his Eye!
Oh! that falſe Fire, which in his Cheek ſo glow'd!
Oh! that forc'd Thunder from his Heart did flie!
Oh! that ſad Breath his ſpungy Lungs beſtow'd!
Oh! all that borrowed Motion ſeeming owed!
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled Maid.

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## *The Amorous Epiſtle of* Paris *to* Hellen.

HEalth unto *Lædaes* Daughter *Priam*'s Son
Sends in theſe Lines, whoſe Health cannot be won,
But by your Gift, in whoſe Power it may lie
To make me whole or ſick; to live or die.
Shall I then ſpeak? or doth my Flame appear
Plain without Index? Oh! 'tis that I fear!
My Love without diſcovering Smile takes place,
And more, than I could wiſh ſhines in my Face.
When I could rather in my Thoughts deſire,
To hide the Smoak, till Time diſplay the Fire.
Time, that can make the Fire of Love ſhine clear,
Untroubled with the miſty Smoak of Fear.

But

But I Diſemble it, for who I Pray,
Can Fire conceal? that will it ſelf betray.
Yet if you look, I ſhould affirm that plain
In Words, which in my Countenance I maintain.
I burn, I burn, my Faults I have confeſs'd,
My Words bear witneſs how my Looks tranſgreſs'd.
Oh! Pardon me, that have confeſs'd my Error,
Caſt not upon my Lines a Look of Terror,
But as your Beauty is beyond compare,
Suit unto that your Looks, (Oh! you moſt Fair!)
That you my Letter have receiv'd by this
The Suppoſition glads me and I wiſh,
By Hope incourag'd, Hope that makes me ſtrong,
You will receive me in ſome ſort e'er long.
I ask no more, than what the Queen of Beauty
Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by Duty.
By her I Claim you, you for me were made,
And ſhe it was my Journey did perſwade.
Nor Lady think your Beauty vainly ſought;
I by divine Inſtinct was hither brought;
And to this Enterprize the heavenly Powers
Have given Conſent, the Gods Proclaim me yours.
I aim at Wonders, for I covet you,
Yet pardon me, I ask but what's my Due.
*Venus* her ſelf my Journey hither led,
And gives you freely to my promis'd Bed.
Under her ſafe Conduct the Seas I paſt,
Till I arriv'd upon theſe Coaſts at laſt.
Shiping my ſelf from the *Sygean* Shore,
Whence unto theſe Confines my Courſe I bore.
She made the *Surges* gentle, the Winds fair,
Nor marvel whence theſe Calms proceeded are.
Needs muſt ſhe Power upon the ſalt-Seals have,
That was Sea-born, Created from a Wave.
Still may ſhe ſtand in her Ability,
And as ſhe made the Seas with much Facility,

To

To be through-ſail'd, ſo may ſhe calm my Heat,
And bear my Thoughts to their deſired Seat.
My Flames I found not here, no I proteſt,
I brought them with me cloſed in my Breaſt;
My ſelf tranſported them without Attorney,
Love was the Motive to my tedious Journey.
Not bluſtring Winter, when he triumph'd moſt,
Nor any Error drove me to this Coaſt.
Not led by Fortune where the rough Winds pleaſe,
Nor Merchant like for Gain croſt I the Seas.
Fulneſs of Wealth in all my Fleet I ſee,
I am Rich in all things, ſave in wanting thee.
No Spoil of petty Nations my Ship ſeeks;
Nor Land I as a Spie among the *Greeks*.
VVhat need we? See of all things we have Store.
Compar'd with *Troy*, alas! your *Greece* is poor.
For thee I come, thy Fame hath thus far driven me,
VVhom golden *Venus* hath by promiſe given me.
I wiſh'd thee e'er I knew thee, long ago,
Before theſe Eyes dwelt on this glorious Show.
I ſaw thee in my Thoughts, know beauteous Dame,
I firſt beheld you with the Eyes of Fame.
Nor marvel Lady I was ſtroke ſo far,
Thus Darts, or Arrows ſent from Bows of War
Wound a great Diſtance off; ſo was I hit
With a deep ſmarting Wound that ranckles yet.
For ſo it pleas'd the Fates, whom leaſt you blame,
I'll tell a true Tale to confirm the ſame.

When in my Mother's Womb full ripe I lay,
Ready the firſt Hour to behold the Day,
And ſhe at Point to be deliver'd ſtrait,
And to unlade her of her Royal Freight,
My Birth-hour was delay'd, and that ſad Night
A fearful Viſion did the Queen affright.

In

In a Son's Stead, to pleaſe the aged Sire,
She dreamt ſhe had brought forth a Brand of Fire.
Frighted ſhe riſes, and to *Priam* goes;
To the old King this ominous Dream ſhe ſhows.
He to the Prieſt, the Prieſt doth this return,
That the Child born ſhall ſtately *Ilium* burn.
Better, than he was ware, the Prophet gheſt,
For lo! a kindled Brand flames in thee my Breaſt.
To prevent Fate a Peaſant, I was held,
Till my fair Shape all other Swains excell'd;
And gave the doubtful World Aſſurance good,
Your *Paris* was deriv'd from Royal Blood.

Amid the *Idean* Fields, there is a Place
Remote, full of high Trees, which hide the Face
Of the green mantled Earth, where in thick Rows,
The Oak, the Elm, the Pine, the Pitch-Tree grows.
Here never yet did browze the wanton Ewe,
Nor from his Plot the ſlow Ox lick the Dew.
The ſavage Goat, that feeds among the Rocks,
Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their Flocks.
Hence the *Dardanian* Walls I might eſpy,
The lofty Towers of *Ilium* reared high.
Hence I the Seas might from the firm Land ſee,
Which to behold, I leant me on a Tree.
Believe me, for I ſpeak but what is true,
Down from the Skirt with feather'd Pinions flew,
The Nephew to great *Atlas*, and doth ſtand,
With golden *Caduceus* in his Hand.
This, as the Gods to me thought good to ſhow,
I hold it good, that you the ſame ſhould know.
Three Goddeſſes behind young *Hermes* move;
Great *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of *Love*.
Who as in Pomp, and Pride of Gate they paſs,
Scarce with their Weight they bend the Tops of Graſs.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd I ſtart, and endlong ſtands my Hair,
When *Maia*'s Son thus ſays, abandon Fear,
Thou courteous Swain, that to theſe Groves repaireſt,
And freely judge, which of theſe three is faireſt.
And leaſt I ſhould theſe curious Sentence ſhun,
He tells me by *Jove*'s Sentence all is done.
And to be Judge I no way can eſchew.
This having ſaid, up through the Air he flew.
I ſtraight took Heart-a-grace, and grew more bold;
And there their Beauties one by one behold.
Why am I made the Judge to give this Doom?
Methinks all three are worthy to o'er-come.
To injure two ſuch Beauties, what Tongue dare?
Or prefer one where they be all ſo fair?
Now this ſeems faireſt, now again that other;
Now would I ſpeak, and now my Thoughts I ſmother.
And yet at length the Praiſe of one moſt founded,
And from that one my preſent Love is grounded.
The Goddeſſes out of their earneſt Care,
And Pride of Beauty to be held moſt Fair,
Seek, with large Arms, and Gifts of wondrous Price,
To their own Thoughts my Cenſure to entice.
*Juno* the Wife of *Jove* doth firſt inchant me,
To judge her Faireſt, ſhe a Crown will grant me.
*Pallas* her Daughter, next doth undertake me,
Give her the Prize, and valiant ſhe will make me.
I ſtraight deviſe which can moſt Pleaſure bring,
To be a valiant Soldier, or a King.
Laſt *Venus* ſmiling, came with ſuch a Grace,
As if ſhe ſway'd an Empire in her Face.
Let not (ſaid ſhe) theſe Gifts the Conqueſt bear,
Combats and Kingdoms are both fraught with Fear.
I'll give thee what thou loveſt beſt, (lovely Swain)
The faireſt Saint, that doth on Earth remain,
Shall be thine own; make thou the Conqueſt mine;
Fair *Ledeas* faireſt Daughter ſhall be thine.

This

This ſaid, when with my ſelf I had deviſed,
And her rich Gift and Beauty jointly priſed.
*Venus* the Victor, o'er the reſt is plac'd;
*Juno* and *Pallas* leave the Mount diſgrac'd.
Mean time my Fate a proſperous Courſe had run,
And by known Signs King *Priam* call'd me Son.
The Day of my reſtoring is kept Holy
Among the Saints-Days, conſecrated ſolely
To my Remembrance, being a Day of Joy,
For ever in the Calenders of *Troy*.

As I wiſh you, I have been wiſh'd by others,
The faireſt Maids by me would have been Mothers.
Of all my Favours, I beſtow'd not any,
You only may enjoy the Loves of many.
Nor by the Daughters of great Dukes and Kings,
Have I alone been ſought, whoſe Marriage Rings
I have turn'd back; but by a Strain more high,
By Nymphs and Faries, ſuch as never die.
No ſooner were you promis'd as my Due,
But I (all hated) to remember you.
Waking, I ſaw your Image, if I dreamt,
Your beauteous Figure ſtill appear'd to tempt,
And urge this Voyage; till your Face excelling,
Theſe Eyes beheld, my Dreams were all of *Hellen*.
Imagine how your Face ſhould now incite me,
Being ſeen, that unſeen did ſo much delight me.
If I was ſcorch'd ſo far off from the Fire,
How am I burnt to Cinders thus much nigher.
Nor could I longer owe my ſelf this Treaſure,
But thro' the Ocean I muſt ſearch my Pleaſure.
The *Phrygyan* Hatches to the Roots are put
Of the *Idean* Pines, aſunder cut
The Wood-land Mountain yielded me large Fees,
Being deſpoil'd of all her taleſt Trees.

From

From whence we have ſquar'd out unnumbred Beams,
That muſt be waſh'd within the Marine Streams.
The grounded Oaks are bowed, tho' ſtiff as Steel,
And to the tough Ribs is the bending Keel
Woven by Ship-wrights Craft, then the Main-Maſt,
A croſs whoſe Middle is the Sale-Yard plac'd.
Tackles and Sails, and next you may diſcern,
Our painted Gods upon the hooked Stern.
The God, that bears me on my happy Way,
And is my Guide, is *Cupid*. Now the Day
In which the laſt Stroke of the Hammer's heard
Within our Navy, in the Eaſt appear'd:
And I muſt now lanch forth; (ſo the Fates pleaſe)
To ſeek Adventures in the *Eagean* Seas.
My Father and my Mother move Delay,
And by Intreaties would inforce my Stay.
They hang about my Neck, and with their Tears,
Wo me, deferr my Journey; but their Fears
Can have no Power to keep me from thy Sight.
And now *Caſſandra*, full of ſad Affright,
With loſe diſhevel'd Tramels, madly skips,
Juſt in the Way betwixt me and my Ships.
Oh! whether wilt thou Head-long run, ſhe cries?
Thou beareſt Fire with thee, whoſe Smoak up-flies
Unto the Heavens (Oh *Jove*!) thou little feareſt
What quenchleſs Flames thou thro' the Water beareſt.
*Caſſandra* was to true a Propheteſs,
Her quenchleſs Flames ſhe ſpake of (I confeſs,)
My hot Deſires burn in my Breaſt ſo faſt,
That no red Furnace hotter Flames can caſt.

I paſs the City Gates, my Bark I boar'd,
The favourable Winds calm Gales afford,
And fill my Sails; unto your Land I Steer,
For whether elſe (his Courſe) ſhould *Paris* bear?

Your

Your Husband entertains me as his Gueſt,
And all this hapneth by the God's beheſt.
He ſhews me all his Paſtures, Parks, and Fields,
And every rare thing *Lacedemon* yeilds.
He holds himſelf much pleaſed with my Being,
And nothing hides, that he eſteems worth ſeeing.
I am on Fire, till I behold your Face,
Of all *Achaias* Kingdom the ſole-Grace.
All other curious Objects I deſie,
Nothing but *Hellen* can content mine Eye:
Whom when I ſaw, I ſtood transform'd with Wonder,
Senſeleſs, as one ſtruck dead by *Jove*'s ſharp Thunder.
As I revive, my Eyes I rowl and turn,
Whilſt my flam'd Thoughts with hotter Fancies burn.
Even ſo as I remember looks Love's Queen,
When ſhe was laſt in *Phrygian Ida* ſeen,
Unto which Place by Fortune I was train'd,
Where, by my Cenſure, ſhe the Conqueſt gain'd.
But had you made a fourth in that Contention,
Of *Venus* Beauty, there had been no mention.
*Hellen* aſſuredly had born from all
The Prize of Beauty, the bright golden Ball.

Only of you may this your Kingdom boaſt,
By you it is renown'd in every Coaſt.
Rumor hath every where your Beauty blaz'd,
In what remote Clime is not *Hellen* prais'd?
From the bright Eaſtern Sun's up-riſe, inquire,
Even to his down-fall where he ſlacks his Fire;
There lives not any of your Sex that dare,
Contend with you that are proclaim'd ſo fair.
Truſt me, for Truth I ſpeak: Nay what's moſt true,
Too ſparingly the World hath ſpoke of you.
Fame that hath undertook your Name to blaze,
Play'd but the envious Houſewife in your Praiſe.

More, than Report could Promiſe, or Fame blazon,
Are theſe Divine Perfections, that I gaze on.
Theſe were the ſame that made Duke *Theſeus* laviſh,
Who in thy Prime and Nonage did thee raviſh.
A worthy Rape for ſuch a worthy Man;
Thrice happy Raviſher, to ſeize thee then,
When thou wert ſtript ſtark naked to the Skin,
A Sight of Force to make the Gods to Sin.
Such is your Country's Guiſe at Seaſons when,
With naked Ladies they mixt naked Men.
That he did ſteal thee from thy Friends, I praiſe him,
And for that Deed, I to the Heavens will raiſe him.
That he return'd thee back, by *Jove* I wonder,
Had I been *Theſeus*, he that ſhould aſſunder,
Have parted us, or ſnatch'd thee from my Bed,
Firſt from my Shoulders ſhould have par'd my Head.
So rich a Purchaſe, ſuch a glorious Prey,
Should conſtantly have been detain'd for aye.
Could theſe my ſtrong Arms poſſibly unclaſp,
Whilſt in their amorous Folds they *Hellen* graſp?
Neither by free Conſtraint, nor by free Giving,
Could you depart that Compaſs, and I living.
But if by rough Inforce I muſt reſtore you,
Some Fruits of Love, (which I ſo long have bore you)
I firſt would reap, and ſome ſweet Favour gain,
That all my Suit were not beſtow'd in vain.
Either with me you ſhall abide and ſtay,
Or for your Paſs your Maiden-Head ſhould pay.
Or ſay, I ſpar'd you that, yet would I try,
What other Favour, I could elſe come by.
All that belongs to love, I would not miſs,
You ſhould not let me both to clip and kiſs.

Give me your Heart, fair Queen, my Heart you owe,
And what my Reſolution is you know.

Till the laſt Fire my breathleſs Body take,
The Fire within my Breaſt can never ſlake.
Before large Kingdoms I preferr'd your Face,
And *Juno*'s Love, and potent Gifts diſgrace.
To fold you in my amorous Arms I chus'd,
And *Pallas* Vertues ſcornfully refus'd.
When they with *Venus* on the Hill of *Ide*,
Made me the Judge their Beauties to decide;
Nor do I yet repent me, having took,
Beauty, and Strength, and Scepter'd Rule forſook.
Methinks I chus'd the beſt, (nor think it ſtrange)
I ſtill perſiſt, and never mean to change:
Only that my Imployment be not vain,
Oh! you more Worth than any Empires gain!
Let me intreat, leaſt you my Birth ſhould ſcorn,
Or Parentage, Know I am Royal born.
By marrying me, you ſhall not wrong your State,
Nor be a Wife to one degenerate.
Search the Records where we did firſt begin,
And you ſhall find the Pleiads of our Kin;
Nay *Jove* himſelf, all others to forbear,
That in our Stock renowned Princes were.
My Father of all *Aſia* reigns ſole King,
Whoſe boundleſs Coaſt ſcarce any feather'd Wing
Can give a Girdle to, a happier Land,
A Neighbour to the Ocean cannot ſtand.
There in a narrow Compaſs you may ſee,
Cities and Towers more, than may numbred be.
The Houſes gilt, rich Temples that excel,
And you will ſay, I near the great Gods dwell.
You ſhall behold high *Iliums* lofty Towers,
And *Troy*'s brave Walls built by no mortal Powers;
But made by *Phœbus* the great God of Fire,
And by the Touch of his melodious *Lyre*.
If we have People to inhabite, when
The ſad Earth groans to bear ſuch Troops of Men.

Judge

Judge *Hellen*, likewiſe when you come to Land,
The *Aſian* Women ſhall admiring ſtand,
Saluting thee with Welcome, more and leſs,
In preſſing Throngs and Numbers, numberleſs.
More, than our Courts can hold of you (moſt fair)
You to your ſelf will ſay, alas! how bare,
And poor *Achaia* is, when, with great Pleaſure,
You ſee each Houſe contain a City's Treaſure.

Miſtake me not, I *Sparta* do not ſcorn,
I hold the Land bleſt where my Love was born;
Tho' barren elſe, rich *Sparta Hellen* bore,
And therefore I that Province muſt adore.
Yet is your Land, methinks, but lean and empty,
You worthy of a Clime, that flows with Plenty;
Full *Troy* I proſtrate, it is yours by Duty,
This petty Seat becomes not your rich Beauty.
Attendance, Preparation, Curt'ſie, State,
Fit ſuch a Heavenly Form, on which ſhould wait,
Coſt, freſh Variety, delicious Diet,
Pleaſure, Contentment, and luxurious Riot.
What Ornaments we uſe, what Faſhions feign,
You may perceive by me and my proud Train.
Thus we attire our Men, but with more Coſt
Of Gold and Pearl, the rich Gowns are imboſt,
Of our chief Ladies, gheſs by what you ſee,
You may be ſoon induc'd to credit me.

Be tractable, fair *Spartan*, nor contemn
A *Trojan* born, deriv'd from Royal Stem.
He was a *Trojan*, and allied to *Hector*,
That waits upon *Jove*'s Cup, and fills him *Nectar*.
A *Trojan* did the fair *Aurora* wed,
And nightly ſlept within her Roſeat Bed.
The Goddeſſes, that ends Night, and enters Day,
From our fair *Trojan* Coaſt ſtole him away.

*Anchiſes* was a *Trojan*, whom Love's Queen,
(Making the Trees of *Ida* a thick Screen
'Twixt Heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,
I am a *Trojan* too, in *Troy* I dwell.
Thy Husband *Menelaus* hither bring,
Compare our Shapes, our Years, and every thing.
I make you Judgeſs, wrong me if you can;
You needs muſt ſay, I am the properer Man.
None of my Line hath turn'd the Sun to Blood,
And robb'd his Steeds of their Ambroſial Food.
My Father grew not from the *Caucaſs* Rock,
Nor ſhall I graft you in a bloody Stock.
*Priam* ne'er wrong'd the guiltleſs Soul, or further,
Made the *Myrtoan* Sea look red with Murther;
Nor thirſteth my great Grand-Sire in the Lake,
Of *Lethe*, Chin deep, yet no Thirſt can ſlake;
Nor after ripen'd Apples vainly skips,
Who flie him ſtill, and yet ſtill touch his Lips.
But what of this? If you be ſo deriv'd,
You notwithſtanding are no Right depriv'd.
You grace your Stock, and being ſo Divine,
*Jove* is of force compell'd into your Line.

Oh Miſchief! whilſt I vainly ſpeak of this,
Your Husband all-unworthy of ſuch Bliſs,
Injoys you this long Night, enfolds your VVaſte,
And where he liſts, may boldly touch and taſte.
So when you ſat at Table, many a Toy,
Paſſeth between you my vext Soul t'annoy.
At ſuch high Feaſts I wiſh my Enemy ſit,
VVhere Diſcontent attends on every Bit.
I never yet was plac'd at any Feaſt,
But oft it irkt me, that I was your Gueſt.
That which offends me moſt, thy rude Lord knows,
For ſtill his Arms about thy Neck he throws;

VVhich

Which I no ſooner ſpy but I grow mad,
And hate the Man whoſe courting makes me ſad.
Shall I be plain? I am ready to ſink down,
When I behold him wrap you in his Gown;
When you ſit ſmiling on his amorous Knee,
His Fingers preſs, where my Hands itch to be.
But when he hugs you I am forc'd to frown,
The Meat I'm eating will by no means down,
But ſticks half way; amidſt theſe Diſcontents,
I have obſerv'd you laugh at my Laments,
And with a ſcornful, yet a wanton Smile,
Deride my Sighs and Groans. Oft to beguile
My Paſſions, and to quench my fiery Rage, (ſwage;
By quaffing Healths I've thought my Flame t' aſ-
But *Bacchus* full Cups make my Flames burn higher,
Add Wine to Love, and you add Fire to Fire.
To ſhun the Sight of many a wanton Feat,
Betwixt your Lord and you, I ſhift my Seat,
And turn my Head, but thinking of your Grace,
Love ſcrews my Head to gaze back on your Face.
What were I beſt to do? To ſee you play
Mads me, and I perforce muſt turn away,
And to forbare the Place where you abide,
Would kill me dead, ſhould I but ſtart aſide.
As much as lies in me I ſtrive to bury,
The Shape of Love, and in Mirths ſpight I ſeem merry.
But oh! the more I ſeek it to ſuppreſs,
The more my blabbing Looks my Love profeſs.

You know my Love which I in vain ſhould hide,
Would God it did appear to none beſide.
Oh! *Jove* how often have I turn'd my Cheek,
To hide th' apparant Tears, that Paſſage ſeek
From forth my Eyes, and to a Corner ſtept,
Leſt any Man ſhould ask wherefore I wept.

How often have I told you piteous Tales,
Of conſtant Lovers, and how Love prevails.
When ſuch great Heed to my Diſcourſe I took,
That every Accent ſuited to your Look.
In forged Names my ſelf I repreſented,
The Lover ſo perplex'd, and ſo tormented,
If you will know? Behold I am the ſame,
*Paris* was meant in that true Lover's Name.
As often, that I might the more ſecurely,
Speak looſe immodeſt Words, that ſound impurely,
That they offenceleſs might your ſweet Ears touch,
I have liſpt them up, like one had drunk too much.
Once I remember, your looſe Vail betray'd,
Your naked Skin, and a fair Paſſage made,
To my enamour'd Eye. Oh! Skin much brighter,
Than Snow, or pureſt Milk, in Colour whiter
Than your fair Mother *Læda*, when *Jove* grac'd her,
And in the Shape of feathered Swan embrac'd her.
Whilſt at this raviſhing Sight I ſtood amaz'd,
And without Interruption freely gaz'd,
The wreathed Handle of the Bowl I graſp'd,
Fell from my hold, my ſtrengthleſs Hand unclaſp'd.
A Goblet at that time I held by Chance,
And down it fell, for I was in a Trance.
Kiſs your fair Daughter, and to her I skip,
And ſnatch your Kiſſes from your ſweet Child's Lip.
Sometimes I throw my ſelf along, and lie,
Singing Love-Songs, and if you caſt your Eye,
On my effeminate Geſture, I ſtill find,
Some pretty cover'd Signs to ſpeak my Mind;
And then my earneſt Suit bluntly invades,
*Aethra* and *Climene* your two cheif Maids.
But they return me Anſwers full of Fear,
And to my Motions lend no further Ear.
Oh! that you were the Prize of ſome great Strife,
And he that wins, might claim you for his Wife.

*Hyp-*

*Hyppomenes* with ſwift *Atlanta* ran
And at one Courſe the Goal and Lady wan.
Even ſhe, by whom ſo many Suiters periſh'd
Was in the Boſom of her new Love cheriſh'd.
So *Hercules* for *Dejaneira* ſtrove,
Brake *Achelous* Horn, and gain'd his Love.
Had I ſuch Liberty, ſuch Freedom granted,
My Reſolution never could be daunted.
Your ſelf ſhould find, and all the World ſhou'd ſee,
*Hellen* a Prize alone reſerv'd for me.
There is not left me any Means (moſt fair)
To court you now, but by entreats and Prayer;
Unleſs (as it becomes me) you think meet,
That I ſhould proſtrate fall, and kiſs your Feet.
Oh! all the Honour, that our laſt Age wins,
Thou Glory of the two *Tindarian* Twins!
Worthy to be *Jove*'s Wife, in Heaven to reign,
Were you not *Jove*'s own Daughter, of his Strain.
To the *Sygean* confines I will carry thee,
And in the Temple of great *Pallas* marry thee.
Or in this Iſland where I vent my Moans,
I'll beg a Tomb for my exil'd Bones.
My Wound is not a ſlight Raze with an Arrow,
But it hath pierc'd my Heart, and burnt my Marrow.
This Propheſie my Siſter oft hath ſounded,
That by an heavenly Dart I ſhould be wounded.
Oh! then forbear (fair *Hellen*) to oppoſe you
Againſt the Gods, they ſay I ſhall not loſe you.
Yeild you to their heheſt, and you ſhall find,
The Gods to your Petitions likewiſe kind.
A thouſand things at once are in my Brain,
Which that I may eſſentially complain,
And not in Papers empty all my Head,
Anon at Night receive me to your Bed.
Bluſh you at this! or Lady do you fear,
To violate the Nuptial Laws auſtere?

Oh! ſimple *Hellen!* Fooliſh I might ſay,
What Profit reap you to be chaſt I pray?
Is't poſſible, that you a World to win,
Should keep that Face, that Beauty without Sin?
Rather you muſt your glorious Face exchange,
For one (leſs fair) or elſe not ſeem ſo ſtrange.
Beauty and Chaſtity at variance are,
'Tis hard to find one Woman chaſte and fair.
*Venus* will not have Beauty over aw'd,
High *Jove* himſelf ſtolen Pleaſures will applaud,
And by ſuch theeviſh Paſtimes we may gather,
How *Jove* 'gainſt wedlocks Laws, became your Father.
He and your Mother *Læda* both tranſgreſs'd,
When you were got ſhe bare a tender Breaſt.
What Glory can you gain Love Sweets to ſmother?
Or to be counted chaſter, than your Mother?
Profeſs ſtrict Chaſtity, when with great Joy,
I lead you as my Bride-eſpous'd through *Troy.*
Then I intreat you rein your Pleaſures in,
I wiſh thy *Paris* may be all thy Sin.
If *Citherea* her firm Covenant keep,
Tho' I within your Boſom nightly Sleep,
We ſhall not much miſdo, but ſo offend,
That we by Marriage may our Guilt amend.

Your Husband hath himſelf this buſineſs aided,
And tho' (not with his Tongue) he hath perſwaded,
By all his Deeds (as much) leaſt he ſhould ſtay,
Our private Meetings, he is far away,
Of Purpoſe rid unto the fartheſt *Weſt*,
That he might leave his Wife unto his Gueſt.
No fitter time he could have found to viſit,
The *Chriſean* royal Scepter, and to ſieze it.
O! ſimple, ſimple Husband! but he's gone,
And going, left you this to think upon.

Fair

Fair Wife (quoth he) I prethee in my Place,
Regard the *Trojan* Prince, and do him Grace.
Behold, a Witneſs I againſt you ſtand,
You have been careleſs of this kind Command.
Count from his firſt Days Journey, never ſince,
Did you Regard or Grace the *Trojan* Prince.
What think you of your Husband? that he knows
The worth and value of the Face he owes?
Who (but a Fool) ſuch Beauty wou'd endanger,
Or truſt it to the mercy of a Stranger.
Then (royal Queen) if neither may intreat,
My quenchleſs Paſſion, nor Loves raging heat,
Can win you; we are woo'd both to this Crime,
Even by the fit Advantage of the time,
Either to love ſweet Sport we muſt agree;
Or ſhew our ſelves to be worſe Fools than he.
He took you by the Hand the Hour he rode,
And knowing, I with you muſt make abode,
Brings you to me what ſhou'd I further ſay,
It was his Mind to give you quite away.

What meant he elſe? Then let's be blith and jolly,
And make the beſt uſe of your Husband's Folly.
What ſhould we do? Your Husband is far gone,
And this cold Night (poor Soul) you lie alone.
I want a Bedfellow, ſo do we either,
What lets us then, but that we lie together?
You ſlumbring think on me, on you I dream,
Both our Deſires are fervent and extream.
Sweet, then appoint the Night, why do you ſtay?
O Night, more clearer, than the brighteſt Day.
Then I dare freely ſpeak, proteſt, and ſwear,
And of my Vows the Gods ſhall Record bear.
Then will I ſeal the Contract and the Strife,
From thatDay forward, we are Man and Wife.

Then

Then queſtionleſs I ſhall ſo far perſwade,
That you with me ſhall *Troys* rich Coaſt invade;
And with your *Phrygian* Gueſt at laſt agree,
Our potent Kingdom and rich Crown to ſee.
But if you (bluſhing) fear the vulgar Bruit,
That ſays, you follow me, to me make Suit,
Fear it not *Hellen*; I'll ſo work with Fame,
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke *Theſeus* was my Inſtance and ſo were
Your Brother's Lady, can I come more near
To enſample my Attempts by? *Theſeus* haled
*Hellen* perforce: your Brothers they prevailed
With the *Leucippian* Siſters, now from theſe,
I'll count my ſelf the fourth (if *Hellen* pleaſe.)
Our *Trojan* Navy rides upon the Coaſt,
Rig'd, Arm'd, and Man'd, and I can proudly boaſt,
The Banks are high, why do you longer ſtay?
The Winds and Oars are ready to make way.
You ſhall be like a high Majeſtick Queen,
Led through the *Dardan* City, and be ſeen,
By Millions, who your State having commended,
Will (wondring) ſwear, ſome Goddeſs is deſcended.
Where e'er you walk the Prieſts ſhall Incenſe burn,
No way you ſhall your Eye or Body turn
But ſacrificed Beaſts the ground ſhall beat,
And bright religious fires the Welkin heat.
My Father, Mother, Brother, Siſters, all
*Ilium* and *Troy* in pomp Majeſtical,
Shall with rich Gifts preſent you (but alas)
Not the leaſt part (ſo far they do ſurpaſs)
Can my Epiſtle ſpeak, you may behold
More, than my Words or Writings can unfold.

Nor fear the Bruit of War, or threatning Steel,
When we are fled, to dog us at the Heel.

Or

Or that all *Græcia* will their Powers unite,
Of many raviſh'd, can you one recite,
Whom War repurchas'd? theſe be idle Fears,
Rough bluſtering, *Boreas* fair *Orithea* bears,
Unto the Land of *Thrace*, yet *Thrace* ſtill free,
And *Athens* rais'd no rude Hoſtility.
In winged *Pegaſus* did *Jaſon* ſail;
And from great *Colchos* he *Medea* ſtale;
Yet *Theſſaly* you ſee can ſhew no Scar,
Of former Wounds in the *Theſſalian* War?
He that firſt raviſh'd you, in ſuch a Fleet,
As ours is, *Ariadne* brought from *Creete.*
Yet *Minos*, and Duke *Theſeus* were agreed,
About that Quarrel, not a Breaſt did bleed.
Leſs is the Danger (truſt me) then the Fear,
That in theſe vain and idle Doubts appear.
But ſay, rude VVar ſhould be proclaim'd at length,
Know, I am valiant, and have ſinowy Strength.
The VVeapons, that I uſe are apt to kill.
*Aſia* beſides, more ſpacious Fields can fill,
VVith armed Men than *Greece.* Amongſt us are
More perfect Soldiers, more Beaſts apt for VVar.
Nor can thy Husband *Menelaus* be
Of any high Spirit and Magnanimity;
Or ſo well prov'd in Arms. For *Hellen* I,
Being but a Lad, have made my Enemies fly.
Regain'd the Prey from out the Hands of Thieves,
VVho had deſpoild our Herds, and ſtol'n our Beeves.
By ſuch Adventures I my Name obtain'd,
(Being but a Lad) the Conqueſt I have gain'd,
Of youg Men in their Prime, who much could do,
*Deiphebus*, *Ilioneas* too
I have o'ercome in many ſharp Contentions;
Nor think theſe are my vain and forg'd Inventions;
Or that I only Hand to Hand can fight,
My Arrows when I pleaſe ſhall touch the VVhite.

I am

I am expert in the Quarry and the Bow,
You cannot boaſt your heartleſs Husband ſo.
Had you the Power in all things to ſupply me,
And ſhould you nothing in the World deny me;
To give me ſuch a *Hector* to my Brother,
You could not, the Earth bears not ſuch another.
By him alone all *Aſia* is well mann'd;
He like an Enemy againſt *Greece* ſhall ſtand
Oppos'd to your beſt Fortunes, wherefore ſtrive you,
You do not know his Valour that muſt wive you?
Or what hid Worth is in me but at length,
You will confeſs when you have prov'd my Strength.
Thus either War ſhall ſtill our Steps purſue,
Or *Greece* ſhall fall in *Troy*'s all-conquering View.
Nor would I fear for ſuch a Royal Wife,
To ſet the univerſal World at Strife:
To gain rich Prizes, Men will venture far,
The Hope of Purchaſe makes us bold in War.
If all the World about you ſhould contend,
Your Name would be eterniz'd without End,
Onely be bold, and fearleſs may we ſail
Into my Country, with a proſperous Gale!
If the Gods grant me my expected Day,
I to the full ſhall all theſe Covenants pay.

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# Hellen *to* Paris.

NO ſooner came mine Eye unto the Sight,
Of thy rude Lines, but I muſt needs re-write.
Dar'ſt thou (Oh ſhameleſs) in ſuch heinous wiſe,
The Laws of Hoſpitality deſpiſe?
And being a Stranger, from thy Countries Reach,
Solicite a chaſt Wife to Wedlock's Breach?

Was

Was it for this our free *Tenarian* Port,
Receiv'd thee and thy Train, in friendly ſort?
And when great *Neptune* nothing could appeaſe,
Gave thee ſafe Harbour from the ſtormy Seas?
Was it for this, our Kingdoms Arms ſpread wide,
To entertain thee from the Water-ſide?
Yet thou of foreign Soil remote from hence,
A Stranger, coming we ſcarce knew from whence.
Is perjur'd Wrong the Recompence of Right?
Is all our Friendſhip guerdond with Deſpight?
I doubt me then, whether in our Court doth tarry
A friendly Gueſt, or a fierce Adverſary.
Nor blame me, for if juſtly you conſider,
And theſe Preſumptions well compare together,
So ſimple my Complaint will not appear,
But you your ſelf muſt needs excuſe my Fear.
Well, hold me ſimple, much it matters not,
Whilſt I preſerve my chaſte Name far from Spot;
For when I ſeem touch'd with a baſhful Shame,
It ſhews how highly I regard my Fame.
For when I ſeem ſad, my Countenance is not fained,
And when I lower, my Look is unconſtrained.
But ſay my Brow be cloudy, my Name's clear,
And reverently you ſhall of *Hellen* hear.
No Man from me adulterate Spoils can win,
For to this Hour I have ſported without Sin;
Which makes me in my Heart the more to wonder,
What Hope you have in time to bring me under.
Or from mine Eye what Comfort thou canſt gather,
To pity thee, and not deſpiſe thee rather.
Becauſe once *Theſeus* hurried me from hence,
And did to me a kind of Violence,
Follows it therefore, I am of ſuch Price,
That raviſh'd once, I ſhould be raviſh'd twice?
Was it my Fault, becauſe I ſtriv'd in vain,
And wanted Strength his Fury to reſtrain?

He

He flattered, and ſpake fair, I ſtrugled ſtill,
And what he got was much againſt my Will.
Of all his Toil, he reap'd no wiſhed Fruit,
For with my wrangling, I withſtood his Suit.
At length, I was reſtor'd, untoucht, and clear,
In all my Rape, I ſuffer'd naught (ſave Fear)
A few untoward Kiſſes, he (God wot)
Of further Favours, he could never boaſt.
Dry, without Reliſh, by much Striving got,
And them with much ado, and to his Coſt.
I doubt your Purpoſe aims at greater Bliſſes,
And hardly would alone be pleas'd with Kiſſes.
Thou haſt ſome further Aim, and ſeek'ſt to do,
What (*Jove* defend) I ſhould conſent unto.
He bore not thy bad Mind, but did reſtore me,
Unblemiſh'd, to the Place from whence he bore me.
The Youth was baſhful, and thy Boldneſs lackt,
And 'tis well known, repented his bold Fact.
*Theſeus* repented, ſo ſhould *Paris* do,
Succeed in Love, and in Repentance too.
Nor am I angry; who can angry be
With him that loves her? If your Heart agree,
With your kind Words, your Suit I could applaud.
So I were ſure your Lines were void of Fraud.
I caſt not theſe ſtrange Doubts, or this Diſpenſe,
Like one, that were bereft all Confidence.
Nor that I with my ſelf am in Diſgrace,
Or do not know the Beauty of my Face.
But becauſe too much Truſt hath damag'd ſuch,
As have believ'd Men in their Loves too much.
And now the general Tongue of Women ſaith,
Mens Words are full of Treaſon, void of Faith.

Let others ſin, and Hours in Pleaſures waſte,
'Tis rare to find the ſober Matron chaſt.

Why

Why, say it be that Sin prevails with fair ones,
May not my Name be rank'd among the rare ones?
Because my Mother *Læda* was beguil'd,
Must I stray too, that am her eldest Child?
I must confess my Mother made a Rape,
But *Jove* beguil'd her in a borrow'd Shape.
When she (poor Soul) not dreamt of God nor Man,
He trod her like a milk-white feather'd Swan.
She was deceiv'd by Error, if I yield
To your unjust Request, nothing can shield
Me from Reproach; I cannot plead concealing.
'Twas in her Error: 'Tis in me Plain-dealing.
She happily err'd; he that her Honour spilt,
Had in himself full Power to salve the Guilt.
Her Error happy'd me too (I confess)
If to be *Jove*'s Child, be a Happiness.

To omit high *Jove*, of whom I stand in awe,
As the great Grandsire to our Father-in-Law.
To pass the Kin I claim from *Tantalus*,
From *Pelops*, and from noble *Tyndarus*.
*Læda* by *Jove*, in Shape of Swan, beguil'd,
Her self so chang'd, and by him made with Child,
Proves *Jove* my Father. Then you idely strive,
Your Name from Gods and Princes to derive.
What need you of old *Priam* make Relation?
*Laomedon*, or your great *Phrygian* Nation?
Say, all be true; what then? He of whom most,
To be of your Alliance you so boast.
*Jove* (five Degrees at least) from you removed,
To be the first from me, is plainly proved.
And tho' (as I believed well) *Troy* may stand,
Powerful by Sea, and full of Stregth by Land;
And no Dominion to your State superior,
I hold our Clime nothing to *Troy* inferior.

Say

Say, you in Riches paſs us, or in Number
Of People, whom you boaſt your Streets to comber;
Yet yours a barbarous Nation is, I tell you,
And in that Kind, do we of *Greece* excel you.
Your rich Epiſtle doth ſuch Gifts preſent,
As might the Goddeſſes themſelves content;
And wooe them to your Pleaſure, but if I
Should paſs the Bounds of Shame, and tread awry:
If ever you ſhould put me to my Shifts,
Your ſelf ſhould move me more, than all your Gifts.
Or if I ever ſhall tranſgreſs by ſtealth,
It ſhall be for your Sake, not for your VVealth.
But as your Gifts I ſcorn not, ſo ſuch ſeem
Moſt precious, where the Giver we eſteem.
More then your Preſence, it ſhall *Hellen* pleaſe,
That you for her have paſt the ſtormy Seas;
That ſhe hath caus'd your Toil, that you reſpect her,
And more, than all your *Trojan* Dames affect her.

But ye're a VVag in Troth, the Notes and Signs,
You make at Table, in the Meats and VVines,
I have obſerv'd, when I leaſt ſeem'd to mind them,
For at the firſt my curious Eye did find them.
Sometimes (you VVanton) your fixt Eye advances,
His Brightneſs againſt mine, darting ſweet Glances,
Out-gazing me with ſuch a ſtedfaſt Look,
That my daz'd Eyes their Splendor have forſook;
And then you ſigh, and by and by you ſtretch
Your amorous Arm outright, the Bowl to reach,
That next me ſtands, making Excuſe to ſip,
Juſt in the ſelf-ſame Place, that kiſs'd my Lip.
How oft have I obſerv'd your Finger make,
Tricks and conceited Signs, which ſtraight I take?
How often doth youBrow your ſmoothThoughts cloke,
VVhen to (my ſeeming) it hath almoſt ſpoke?

And

And ſtill I fear'd my Husband would have ſpy'd you,
In troth you are to blame, and I muſt chide you.
You are too manifeſt a Lover, (tuſh)
At ſuch known Signs I could not chuſe but bluſh.
And to my ſelf I oft was forc'd to ſay,
This Man at nothing ſhames. Is this (I pray)
Ought ſave the Truth? oft times upon the Board,
Where *Hellen* was ingraven, you the Word
*Amo* have under-writ, in new ſpilt Wine.
(Good ſooth) at firſt I could not skan the Line,
Nor underſtand your Meaning. Now (Oh ſpight)
My ſelf am now taught, ſo to read and write.
Should I offend as Sin to me is ſtrange,
Theſe Blandiſhments have Power chaſte Thoughts to change.
Or if I could be moved to ſtep aſtray
Theſe would provoke me to laſcivious Play,
Beſides, I muſt confeſs, you have a Face,
So admirable rare, ſo full of Grace,
That it hath Power to woo, and to make Seiſure,
Of the moſt bright chaſte Beauties to your Pleaſure.
Yet had I rather ſtainleſs keep my Fame,
Than to a Stranger hazard my good Name.
Make me your Inſtance, and forbear the Fair,
Of that which moſt doth pleaſe you, make moſt ſpare.
The greateſt Vertues of which wiſe Men boaſt,
Is to abſtain from that, which pleaſeth moſt.
How many gallant Youths (think you) deſire,
That which you covet, ſcorch'd with the ſelf-ſame Fire?
Are all the World Fools? Only *Paris* wiſe?
Or is there none ſave you have judging Eyes?
No, no, you view no more, than others ſee,
But you are plainer and more bold with me.
You are more earneſt to purſue your Game;
I yield you not more Knowledge, but leſs Shame.
I would to God, that you had ſail'd from *Troy*,
When my Virginity and Bed to enjoy,

A thouſand gallant Princely Suiters came.
Had I beheld young *Paris*, I proclaim,
Of all thoſe thouſand I had made you chief,
And *Spartan Menelaus* to his Grief,
Should to my Cenſure have ſubſcrib'd and yielded.
But now (alas!) your Hopes are weakly builded,
You covet Goods poſſeſt, Pleaſures fore-taſted,
Tardy you come, that ſhould before have haſted.
What you deſire, another claims as due,
As I could wiſh t'have been eſpous'd to you;
So let me tell you, ſince it is my Fate,
I hold me happy in my preſent State.
Then ceaſe, fair Prince, an idle Suit to move,
Seek not to harm her, whom you ſeem to love.
In my contented State let me be guided,
As both my States and Fortunes have provided,
Nor in ſo vain a Queſt your Spirits toil,
To ſeek at my Hands an unworthy Spoil.

But ſee how ſoon poor Women are deluded,
*Venus* her ſelf this Covenant hath concluded.
For in the *Idæan* Vallies you eſpy,
Three Goddeſſes ſtripp'd naked to your Eye;
And when the firſt had promis'd you a Crown,
The ſecond, Fortitude and Wars Renown;
The third, beſpake you thus: Crown, nor War's Pride
Will I bequeath, but *Hellen* to thy Bride.
I ſcarce believe thoſe high immortal Creatures,
VVould to your Eye expoſe their naked Features.
Or ſay the firſt Part of your Tale be pure,
And meet with Truth, the ſecond's falſe I'm ſure,
In which poor I was thought the greateſt Meed,
In ſuch a high Cauſe by the Gods decreed.
I have not of my Beauty ſuch Opinion,
T' imagine it to be preferr'd before Dominion,

Or

Or Fortitude ; nor can your Words perſwade me,
The greateſt Gift of all, the Goddeſs made me.
It is enough to me, Men praiſe my Face,
But from the Gods, I merit no ſuch Grace.
Nor doth the Praiſe, you charge me with, offend me,
If *Venus* do not enviouſly commend me.
But lo! I grant you, and imagine true,
Your free Report, claiming your Praiſe as due.
Who would in pleaſing Things call Fame a Lyar,
But give that Credit, which we moſt deſire.

That we have mov'd theſe Doubts be not you griev'd,
The greateſt Wonders are the leaſt believed,
Know then I firſt am pleas'd that *Venus* ought me
Such undeſerved Grace. Next, that you thought me
The greateſt Meed. Nor Scepter, nor War's Fame,
Did you preferr before poor *Hellen*'s Name.
(Hard Heart,'tis time thou ſhouldſt at laſt come down)
Therefore I am your Valour, I your Crown.
Your Kindneſs conquers me do what I can ;
I were hard-hearted, not to love this Man.
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy,
To favour him whom I can ne'er enjoy.
What Profits it the barren Sands to plow,
And in the Furrows our Affections ſow.
In the ſweet Theft of *Venus* I am rude,
And know not how my Husband to delude.
Now I theſe Love-lines write, my Pen I vow,
Is a new Office taught, not known till now.
Happy are they, that in this Trade have Skill,
(Alas ! I am a Fool) and ſhall be ſtill ;
And having till this Hour not ſtept aſtray,
Fear in theſe Sports, leaſt I ſhould miſs my Way.
The Fear (no doubt) is greater, than the Blame,
I ſtand confounded and amaz'd with Shame ;

And with the very Thought of what you ſeek,
Think every Eye fixt on my guilty Cheek.
Nor are theſe Suppoſitions meerly vain,
The murmuring People whiſperingly complain,
And my Maid *Aethra* hath by liſtning ſlily
Brought me ſuch News, as touch'd mine Honour highly.
Wherefore (dear Lord) diſſemble or deſiſt,
Being over-Eyed, we cannot as we liſt
Faſhion our Sports, our Loves pure Harveſt gather,
But why ſhould you deſiſt? Diſſemble rather.
Sport (but in ſecret) ſport where none may ſee,
The greater, but not greateſt Liberty
Is limitted to our lacivious Play,
That *Menalaus* is far hence away.
My Husband about great Affairs is poſted,
Leaving his Royal Gueſt ſecurely hoſted,
His Buſineſs was important and material,
Being employed about a Crown imperial.
And as he now is mounted on his Steed,
Ready on his long Journey to proceed:
Even as he queſtions to depart or ſtay,
Sweet Heart (quoth I) Oh! be not long away.
With that he reach'd me a ſweet parting Kiſs,
(How loath he was to leave me, gheſs by this)
Farewel fair Wife (ſaith he) bend all thy Cares
To my domeſtick Buſineſs, home Affairs.
But as the thing that I affection beſt,
Sweet Wife, look well unto my *Trojan* Gueſt.
It was no ſooner out, but with much Pain
My itching Spleen from Laughter I reſtrain,
Which ſtriving to keep in and bridle ſtill,
At length I wrung forth theſe few Words (*I will.*)
He's on his Journey to the Iſle of *Crete*,
But think not we may therefore ſafely meet,
He is ſo abſent, that as preſent I
Am ſtill within his Reach, his Ear, his Eye;

And

And tho' abroad, his Power at home commands ;
For know you not Kings have long reaching Hands.
The Fame for Beauty you beſides have given me,
Into a great Exigent hath driven me.
The more your Commendation fill'd his Ear,
The more juſt Cauſe my Husband hath to fear.
Nor marvel you the King hath left me ſo,
Into remote and foreign Climes to go ;
Much Confidence he dares repoſe in me,
My Carriage, Haviour and my Modeſty,
My Beauty he miſtruſts, my Heart relies in,
My Face he Fears, my chaſt Life he affies in.

To take Time now when Time is, you perſwade me,
And with his apt fit Abſence you invade me :
I would, but fear, nor is my Mind well ſet,
My Will wou'd further, what my Fear doth let.
I have no Husband here, and you no Wife,
I love your Shape, you mine, dear as your Life.
The Nights ſeem long, to ſuch as ſleep alone,
Our Letters meet to enterchange our Moan.
You judge me beauteous, I eſteem you fair,
Under one Roof we Lovers lodged are.
And (let me die) but every thing conſider,
Each thing perſwades us we ſhall lie together.
Nothing we ſee moleſts us, nought we hear,
And yet my forward Will is ſlack through Fear.
I would to God, that what you ill perſwade,
You could as well compel, ſo I were made,
Un-willing willing, pleaſingly abus'd,
So my Simplicity might be excus'd.
Injuries Force is oft-times wondrous pleaſing,
To ſuch as ſuffer Eaſe in their diſeaſing,
If what I will, you 'gainſt my Will ſhould do,
I with ſuch Force could be well pleaſed too.

But whilſt our Love is young and in the Bud,
Suffer his infant Vigor be withſtood.
A Flame new kindled is as eaſily quench'd,
And ſudden Sparkles in little Crops are drench'd.
A Travellers Love is like himſelf, unſtay'd,
And wanders where he walks, it is not laid
On any firmer Ground, for when we alone
Think him to us, the Wind blows fair, he's gone.
Witneſs *Hypſiphile*, alike betray'd,
Witneſs with her the bright *Mynoyan* Maid.
Nay then your ſelf, as you your ſelf have ſpoken,
To fair *Oenone* have your Promiſe broken.
Since I beheld your Face firſt, my Deſire
Hath been, of *Trojan Paris* to inquire.
I know you now in every true Reſpect,
I'll grant you thus much then, ſay you affect
Me (whom you term your own.) I'll go thus far
Do not the *Phrygian* Marriners prepare,
Their Sails and Oars, and now whilſt we recite,
Exchange of Words about the wiſhed Night?
Say that even now you were prepar'd to clime
My long wiſh'd Bed, juſt at th' appointed time,
The Wind ſhould alter and blow fair for *Troy*,
You muſt break off, in midſt of all your Joy,
And leave me in the Infancy of Pleaſure:
Amid my Riches, I ſhall loſe my Treaſure.
You will forſake the Sweets my Bed affords,
T' exchange for Cabins, Hatches and pitch'd Boards.
Then what a fickle Courtſhip you commence,
When, with the firſt Wind, all your Love blows hence?
But ſhall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the Grand-child to *Laomedon*?
And *Ilium* ſee whoſe Beauty you proclaim?
I do not ſo deſpiſe the Bruit of Fame.
That ſhe to whom I am indebt ſuch Thanks,
Should fill the Earth with ſuch adulterate Pranks.

Who

VVhat will *Achaia*? what will *Sparta* ſay?
VVhat will your *Troy* report, and *Aſia?*
VVhat may old *Priam*, or his reverent Queen?
VVhat may your Siſters, having *Hellen* ſeen?
Or your *Dardanian* Brothers deem of me?
VVill they not blame my looſe Inchaſtity.
Nay, how can you your ſelf faithful deem me,
And not amongſt the loſeſt Dames eſteem me?
No Stranger ſhall your *Aſian* Ports come near,
But he ſhall fill your guilty Soul with Fear.
How often (angry at ſome ſmall Offence)
VVill you thus ſay; Adultreſs, get thee hence?
Forgetting you your ſelf have been the Chief
In my Tranſgreſſion, tho' not in my Grief.
Conſider what it is, forgetful Lover,
To be Sin's Author, and Sin's ſharp Reprover.
But e'er the leaſt of all theſe Ills betide me,
I wiſh the Earth may in her Boſom hide me.

But I ſhall all your *Phrygian* Wealth poſſeſs,
And more, than your Epiſtle can expreſs.
Gifts, woven Gold, Imbroidery, rich Attire,
Purple and Plate, or what I can deſire.
Yet give me Leave, think you all this extends,
To countervail the Loſs of my chief Friends?
VVhoſe Friendſhip, or whoſe Aid ſhall I imploy,
To ſuccour me when I am wrong'd in *Troy*.
Or whether can I, having thus miſ-done,
Unto my Father, or my Brothers run.
As much as you to me, falſe *Jaſon* ſwore,
Unto *Medea*, yet from *Aeſon*'s Door,
He after did exile her. Now poor Heart,
Where is thy Father that ſhould take thy Part?
Old *Aetes* or *Calciope*? thou tookeſt
No Aid from them, who thou before forſookeſt.

Or ſay thou didſt (alas! they cannot hear,
Thy ſad Complaints) yet I no ſuch thing fear.
No more *Medea* did, good Hopes ingage
Themſelves ſo far, they fail in their Preſage.
You ſee the Ships, that in the Main are toſt,
And many times by Tempeſts wrackt and loſt,
Had at their lanching from the Haven's Mouth,
A ſmooth Sea, and a calm Gale from the South.
Beſides, the Brand your Mother dreamt ſhe bare,
The Night before your Birth, breeds me freſh Care.
It prophecy'd, e'er many Years expire;
Inflamed *Troy* muſt burn with *Greekiſh* Fire.
As *Venus* favours you, becauſe ſhe gain'd,
A doubtful Prize by you; yet the diſdain'd
And vanquiſh'd Goddeſs, diſgrac'd ſo late,
May bear you hard; I therefore fear their Hate.
Nor make no Queſtion, but if I conſort you,
And for a Raviſher, our *Greece* report you;
War will be wag'd with *Troy*, and you ſhall rue,
The Sword (alas) your Conqueſt ſhall purſue.
When *Hypodamia* at her bridal Feaſt,
Was rudely raviſhed by her *Centaur* Gueſt;
Becauſe the Salvages the Bride durſt ſeize,
War grew betwixt them and the *Lapythes*.
Or think you *Menelaus* hath no Spleen?
Or that he hath not Power to avenge his Teen?
Or that old *Tyndarus* this Wrong can ſmother?
Or the two famous Twins, each lov'd of other.

So where your Valour and rare Deeds you boaſt,
And warlike Spirits in which you triumph moſt;
By which you have attain'd 'mong'ſt Souldiers Grace,
None will believe you, that but ſees your Face.
Your Feature, and fair Shape, is fitter far
For amorous Courtſhips, than remorſleſs War.

Let

Let rough hew'd Soldiers warlike Dangers prove,
'Tis pity *Paris* ſhould do ought ſave Love.
*Hector* (whom you ſo praiſe) for you may fight,
I'll find you War to skirmiſh every Night,
Which ſhall become you better. Were I wiſe,
And bold withal, I might obtain the Prize;
In ſuch ſweet ſingle Combats, Hand to Hand,
'Gainſt which no Woman that is wiſe will ſtand.
My Champion I'll encounter Breaſt to Breaſt,
Though I were ſure to fall, and be o'erpreſt.

If that you private Conference intreat me,
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me;
I know the Meaning, durſt I yield thereto,
Of what you would conferr; what you would do.
You are too forward, you too far would wade;
But yet (God knows) your Harveſt's in the Blade.
My tired Pen ſhall here in Labour end,
A guilty Senſe in thieviſh Lines I ſend.
Speak next when your Occaſion beſt perſwades,
By *Clymenea* and *Aethra* my two Maids.

---

## *The paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.*

LIve with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleaſure prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,
And all the craggy Mountains yield.
There will we ſit upon the Rocks,
And ſee the Shepherds feed their Flocks.
By ſhallow Rivers, by whoſe Falls
Melodious Birds ſing Madrigales.

There

There will I make thee Beds of Roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant Poſes;
A Cap of Flowers, and a Girdle
Imbroidered all with leaves of Mirtle.
A Gown made of the fineſt Wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull,
Fair lined Slippers for the cold,
With Buckles of the pureſt Gold.
A Belt of ſtraw and Ivie Buds,
With coral Claſpes and amber Studs,
And if theſe Pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my Love.
The Shepherds Swains ſhall Dance and Sing,
For thy Delight each *May* Morning;
If theſe Delights thy Mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

---

## *The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd.*

IF that the World and Love were young,
And Truth in every Shepherds Tongue,
Theſe pretty Pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.
Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomel* becometh Dumb,
The reſt complains of Cares to come.
The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields,
To wayward Winter reckoning yields,
A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancies ſpring but Sorrows fall.
Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roſes,
Thy Cap, thy Girdle and thy Poſies.

Some

Some break, ſome wither, ſome forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reaſon rotten.
Thy Belt of Straw and Ivie Buds,
Thy Coral Claſpes and Amber Studs,
All theſe in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy Love.
But could Youth laſt, and Love ſtill breed,
Had Joys no date, and Age no need,
Then theſe Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.

---

## *Another of the ſame Nature.*

COme live with me and be my Dear,
And we will revil all the Year,
In Plains and Groves, on Hills and Dales,
Where fragrant Air breeds ſweeteſt Gales.
There ſhall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Ceder and the ſpreading Vine,
And all the Woods to be a Skreen,
Leaſt *Phœbus* kiſs my Summers Queen.
The Seat of your Diſport ſhall be,
Over ſome River in a Tree.
Where ſilver Sands and Pebbles ſing,
Eternal Ditties with the Spring.
There ſhall you ſee the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satyrs ſpend the Day.
The Fiſhes gliding on the Sands
Offering their Bellies to your Hands.
The Birds with heavenly tuned Throats,
Poſſeſs Woods Ecchoes with ſweet Notes,
Which to your Senſes will impart,
A Muſick to inflame the Heart.

Upon

Upon the bare and leafeleſs Oak,
The Ring-Doves Wooings will provoke
A colder Blood, than you poſſeſs,
To play with me and do no leſs.
In Bowers of Lawrel trimly dight,
We will outwear the ſilent Night,
While *Flora* buſie is to ſpread
Her richeſt Treaſure on our Bed.
The Glow-worms ſhall attend,
And all their ſparkling Lights ſhall ſpend,
All to adorn and beautifie
Your Lodging with moſt Majeſty.
Then in my Arms will I incloſe,
Lillies fair Mixture with the Roſe;
Whoſe nice Perfections in Love's Play,
Shall tune me to the higheſt Key.
Thus as we paſs the welcome Night
In ſportful Pleaſures and Delight,
The nimble Fairies on the Grounds,
Shall dance and ſing melodious Sounds.
If theſe may ſerve for to intice,
Your Preſence to Love's Paradiſe,
Then come with me and be my Dear,
And we will ſtrait begin the Year.

---

TAke, O! take thoſe Lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn,
And thoſe Eyes the break of Day
Lights which do miſlead the Morn.
But my Kiſſes bring again,
Seals of Love, tho' ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide thoſe Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſome bears,

On

On whoſe Tops the Pinks, that grow
Are of thoſe, that *Aprils* wears.
But my poor Heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe Icy Chains by thee.

---

LET the Bird of loweſt lay
On the ſole *Arabian* Tree,
Herauld ſad, and Trumpet be,
To whoſe Sound, chaſt Wings obey.
But thou ſhrieking Harbinger,
Foul Procuror of the Fiend,
Augur of the Feavers End,
To this Troop come thou not near.
From this Seſſion interdict
Every foul of Tyrant Wing,
Save the Eagle feather'd King,
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict.
Let the Prieſt in Surplice white,
That defunctive Muſick can,
Be the Death-divining Swan,
Leaſt the Requiem lack his Right.
And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy ſable Gender mak'ſt,
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our Mourners ſhalt thou go.
Here the Anthem doth commence,
Love and Conſtancy is dead,
Phœnix and the Turtle fled,
In a mutual Flame from hence.
So they loved as Love in twain,
Had the Eſſence but in one,
Two Diſtincts but in none,
Number there in Love was ſlain,
Hearts remote, yet not aſunder,

Diſtance

Diſtance and no Space was ſeen,
Twixt thy Turtle and his Queen,
'But in them it were a Wonder.
So between them Love did ſhine,
That the Turtle ſaw his Right,
Flaming in the Phœnix Sight,
Either was the others mine.
Property was thus apalled,
That the ſelf was not the ſame,
Single Natures double Name,
Neither two nor one was called.
Reaſon in itſelf confounded,
Saw Diviſion grow together,
To themſelves yet either neither
Simple were ſo well compounded.
That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one,
Love hath Reaſon, Reaſon none,
If what Parts can ſo remain.
Whereupon it made this Threne,
To the Phœnix and the Dove,
Co-ſupreams and Stars of Love,
As *Chorus* to their tragick Scene.

---

## *Threnes.*

BEauty, Truth and Raritie.
Grace in all Simplicity,
Hence incloſed, in Cinders lie.
Death is now the *Phœnix* Neſt,
And the Turtles loyal Breaſt,
To Eternity doth reſt.

Leaving

Leaving no Poſterity
'Twas not their Infirmity,
It was married Chaſtity.
Truth may ſeem but cannot be,
Beauty brag, but 'tis not ſhe,
Truth and Beauty buried be.
To this Urn let thoſe repair,
That are either true or fair,
For theſe dead Birds ſigh a Prayer.

---

WHY ſhould this Deſart be,
For it is unpeopled? No,
Tongue I'll hang on every Tree,
That ſhall civil Sayings ſhow.
Some how brief the Life of Man
Runs his erring Pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a Span
Buckles in his Sum of Age.
Some of violated Vows,
'Twixt the Souls of Friend and Friend,
But upon the faireſt Boughs,
Or at every Sentence end;
Will I *Roſalinda* write,
Teaching all that read to know,
The Quintiſſence of every Sprite,
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore Heaven Nature chang'd,
That one Body ſhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
Nature preſently diſtill'd.
*Hellen*'s Cheek, but not her Heart,
*Cleopatra*'s Majeſty:

*Atlanta*'s

*Atalanta*'s better Part,
Sad *Lucrecia*'s Modeſty.
Thus *Roſalinde* of many Parts,
By heavenly Synods was deviſ'd,
Of many Faces, Eyes and Hearts,
To have the Touches deareſt priſ'd.
Heaven would theſe Gifts ſhe ſhould have,
And I to live and die her Slave.

# REMARKS
## ON THE
# PLAYS
## OF
# *SHAKESPEAR.*

## VOL. I.

Have in my Eſſay prefixt to this Volume, laid down Rules, by which the Reader may judge of the Miſtakes of our Poet ſo far, as by his Authority not to be drawn into an Imitation of his Errors, by miſtaking them for Beauties. I ſhall now in theſe Remarks point out the Beauties of this Author, which are worthy the Obſervation of all the Ingenious Lovers of this Art, and thoſe who deſire to arrive at any Perfection in it.

Mr. *Rowe* has very well obſerv'd, that the *Fable* is not the Province of the *Dramma*, in which the Strength and Maſtery of *Shakeſpear* lies; yet I ſhall give a Scheme of all his Plots, that ſo we may the more eaſily ſee how far he has ſucceeded by the Force of Nature, and where he has fail'd. I begin in the Order in which they are printed in this new Edition. And in the Firſt we find his *Tempeſt*.

## The Argument or Fable of the *TEMPEST.*

'*Proſpero* Duke of *Millan* being entirely given 'up to his Study, repoſes the Truſt of the Govern-'ment in his Brother *Antonio*, who having all 'the Soveraignty but the Name is unſatisfy'd till 'he obtain that by Treaſon. Wherefore having 'made a ſecret Compact with the King of *Naples*, 'he lets him into *Milan* in the Night; and ſeizing 'his Brother and his Infant Daughter, ſends them 'them out to Sea in a tatter'd, unrigg'd Boat, '*Gonzalo*, who by the Tyrant was commanded to 'put this in Execution, out of his own Com-'paſſion furniſhes him with ſome Proviſion, and 'ſome of his own Books. Being thus defence-'leſs left to the Mercy of the Ocean, Provi-'dence drove him a on barren Iſland, where he 'found no Body but a ſort of *Incubus*, Son to a 'notorious Witch of *Algiers*. And here he liv'd 'twelve Years in Solitude, and in the Study and 'Exerciſe of the Art of Natural Magic. 'Till 'now the ſame King of *Naples*, his only Son, and '*Antonio Proſpero*'s treacherous Brother and others, 'returning from marrying the Daughter of *Naples* 'to the King of *Tunis*, fall into his Spells, for '*Proſpero* raiſing a Storm, has them all caſt away

'on

'on this barren enchanted Iſland, tho' none of 'them periſh in the Wreck——Here the Play 'begins——Theſe Princes being all caſt aſhoar 'and diſpers'd in the Iſland, the Pangs of their 'Evil Deeds and the ſuppos'd Loſs of the King's 'Son torment the guilty King and ſome of his 'Train; while his Son indeed is by *Proſpero*'s 'Spirits brought to the Sight of *Miranda Pro-* 'ſpero's Daughter, who before had ſeen none of 'Mankind but her Father. The young Pair fall 'mutually in Love with each other. The King 'likewiſe and his Train having undergone great 'Pains, Agonies, and Terrors, are brought to '*Proſpero*'s Cave by his Spirit *Ariel*; where ha- 'ving been upbraided by *Proſpero*, who owns 'himſelf to them, they all are reconcil'd, *Pro-* 'ſpero's Daughter being to be marry'd to *Fer-* 'dinand the King's Son; ſo with the Promiſe of 'a proſperous Voyage the Play ends.

I can't find that this Plot was taken from any Novel, at leaſt not from any, that Mr. *Langbain* had ſeen, who was very converſant with Books of that Nature. But it does not at all follow, that there was no ſuch Story in any of the Books of his Time, which might never reach our Age; nor is it of much Importance.

Tho' the Fable of this Play may come ſhort of Perfection in ſome Particulars, yet I muſt ſay this, that we have few on the *Engliſh* Stage that can compare with it for Excellence. For firſt it is the Imitation of one Action, i. e. *The Reſtoration of* Proſpero *to his Dutchy of* Milan. The Action is of a juſt Extent, for it has a *Beginning*, *Middle* and *End*; the caſting away of the K. of *Naples*, *Antonio*, &c. on the Enchanted Iſland

is plainly the Beginning, ſince to this there is nothing neceſſary to be before, it is the Sequel indeed of ſomething elſe, but not the Effect. Thus their being caſt on the Coaſt, produces all that happens to them, till the Diſcovery, which is the *Middle*, and when *Proſpero* is reconcil'd by their Sufferings, and his Paſſions abated, the *Middle*, which is their Sufferings, produces the End in the Reconciliation of the Parties. Here is likewiſe in this Fable a *Peripetie* and *Diſcovery*. For the State, Condition and Fortune of the King is chang'd from the extreameſt Miſery to Happineſs by the *Diſcovery* of *Proſpero*, and *Ferdinand*. 'Tis true the Diſcovery of *Proſpero* is not ſo fine as that of *Ulyſſes* by the Nurſe, but it is e'ry whit as good as the *Diſcovery* that *Ulyſſes* makes of himſelf to the Shepherds. There is a perfect Unity in the Action, and in the Time; which tho' a little confuſedly expreſs'd (which I attribute to the repeated Errors of the Editors, not to *Shakeſpear*) yet it is concluded by *Alonzo*, and the Sailors to be but three Hours. *Proſpero* in the firſt Act demands of his Spirit *Ariel*——*What is the Time of the Day*——who anſwers *Ariel. Paſt the mid Seaſon.* Proſp. *At leaſt two Glaſſes. The Time 'twixt ſix and now, muſt by us be ſpent moſt preciouſly.*

Act 5. Scene 1.

Proſp. *How's the Day?*

Ariel. *On the ſixth Hour, at which Time, my Lord, you ſaid our Work ſhould ceaſe.*

Proſ. *I did ſay ſo when firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt.*

The

The whole Time from the raiſing the Storm to the End of the Play is but ſix Hours, the Play plainly opens at the very End of the Storm, ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe it more, than three Hours and a half; which is far more Regular in that Particular, than any that I know of on the Stage. The Unity of Place is not quite ſo regular, and yet we have few Plays that excell it even in this Particular. But if the Scene of the Storm were out, and which has very little to do there, the Place wou'd be brought into much a leſs Compaſs and the ſeveral Scenes may very well be allow'd to be reaſonably ſuppos'd pretty contiguous. At leaſt when two Gentlemen ſet themſelves to alter a Poet of *Shakeſpear*'s Genius, one wou'd expect, that they ſhou'd endeavour to correct his Errors not to add more. It had been extreamly eaſy for Sir *William* and Mr. *Dryden* to have remedy'd this Particular, which they have not at all attempted; nay they have added nothing but what makes their Compoſition not only much leſs perfect, but infinitely more Extravagant, than this Poem which they pretend to alter; as I ſhall ſhow when I come to the Characters. *Shakeſpear* had met with this Fortune in many of his Plays, while Mr. *D---y*, and Mr. *C--b--r* have only given us their wiſe Whimſeys for what they blotted out of the Poet. The Pretenders to alter this Poet ſhou'd never meddle with him unleſs they cou'd mend his Fable and Conduct, ſince they can never give us the *Manners*, *Sentiments*, *Paſſions*, and Diction, finer and more perfect, than they find them in the Original.

As the Fable has all theſe Advantages ſo is the Conduct of the Play very regular. *Ariſtotle* devides the Parts of Quantity of a Play into four Parts, which he call the *Prologue*, the *Epiſode*, the *Exode*, and the *Chorus*. By the *Prologue* he does not mean what is now a days ſpoke before the Play, and has ſeldom any Relation to the Play, and will therefore ſerve any other Play, as well as that to which it is ſpoken; but by the *Prologue* here is underſtood all our *firſt Act*; and is to explain to the Audience not only what concerns the Subject of the Poem, but what is proper and neceſſary; and makes a true Part of it. Thus *Proſpero* to ſatisfy his Daughter of the Cauſe of his raiſing the Storm, very artfully lets the Audience know the material part of his Hiſtory which paſt before that Hour; and that neceſſarily; for it was not only natural for *Miranda* to enquire into the Cauſe of ſo terible a Storm the Effects of which had extreamly mov'd her Compaſſion; and the Work that was going to be done by *Proſpero* ſeems to mark out that, as the only proper time, that he cou'd ever have related his Fortunes to her, and inform her of her Condition, that he had now got all his Enemies into his Hands. 'Tis true this Narration may ſeem a little too calm, and that it had been more Dramatic had it been told in a Paſſion; but if we conſider it the Story as *Proſpero* tells it, is not without a *Pathos*. And if this firſt Narration cou'd be brought under this Cenſure yet the ſecond is far from it being very artfully thrown into a ſort of Paſſion, or Anger againſt *Ariel*, and is therefore truly Dramatic, for in the *Drama* indeed there ſhou'd be very little that is not *Action* and *Paſſion*. It was very neceſſary likewiſe that

that when the Poet was giving the Audience a Creature of his own Formation, he ſhou'd let them know whence he ſprung; his very Origen preparing us for a Character ſo much out of the Way, and makes us expect that Language from him which he utters. But there being ſtill ſome things done which fell not into the Knowledge of *Proſpero*, and yet were neceſſary to be known to the Audience, the Poet, in the firſt Scene of the ſecond Act makes the Shipwreck'd Princes diſcover it very Judiciouſly.

The next to the *Prologue* is the *Epiſode*, which was all that us'd formerly to go betwixt the four *Chorus's*, which with us is the ſecond, third, and fourth Act, that is it contains all the *Subject* of the Play, or rather the Intrigues and *Plot* till the *Unravelling*. And the *Exode*, which was all that came after the laſt ſinging of the *Chorus* contain'd the *Perepetie* and *Diſcovery* or the *unravelling* of the Plot, which anſwered our fifth Act; and is the *Unravelling*, or *Cataſtrophe* of the Piece. This diviſion of *Ariſtotle* is perfectly obſerv'd by *Shakeſpear* in the Conduct of this Play of the *Tempeſt*. For as we have ſeen the *firſt Act* Diſcovers all that was neceſſary for the Audience to know of the Story, that happen'd before the Commencement of the Action of the Play, and that in an admirable and judicious Manner; next all the Intrigue of the Play, as the ſeveral Adventures and Torments of the King, the uniting the Hearts of *Miranda* and *Ferdinand*, and the Attempts of the Mob Characters, make up the ſecond, third, and fourth Acts, the fifth is wholly employ'd in the *Diſcovery* and *Perepetie*, or in the *Unravelling* of the Plot reſtoring Tranquility to all the *Dramatic* Perſons. The Scene likewiſe is generally un-

broken; eſpecially in the firſt, fourth, and fifth they are perfectly entire. The Manners are every way juſt, they are well *Mark'd*, and *Convenient* and *equal*; there is no room here for the *Likeneſs*, the Story being a Fiction. Thus we find every one perfectly diſtinct from the other. *Caliban* as born of a Witch, ſhews his Original Malice, ill Nature, Sordidneſs, and Villany. *Antonio* is always Ambitious and Treacherous, and even there promoting and perſuading *Sebaſtian* to the committing the ſame unnatural Act againſt his Brother, that he had againſt *Proſpero*, with his Aggravation of adding Fratricide to Uſurpation.

The *Sentiments* are every where the juſt Effect of the Manners, and the *Diction* generally juſt and elegant, as we ſhall ſee in thoſe beautiful Thoughts I ſhall add to my Remarks on this Play. But I can't leave my general Conſideration of this Play till I have added a Word about the moſt queſtionable Part of it, and that is the *Magic*, or *Sorcery*.

Thoſe who make this a Fault in our Poet know little of the Matter, for it is ſufficient for him to go upon received Notions, no Matter whether Philoſophically, or abſolutely true, or not. *Shakeſpear* liv'd in an Age not ſo remote from a Time in which the Notion of Spirits and Conjurers, and the ſtrange and wonderful Power of Magic, but that it was almoſt an Article of Faith among the *Many*, I mean not the very Mob, but Men of Figure and true Learning. *Ariosto* is full of this and inſtead of one enchanted Iſle, gives us many enchanted Caſtles. Nay *Lavater* and ſeveral others have wrote ſeriouſly upon this Head; *Mizaldus* gives us many Receipts for magical Ope-

Operations; and the *Roſicrucians*, and Cabaliſts profeſs a Converſation with Spirits of the Earth, the Air, Water, and Elemental Fire. Doctor. *Beaumont* has even in our Time wrote a Book in Engliſh upon this Head, and has declared to many his frequent Converſation with theſe *Hobgoblins*; nor is there to this Day ſcarce a venerable Citizen, or Country Squire but as firmly believes theſe Beings, as they do their own. And tho' it is not our Buſineſs here to enter into the Examination of this Point Philoſophically, common Opinion being ſufficient to juſtify *Shakeſpear*, yet perhaps the niceſt Philoſopher would be puzl'd to demonſtrate the Falſehood of this Notion: At leaſt we are ſure, that there are Spirits departed, ſince the Scripture it ſelf aſſures us of it. The ſame wou'd hold againſt *Virgil* and *Homer* for their *Cyclops*, their *Harpeys*, their *Circes*, &c. if common Opinion could not clear them. Our Poet therefore is at leaſt on as good a Bottom in this, as thoſe great Men of Antiquity, and has manag'd theſe Machines as well as either of them in this Play.

The Reader having ſeen all the Beauties of the *Fable*, *Conduct* and *Manners* of this Play may perhaps think it would not be from the Purpoſe if I ſhould take ſome Notice of the Alteration made of it by Mr. *Dryden* and Sr. *William Davenant*, and ſince it ſeems a ſort of Juſtice to *Shakeſpear*, I ſhall venture to ſhow how far they have been from improving our Author. Mr. *Dryden* in his Preface, after he has told us, that the Play it ſelf had been acted with Succeſs, and that *Fletcher* and Sr. *John Suckling* had made bold with our Poet in their *Sea-Voyage*, and the *Goblins* —— adds —— Sr. William D'avenant, *as he was a Man of a quick and*

*and piercing Imagination ſoon found, that* ſomewhat *might be added to the Deſign of* Shakeſpear, *of which neither* Fletcher *nor* Suckling *had ever thought* (ſomething I hope to add to his Excellence, or elſe it had better never have been added) *and therefore to put the laſt Hand to it, he deſign'd the Counterpart to* Shakeſpear's *Plot, namely that of a Man who had never ſeen a Woman, that by this Means theſe two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illuſtrate and commend each other.*

He further tells us his Approbation of Sr. *William*'s Deſign, but with Submiſſion to ſo great a Man as Mr. *Dryden* muſt be allowed to be in his Way, I think he had very little Reaſon for his Approbation. For let us conſider but the Rules of true Judgment and we ſhall find, that what theſe Gentlemen have done could be only advantagious to our Author, by improving the *Fable* and *Conduct*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, the *Diction*, &c. But Mr. *Dryden* in what is quoted ſeems to place all the Benefit of the Alteration in the Counterpart of his Plot, i. e. *A Man that had never ſeen a Woman, that by this Means, thoſe two Characters of* Innocence *and* Love *might the more illuſtrate and commend each other.* That is by ſpoiling the natural Innocence and Character of *Miranda*, to foiſt in ſome Scenes betwixt a Company of unequal and inconſiſtent Characters, which are ſometimes meer *Naturals* indeed, and at other *Times* Proficients in Philoſophy.

But what did theſe Characters, or what do theſe Scenes towards the improving the Plot? It has every where broken the Scenes, and embarraſs'd the Conduct, but ſcarce any where added the leaſt Beauty to make Amends unleſs, in *Proſpero*'s ſeparating *Ferdinand* and the Father, in his Rage, and

and his Threats of his Death, making the meeting of Father and Son the more diſtreſsful by ſo ſudden a Calamity in their Joy. Every where elſe the Alterations are monſtruous, eſpecially in the *Manners* and *Sentiments*, to ſhew which, I ſhall give ſome Inſtances.

*Dorinda* ſays to her Father on his examining of her about ſeeing the Man——

Dor. *No Sir, I am as well, as ever I was in all my Life, But that I cannot eat nor drink for Thought of him*, &c.

She ſaw him but the laſt Scene of the ſecond Act, and this is the firſt Scene of the third Act, ſo what Time ſhe had to try whether ſhe cou'd eat or not I cannot tell, unleſs it was her Afternoons *Nuncion* (as the Children call it) for it was near four as *Ariel* aſſured us. But all that Scene indeed between *Proſpero* and *Dorinda* (a Creature of our Correctors making not of *Shakeſpear*'s, but more out of Nature, and more inconſiſtent than *Caliban)* has nothing at all *Dramatick* in it, nor any thing conducive to the Fable, Conduct or Plot. It diſcovers nothing of the leaſt Uſe; and only gives a very imperfect Sketch of the inſenſible Approaches of Love in Innocence and Ignorance, and may perhaps be worthy the Contemplation of the young Miſſes of the Nurſery.

*Enter eight fat Spirits with* Cornu copias *in their Hands.* Theſe fat Spirits I confeſs are very ſurpriſing and merry, tho' never thought of by *Shakeſpear.*

The Diſcourſe in *Eccho* betwixt *Ferdinand* and *Ariel* if tolerable in Proſe, is beyond Meaſure ridiculous and trifling in ſinging; *Ferdinaud* ſeems too full of Deſpair and Concern to have that petty Whim

Whim of Curioſity to come into his Head; and therefore I preſume no Body will think, that any Improvement of *Shakeſpear*'s Play; unleſs it be in adding the Mode, which was afterwards in the *Rehearſal*.

*And then to ſerious Buſineſs we'll advance*
*But firſt lets have a Dance.*

But our Improvers have never been eminent for their Imitations of Nature in the *Drama*; Mr. *Dryden* had wandred too far in *Romance*, to reliſh Nature, or know how to copy her. Tho' in his latter Plays Age had worn ſomething of that away, and he has given us ſome Scenes worthy his Greatneſs in other Parts of Poetry, in which lay his Excellence. But to go on——

Soon after this *Miranda* ſeeing *Ferdinand* by an odd Caprice (which we never cou'd expect from her Character as drawn in *Shakeſpear*) ſhe fancies him a Spirit. Tho' ſhe had before ſeen *Hippolito*, and had been told, that he was a Man, and aſſur'd by her Father, that ſhe ſhou'd ſoon ſee another Man of riper Growth, than him ſhe had ſeen. But this artleſs trifling Ignorance of *Miranda* ſpoils that Character *Shakeſpear* has given her where ſhe is Innocent indeed but not a Fool: Whereas this might be call'd as alter'd the *Comedy of Fools*.

But now for *Hippolito*, bred to Books and Philoſophy under ſo wiſe a Maſter as *Proſpero*.

*Hippolito* and *Proſpero*,

Hip. *Methinks I wiſh, and wiſh for what I know not;*
*But ſtill I wiſh:—— yet if I had that Woman,*
*She, I believe, cou'd tell me what I wiſh for.*

This

This is indeed indulging Fancy with a Vengeance, and throwing all Art, Nature, and Judgment aſide as uſeleſs. Certainly the firſt Wiſhes of Innocence in Love muſt be the Company of the Object belov'd; and that he might eaſily find and tell. But why ſhou'd he fancy (if it were not abſurd to ask a Reaſon for any thing in ſuch a Character) that the Woman cou'd tell him what he wiſh'd for, when he did not know himſelf?

Proſp. *What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?*

Hip. *I'd quit the reſt of the World, that I might be alone with her; ſhe never ſhou'd be from me,* &c.

This is Nature indeed, and this is the real Effect of a real Paſſion; this is what *Tibullus*, that tender Lover, ſaid about 1700 years ago——

*Sic Ego ſecretis poſſum bene vivere ſilvis,*
*Qua nullos humano ſit via trita pede.*
*Tu mihi Curarum Requies, in Nocte vel atra*
*Lumen, & in ſolis tu mihi turba Locis,* &c.

But then our young Lover, if he wou'd have maintained his Character of Innocence and Love, ſhou'd have kept to that Point, and not immediately after, contrary to the Nature of Love and Innocence run Mad for all the Women in the World, as if not bred in a Cave but a Brothel. This has neither Senſe nor Reaſon in it, but is perfectly Monſtrous. In the beginning of this Scene betwixt him and *Ferdenand* he diſcovers all the Symptoms of a real Paſſion, which makes his after Extravagance impoſſible in Nature, even for a *Debochee*, at leaſt till Enjoyment was paſt.

*Ferdinands* fighting him is a Monſtrous Incident, and an intollerable Breach of his Character,

recter, and contrary to the *Manners*; he not being only a tender Stripling, but as Ignorant of a Sword as a very Woman; as is plain in the Scene before the Duel; for *Hippolito* has deſir'd his Friendſhip, and told him *that next a Women he found he cou'd Love him.*

This with his Ignorance and Innocence ought to have deter'd a Man of any Honour, eſpecially a Prince of no ill Character, from committing ſo Barbarous and inhumane a Murder for a Childiſh Impertinence.

But here we muſt have a Nice touch at Jealouſie. *Miranda.* tells him,

*That he is a Stranger,*
*Wholly unacquainted with the World*, &c.

But all this will not do, *Ferdinand* muſt be jealous without any Reaſon, to make him the more reſolute in ſo ſcandalous an Attempt, as the Killing *Hippolito*, at leaſt of Wounding him ſo, that nothing but *Moly*, and the Influence of the Moon, forc'd down by his good Angel cou'd recover him to Life again. 'Tis true when *Ferdinand* proves ſuch a Coxcomb to be jealous on what *Miranda* ſays of *Hippolito*, tho' ſhe had aſſur'd him of her Love, and, as far as appear'd to him, ventur'd her Father's Diſpleaſure by coming to him, we may eaſily ſuſpect he wou'd be guilty of any Folly, nay the Villany of fighting with *Hippolito*; nay it was a Mercy that he did not draw on *Miranda* too, for it had been fully as Heroic.

*Dorinda* is more ſenſible of Nature and Love than *Hippolito*; ſhe can tell that he can truly love but one at a time, and naturally reſents his profeſſing, that he will have all the Women.

But

But he is more learn'd in the World in this fourth Act, than in the Former, I ſuppoſe he had reciev'd ſome Intelligence of the Incontinence of the Men of this World from one of the Devils of *Sycorax*, for he ſays——

*I've heard Men have Abundance of them there*——

Of whom could he hear this? of *Proſpero?* impoſſible; his Buſineſs had all along been to fright him from the Converſation of *Women*, making them Enemies and noxious to Men, and his Safety; which is directly contrary to the letting him know, that other Men had convers'd with ſo many without Hurt. In this Place indeed a *Poeta loquitur* had not been amiſs. He had convers'd with no Body elſe but *Ferdinand* once, who tho' he told him, that there were more Women in the World, yet was ſo far from letting him know, that one had many, that he told him, that one Man was to have but one Woman.

But as knowing as *Hippolito* is in ſome things and in ſome lucid Intervals, he knows not a Word of Death; tho' we muſt think he had read ſtrange Books, and heard odd Inſtructions, that cou'd leave him ſo entirely ignorant of that Point; but were this juſt, yet that very Ignorance makes *Ferdinand* ſtill the more inexcuſable; nay *Ferdinand* himſelf at laſt in the Fourth Act ſeems himſelf ſenſible of his Ignorance, for he ſays,

*He's ſo ignorant, that I pity him,*
*And fain wou'd avoid Force*——

And

And indeed a Man wou'd think, that he might very eaſily avoid Force if he wou'd, at leaſt till *Hippolito* had ſeiz'd his Miſtreſs, which he had ſufficient Reaſon to imagine, that *Proſpero* wou'd never permit. But he that notwithſtanding all that had paſt between them, cou'd not before this find out his Ignorance, may do any thing.

But *Hippolito* in one Line ſays he does not know what *Right* is, and yet in the next tells us of Baſeneſs, and Honour. His Lectures were very peculiar, that cou'd give him a Notion of one and not of the other.

The Terms of the Combat or Duel are as ridiculous as all the Reſt——that is——to fight till Blood is drawn from one of the two, or his Sword taken from him. *Ferdinand* was reſolv'd to be on the ſure Side of the Hedge with him; but he is ſo dull of Apprehenſion that he may well be a Raſcal, for as Monſieur *Rochfoucault* ſays, *A Fool has not Matter enough to make an Honeſt Man of.* Tho' *Hippolito* had told him, that they had no Swords growing in their World, yet *Ferdinand* did not find it out till he had wounded him, that he was unskilful in his Weapon.

*I'm loath to kill you, Sir, you are unskilful.*

*Riſum teneatis?* was ever ſuch Stuff wrote ſince the Time of *Gammar Gurton's Needle?* but it would be endleſs to obſerve all the Blunders of theſe added Scenes, they are all of a Piece and ſcarce guilty of a Thought, which we could juſtly attribute to *Shakeſpear.* I have given Inſtances enough I hope to ſhow what I propos'd, that the Alteration has been no Benefit to the Original.

I ſhall

I ſhall only take notice of ſome fine things in this Play both as to Topicks and Deſcriptions, and moral Reflections, and then paſs to the next.

*Ariel*'s Deſcription of his managing the Storm is worth remarking, and *Ferdinand*'s Speech, when *Proſpero* is leading him away at the End of the firſt Act, *p.* 19. is pathetic, and juſtly expreſſes the Nature of a true Lover.

My Father's Loſs the Weakneſs that I feel
The Wreck of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd; are but light to me
Might I but through my Priſon once a Day
Behold this Maid. All Corners elſe of the Earth
Let Liberty make uſe of; Space enough
Have I in ſuch a Priſon.

I muſt not omit the Deſcription, that *Francisco* makes in the ſecond Act, *p.* 22. of *Ferdinand*'s ſwiming aſhore in the Storm.

I ſaw him beat the Surges under him,
And ride upon their Backs; he trod the Water,
Whoſe Enmity he threw aſide; and breaſted
The Surge moſt ſwoln, that met him. His bold Head
'Bove the contentious Waves he kept; and oared
Himſelf with his bold Arms in luſty Strokes
To th'Shoar; that o'er his wave-worn Backs bow'd
As ſtooping to relieve him.

The Reader may compare this with *Otway*'s Deſcription of *Jaffier*'s Eſcape. His Reflections and Moralizing on the frail and tranſitory State of Nature is wonderfully fine.

*Proſp.* ——Theſe our Actors
As I foretold you were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air,
And like the baſeleſs Fabric of the Viſion,
The cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The ſolemn Temples; the great Globe it ſelf;
Yea all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve
And, like this inſubſtantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Track behind. We are ſuch Stuff
As Dreams are made on; and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep.

The Argument of *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona:

Tho' this Play be plac'd after the *Tempeſt*, 'tis evident from the Writing, and the Faults and even Abſurdities, that it was writ long before it, for I can by no means think that *Shakeſpear* wrote worſe and worſe; for if his Fire may be ſuppos'd to abate in his Age, yet certainly his Judgment increas'd, but moſt of the Faults of this Play are Faults of Judgment more than Fancy.

*Valentine* and *Protheus* are two intimate, Boſome, nay ſworn Friends, Natives of *Verona*, and give the Name to the Play. *Valentine* is for travelling (tho' indeed the Journey is not long) and *Protheus* is in love with a beautiful Lady nam'd *Julia*, of the ſame Town. *Valentine* being arriv'd at *Millan* ſucceeds in his Amour with *Silvia* the Duke's Daughter; whoſe Lover Sir *Thurio* is favour'd by the Father as a Man of large Demeſns, but he is ſilly, inſolent, and cowardly. *Valentine* is not long gone from home, but *Antonio* Sir *Protheus*'s Father will ſend him to travel too, eſpecially to *Millan* where his Friend had acquir'd ſo good a Reputation. He takes Leave of his Miſtreſs privately, and gives her his Oaths and Vows

that

that he will love only her till Death. But coming to *Millan* he falls in Love with *Silvia* his Friend's Miſtreſs; and to compaſs his own Ends diſcovers the Amour betwixt her and *Valentine* to the Duke, tho' truſted as a Friend by the Lovers. This cauſes the Baniſhment of *Valentine*, and the Miſery of the Lady who lov'd him extreamly. *Protheus* on the Credit of his having a Miſtreſs in his own City, with whom he was mightily in Love, gets the Management of Sir *Thurios* Paſſion; and under that Pretence, makes it his Endeavocrs to promote his own, which *Julia* being come to *Millan* in Man's Cloaths diſcovers, and is taken by him for a Page. *Silvia* being weary of Sir *Thurios* Suit, and eager to be with her Lover *Valentine*, engages Sir *Eglamour* to aſſiſt her in making her Eſcape to *Mantua*, where ſhe heard, that he was, tho' he indeed was taken by the *Out-laws* about three Leagues out of *Millan*, and made their Captain. Theſe ſame *Out-laws* ſeize *Silvia*, who is reſcu'd from the Force of one of them by Sir *Protheus*, got thither in Purſuit of her; who preſſing his Amour here in vain Attempts to raviſh her but is prevented by *Valentine*, who had o'er-heard all his Treachery; but on Sir *Protheus*'s Repentance all Animoſities are forgot, and Sir *Protheus* returns to his old Miſtreſs *Julia* here diſcover'd, and *Silvia* is by the Duke given to *Valentine*, Sir *Thurio* not daring to claim her, nay out of Fear of *Valentine* gave her up in Diſdain.

Beſides the Defect of the Plot which is too viſible to criticiſe upon the Manners are no where agreeable, or convenient. *Silvia* and the reſt not behaving themſelves like Princes, Noblemen or the Sons and Daughters of ſuch. The Place where the Scene is, by the original Error of the Preſs not yet cor-

rected, for to be ſure the Author cou'd not make the Blunder ſometimes the Emperour's Court, ſometimes *Millan*, and ſometimes *Padua*, as is plain, is from the running the Eye over it.

But how defective ſoever this Interlude may be in the Plot, Conduct, Manners and Sentiments, we yet ſhall ſee, that it is not deſtitute of Lines, that diſcover the Author to be *Shakeſpear*.

*Love, or againſt Love when ſlighted.*

To be in Love where Scorn is bought with Groans
Coy Looks, with Heart-ſore Sighs: One fading (Moments Mirth
With twenty watchful, weary tedious Nights.
If haply won, perhaps a hapleſs Gain;
If loſt why then a griveous Labour won!
However but a Folly bought with Wit
Or elſe a Wit by Folly vanquiſhed.

Pag. 66. *and* p. 75. *on* Love.

Oh! how this Spring of Love reſembleth
The uncertain Glory of an *April* Day.
Which now ſhows all the Beauty of the Sun
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.

I muſt here let the Reader know, that becauſe in going through *Shakeſpear*, the ſame Topics will occur in ſeveral Places, I ſhall put my References to the Latin Poets on thoſe Topics to the alphabetical Table of them, which will be at the End of this Volume.

*A comical Deſcription of Men in Love.*

*Speed.*—— Firſt, you have learned, by Sr. *Protheus* to wreath your Arms like a Malecontent; to reliſh a Love Song like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone like one that had the Peſtilence; to ſigh like a School-boy, that had loſt his A. B. C. to weep like a young Wench, that had loſt her Grandam; to faſt like one that takes Diet; to watch like one, that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling like a Beggar at *Hollow-Maſs*. You were wont when you laught to crow like a Cock; when you walk'd to walk like one of the Lions; when you faſted 'twas preſently after Dinner; when you look'd ſadly it was for Want of Money. And now you are ſo metamorphoſed with a Miſtreſs, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my Maſter.

You muſt obſerve, that this is the Speech of a pert Page to his Love-ſick Maſter, and that will attone for ſome of the Smiles, while the Humour is pleaſant.

*On Baniſhment for Love.*

*Val.* And why not Death, rather, than living Torment?
To die is to be *baniſhed* from my ſelf!
And *Silvia* is my Self. Baniſh'd from her
Is ſelf from ſelf! a deadly Baniſhment!
What Light, is Light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What Joy is Joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think, that ſhe is by
And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection?
Except I be by *Silvia* in the Night,
There is no Muſic in the Nightingale.

Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the Day
There is no Day for me to look upon.
She is my Eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair Influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive. p. 96.

This is extremely pathetique, as indeed all the following Scene is betwixt him and his falſe Friend Sir *Protheus.*

*On Hope.*

*Hope* is a Lovers Staff——— walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing Thoughts.

Sir *Protheus* Advice to Sr. *Thurio* in the managing his Addreſſes to *Silvia* is pretty and ſprightly, ſee p. 103. I can't omit the Words of *Julia* expreſſing her Condition when ſlighted by her Lover. p. 114.

———But ſince ſhe did neglect her Looking-Glaſs
And threw her Sun-expelling Mask away,
*The Air has ſtarved the Roſes in her Cheeks,*
*And pinch'd the Lilly Tincture of her Face*, &c.

The fifth Act of this Play is much the beſt, but *Valentine* is too eaſily reconciled to a Man, whoſe Treachery and Villany deſerv'd the Stab eſpecially when it is diſcovered at the very Time, that he goes to raviſh his Friend's Betrohed.

*The Merry Wives of* Windſor.

I cannot paſs this Play without a Word or two of *Comedy* in general, tho' I ſhall be far from laying down all the Rules of that Poem, which tho' not ſo excellent as Tragedy, yet valuable enough to merit our Eſteem above all others except

cept the Tragic. This Poem tho' the laſt and leaſt encourag'd in the polite Times of *Athens*, yet was firſt and moſt advanc'd in *Rome*, and in *England*; for Politeneſs did not prevail very early in either of thoſe Warlike Nations. As we have none of the Greek Comedies Extent, but thoſe of *Ariſtophanes*, who was Maſter of the old Comedy, except what we have in *Terrence*, who is ſaid to have tranſlated two of *Menander*'s into one of his; ſo that we cannot make a fair Judgment of who excell'd in this Poem the *Greek*, the *Latin*, or the *Engliſh*; yet having thoſe of *Plautus* and *Terence*, we may juſtly with Mr. *Dryden* in his Eſſay give the Victory to our own Nation over the *Romans*. We can indeed, diſcover nothing of the Remains of Antiquity in this kind, compareable to *Ben. Johnſon*; and to this Play of *Shakeſpear*'s. This and our Advantage in Comedy of all the Moderns is juſtly proved by Mr. *Dryden* in his Eſſay in Dramatic Poeſie; but I confeſs I am ſurpriz'd at the Weakneſs of his Arguments in his prefering our *Tragedies* and *Trage-comedies* to thoſe of the *Greeks*; in which Parallel, he has betray'd ſo great Ignorance both of the *Greek* Plays and of the very Deſign and Art of *Tragedy*, that I wonder he corrected not thoſe groſs Miſtakes before he dy'd; but ſuffer'd them to paſs to Poſterity with ſuch Defects of which he himſelf was ſo ſenſible, as to own that when he wrote that, he knew little of the Art.

Among theſe is his Aſſertion in the Beginning of the Diſcourſe, *p.* 3. that *Ariſtotle* had given us no Definition of a Play, his Words are there—— *He had no ſooner ſaid thus but all deſir'd the Favour of him to give the Definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate with him, becauſe neither*

Ariſtotle, *nor* Horace, *nor any other, who writ on that Subject, had ever done it* —— *A Play (goes on Mr.* Dryden) *ought to be a juſt and lively Image of human Nature repreſenting its Paſſions, and Humours, and the Change of Fortune, to which it is ſubject, for the Delight and Inſtruction of Humankind.*

Firſt *Ariſtotle* has defin'd Tragedy and Comedy too, but did not like Mr. *Dryden*, blend things ſo contrary in their Nature in one Definition, as *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. He might indeed, well ſay, that it was a *Deſcription*, rather than a *Definition*; for what is applicable to all ſorts of Dramatic Poetry, to the *Epopeè*, and Satire, is no Definition at all. That of *Ariſtotle* is more cloſe, and to the Purpoſe; for what he has ſaid will not agree in all its Parts with any thing but *Tragedy*; nor will his Definition of Comedy agree with the former. I think it ſo material to maintain the Diſtinction which Nature has made between theſe two Poems, that I ſhall ſet down the Definitions of both from *Ariſtotle*, Firſt of *Tragedy*. Tragedy *is an Imitation of an Action that is grave, and entire, and hath a juſt Length, of which the Stile is agreeably reliſhing but differently in all its Parts, and which without the Aſſiſtance of Narration by the means of* Terror *and* Compaſſion *perfectly refines in us all ſorts of Paſſions or what ever elſe is like them.*

I have already ſaid enough of this Definition, and ſhall only obſerve here, that the Action which *Tragedy* imitates muſt be *Grave*, which ſhews the Defect of Mr. *Dryden*'s Deſcription, for the imitation of any Part of Human Life will not come up to that. But all that is not Great, Solemn and Grave is left to the Imitation of *Comedy*, which he thus defines —— Comedy is

an

an Imitation of the worſt Men, I mean not in all ſorts of Vices but only in Ridicule. *For Ridicule is properly a Defect, and Deformity without Pain, and which never contributes to the diſtruction of the Subject in which it is*——This is *Ariſtotle*'s *Definition* and Explanation of it. He has told the Subject of the Comic Imitation, which is only what is *ridiculous*, all other ſorts of Wickedneſs, and Vice can have no place here, becauſe they raiſe Indignation, or Pity, which are Paſſions, that ought by no means to reign in Comedy. Princes, Kings, and great Men ought therefore naturally to be excluded the *Sock*; becauſe Ridicule ought always to be the Subject of this Poem, and thoſe Solemn Characters ought never to be made *ridiculous*.

In all theſe Particulars *Shakeſpear* has come up to the Rules, and Definition of *Ariſtotle*; for he has in his Characters choſen the Defects and Deformities, which are without Pain, and which never Contribute to the Deſtruction of the Subject in which it is.

'Tis Pity, that what *Ariſtotle* wrote of Comedy is loſt except this very Definition, but the Loſs is the leſs becauſe we may very well draw ſufficient Rules to walk by in Comedy from thoſe which remain of *Tragedy*, obſerving this Difference, that as nothing ridiculous, can come into Tragedy ſo nothing grave or ſerious can come into Comedy juſtly, except it be ſo artfully join'd to the *Ridiculous* that it ſeems Natural and no Patch, as the Character of Mr. *Fenton* in the Play under our Conſideration; his Character is the only ſerious one in the Play.

But as *Tragedy* has Parts of *Quality* and Parts of *Quantity*, ſo has *Comedy*. The Parts of Quality, as in the other are the Fable, the Manners, the

the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*, without which no Comedy can be truly entitled to that Name. The Comick Poet muſt firſt invent his *Plot*, or *Fable*; and when he has fixt that, he muſt take Care, that the *Manners* of the divers Perſons be plainly expreſs'd in his Characters, that is that they be perfectly diſtinguiſh'd, as every one of theſe of the *Merry Wives of Windſor* are. The *Sentiments* are added becauſe without them there is no knowing the Thoughts, Deſigns, and Inclinations of the Dramatic Perſons, and theſe being not to be expreſs'd but by Diſcourſe, the Diction is added. The Fable of Comedy, that is the comic Fiction or Imitation muſt be entirely free from the *Marvelous*, and the *Prodigious*, which are frequent in *Tragedy* and the *Epopee*; for it has no Manner of Regard to Great, Illuſtrious, Grave, Mournful, Terrible, or in one Word *Tragical* Things, but only domeſtic and civil Incidents and Perſons. There is a natural Difference in Perſons and Quality, or Manners, for that, which is Praiſe worthy in one Degree is not ſo in another, nay it may be a Diſgrace, for Example in ſome Arts, For one of the Vulgar to play well on the Fidle, or *Heautbois* merits Praiſe, but the ſame Art in a King, is look'd on as trifling if not deſpicable. A Woman ought to be a good Sower, Knitter or the like, at leaſt theſe Qualities are commendable in a Woman, but ridiculous in a Man. Thus 'tis a Praiſe in a Servant, that he's no Thief, but it is no Praiſe to a Nobleman or a Man of any Figure and Quality. This is ſufficient to ſhow that different Manners are agreeable to different Degrees. To know perfectly therefore what *Manners* we ought to give to our ſeveral Dra-

Dramatic Perſons we ought to ſtudy theſe following Precepts of *Horace.*

*Ætatis cujusq; notandi ſunt tibi Mores*
*Mobilibusq; Decor naturis dandus & Annis.*
*Reddere qui Voces jam ſcit Puer, & pede certo*
*Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & Iram*
*Colligit, ac ponit temere; & mutatur in Horas.*
Imberbis Juvenis, *tandem Cuſtode remoto,*
*Gaudet Equis Canibusq; & aprici Gramine campi;*
*Cereus in vitium flecti Monitoribus aſper,*
*Utilium tardus Proviſor; prodigus Æris;*
*Sublimis, cupiduſq; & amata relinquere Pernix.*
*Converſis ſtudijs Ætas, animuſq;* virilis
*Quærit Opes, & Amicitias; inſervit Honori.*
*Comiſiſſe cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.*
*Multa* Senem *circumveniunt Incommoda, vel quod*
*Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti;*
*Vel quod res omnes timide, gilideq; miniſtrat;*
*Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, avidusq; futuri,*
*Difficilis, querulus, Laudator Temporis acti*
*Se puero; Cenſor, Caſtigatorq; Minorum.*

And to the juſt obſerving the Characters, he juſt before gives this Advice.

*Intererit multum Davus loquatur, an Heros,*
*Maturuſne Senex, an adhuc florente Juventa,*
*Fervidus; An Matrona potens, an Sedula Nutrix,*
*Mercatorne vagus, Cultorne virentis Agelli,*
*Colchus an Aſſyrius, Thebis nutritus an Argis*
*Aut famam ſequere aut ſibi convenientia finge.*

And again
*Qui didicit Patriæ quid debeat, & quid Amicis*
*Quo ſit amore Parens, quo Fratre amandus, & Hoſpes,* &c.

That

That is he who knows the Duties of every Order and Degree of Men both in Regard of themſelves, and others is fit to meddle with the *Drama*.

The Excellence of the Sentiments is juſtly to expreſs the Manners, and of the Diction to give us the Sentiments in a Language agreeable to the Subject, for if it be otherwiſe it is abominable. But the Stile of *Comedy* ought not to be ſo ſublime as Tragedy, nor ſo low as Farce; but ſtill diverſify'd according to the Character and Humour of the Perſon that ſpeaks.

I ſhould ſay ſomething here of Humour but that Mr. *Congreve* has already handled that Point ſo nicely, that I refer the Reader to his Letter to Mr. *Dennis* on that Subject, and I ſhall only add Mr. *Dryden*'s Definition of it in his Eſſay on Dramatic Poeſie, which is this.

*Humour is the ridiculous Extravagance of Converſation, wherein one Man differs from others.* Whether this be expreſſive enough I leave to the Reader. But in my Mind Humour is what the Ancients and *Ariſtotle* meant by the *Ridiculous*, and that according to *Ariſtotle* it conſiſts in thoſe Vices, and Follies of Mind as well as Converſation, which carry with them a ridiculous Appearance. The Paſſions and Vices of Mankind have two different Faces, one ſerious and the other ridiculous; the one ſupplies Tragedy, the other *Comedy*. The manner how this is done may perhaps be better taught by Example than Precept, I wou'd therefore adviſe a Comic Writer to ſtudy *Randolph*'s *Muſes Looking Glaſs* throughly; for there I am apt to believe, that he will find the Source of all Humours, that are in Nature; from which Originals he may be able to make ſuch agreeable Compounds as

as may divert thePeople juſtly to an equal Profit of his Purſe and Reputation. At leaſt ſo much I am very ſure of, that no Man can ſhow me any Humour on the Stage, that is worth taking notice of, but I will ſhow it in the *Muſes Looking Glaſs*, which proves that he has gone to the Source of Things for the Draughts he has made ſince thoſe, who never read him, have fal'n into the Humours he has drawn. He was one of the Sons of the famous *Ben. Johnſon*, and of *Cambrige*.

As for the Parts of Comedy which relate to the Quantity they are the ſame with thoſe of Tragedy. That is the *Protaſis* or *Prologue*, which gives an Inſight into the Characters and Deſign or State of the Action of the Play, and this is generally the firſt Act; the *Epiſode*, is all that is contain'd in the ſecond, third or fourth Acts, that is the Intrigue, and Struggles, and Obſtacles of the the Plot; and the *Exode* or *Cataſtrophe* is the *Unravelling* or *Diſcovery* where all things ſettle in Peace and Tranquility, With Probability, and to the Satisfaction to the Audience.

Having thus premis'd a general View of Comedy, I ſhall come more cloſe to this under our preſent Conſideration, and firſt to the Argument——

## The Argument of *The Merry Wives of* Windſor.

There are two *Walks* in this Play but much better join'd, connected and incorporated, than in any Play, that I remember, either in *Latin* or *Engliſh*. The chief *Plot* or *Walk*, is that of expoſing the Character of Sir *John Falſtaff* for his ridiculous Amours, or Attempt of two Women at once, when by Years and other Defects he cou'd

cou'd be agreeable to neither, as Mrs. *Page* and the reſt tell him on the Diſcovery in the fifth Act——*Why Sir* John *do you think, tho' we cou'd have thruſt Virtue out of our Hearts by Head and Shoulders, and have given our ſelves without Scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil cou'd have made you our Delight?* Ford. *What a Hodge Pudding? Mrs.* Page. *A puſt Man.* Page. *Old and cold; wither'd and of intollorable Entrails?* Ford. *And one that is as ſlanderous as* Satan? Page. *As poor as* Job? Ford. *And as wicked as his Wife.*

Sir *John* ſends two Letters of the ſame Contents to both the Women, that he lov'd them. But they being intimate Friends and both paſt their Prime, communicate their Letters to each other, conſult on his Puniſhment; and employ to that End Mrs. *Quickly*, who in Mrs. *Fords* Name makes the Appointment of Rendezvous. *Ford* the Husband, being of a jealous Temper, has his Suſpicion ſo heighten'd by the Information of two of Sir *John*'s Sharpers, who had refus'd to carry the Letters and were for that refuſal Caſhier'd; that he reſolves to go to Sir *John* and under the Name of Mr. *Broom* try what diſcovery, he cou'd make of the Truth of the Information. He finds the falſe unwieldy Knight juſt full of his Succeſs; and gives him Wine and Money to purſue Mrs. *Ford*, ſo as to make her Frailties kuown to him, that ſo he might beat her out of her Retrenchments of pretended Modeſty and Vertue to his Wiſhes. *Falſtaff* blinded with this Pretence, and the Money, tells him of the Appointment, and aſſures him of Succeſs in his Amours with *Fords* Wife. *Ford* being gone, the Knight moves to the Damſel; who having by Concert Mrs. *Page* with her, makes her retire into another Room till her proper *Que* of appear-

appearing. Mrs. *Ford* having already ordered her Servants to get the *Buck-basket* ready, and on Notice to carry and empty it into a Ditch in *Dutchet* Mead, admits the Knight; who having paſt his firſt Complement, and made his aukward Profeſſions, News is brought, that Mrs. *Page* is coming in, which makes the Knight retire. Mrs. *Page* tells her, that her Husband and half the Town, were coming to ſearch for ſome Gallant of hers in the Houſe. The Knight is terribly alarm'd, and as Mrs. *Page* had propos'd gets into the *Buck-Basket*, and as he is carrying away the Husband comes in, but after a little ſtop ſuffers it to be carry'd away. Thus Sir *John* is thrown into the Ditch after he had been ſtew'd up in dirty Linen all the way; and the Husband expoſes his ridiculous Jealouſie to no Purpoſe, being not able to find any Body in the Houſe. The Knight is appeas'd by Mrs. *Quickly* and agrees on another Meeting the next Morning by Eight or Nine, is again trapan'd by the Husband, to whom, as Mr. *Broom* he had told all his paſt Adventure and his new Aſſignation. So being diſguis'd on the Husband's Approach, like the old Witch of *Brentford*, he is ſufficiently beaten by the Husband and yet gets off, leaving *Ford* as much confounded, and expos'd to the Company for his cauſeleſs Jealouſy as before, being yet not able to find any Body with his Wife. Upon this Mrs. *Page* and Mrs. *Ford* agree to let their Husbands into the Secret, and by their Conſent to proceed to a third Puniſhment. This Diſcovery Cures *Ford* of his Jealouſie, and 'tis by all agreed that the Knight ſhou'd as he ought, be expos'd. He is prevail'd on by Mrs. *Quickly* at laſt to meet at Mid-night in *Windſor* Park, dreſs'd up as the vulgar ſuppos'd *Herne* the Hunter to ap-

appear, *&c.* Mrs. *Ford* and Mrs. *Page* meet him firſt, and juſt as he is rejoycing on his good Luck, and dividing himſelf and Favours betwixt them; Sir *Hugh* with his Fairies ſtart out of the *Saw-pit* where they were hid for that Purpoſe, and pinch and burn him with their Lights; from whom endeavouring to run away they all come in, and the Diſcovery is made, and the Knight expos'd to publick Shame as he ought to be. Here the *under-Plot* or ſecond Walk is join'd in the Concluſion; for Mrs. *Ann Page*, Mr. *Page*'s handſome Daughter is in Love with Mr. *Fenton*, a well-bred Gentleman, and of Quality ſuperior to *Page*, tho' he had been a little wild, and a Companion of the Prince, by which he had ſomething run his Eſtate aground, and for that Reaſon rejected by *Page* and his Wife. The Father is for *Slender* a very ſilly Country Gent. of 300 *l.* a Year; the Mother was for Dr. *Caius* an impertinent old French Phyſician, becauſe he was rich, and had Friends at Court. So that the Wife taking this Opportunity of the nocturnal Mask to abuſe Sir *John Falſtaff*, orders the Doctor to take her Daughter who ſhould be dreſs'd in white, and ſo go off with her and marry her immediately before the Father cou'd hinder it. The Father had order'd *Slender* to take his Daughter dreſs'd in Green and lead her away to *Eaton* and there marry her without her Mother's Knowledge; but the young Lady loving *Fenton* deceives both Father and Mother, to obey both which ſhe had promis'd, goes and is marry'd to her Beloved, which Diſcovery coming on that of Sir *John*'s concludes the Play.

All the other Perſons of the *Drama* are plainly join'd to and depending on thoſe two *Walks*, and

and their incorporating them into the Plot ſeems very well contriv'd. The Quarrel betwixt Sir *John* and Juſtice *Shallow* occaſions Sir *Hugh*'s Propoſal of a Mediation, and the Match betwixt Mr. *Slender* and Mrs. *Anne Page*. This brings Mr. *Page* and Sir *John* out of Mr. *Page*'s Houſe, where the Motion is made, and approv'd, and all invited in to Dinner, where all the Principal Characters of both Walks are brought acquainted with each other. The Comical Duel, is likewiſe to Effect the *Plot*; for Sir *Hugh* ſends to the Doctor's Houſe-keeper to aſſiſt his Friend *Slender* in his Amour ſhe being intimately acquainted with Mother and Daughter. This Meſſenger is intercepted by the Doctor, on which he ſends the Prieſt a Challenge; which produces the Comical Scene of both their Paſſions, and Preparations for Fighting. In ſhort the leaſt Incident of the Play, except Mrs. *Pages* and her Son's Confabulation with Sir *Hugh* his Maſter, cannot well be left out without leaving a Gap in the Plot and Connection of the Play.

I Confeſs, that the Unities of Time, Place, and Action are not exactly obſerv'd according to the Rule and Practice of the *Antients*, yet as they are now manag'd among us; they may well paſs. The Time is not above two Days and a half at moſt; the Place *Windſor*, and the Adjacent Fields and Places. The Action is viſibly double, but that it is in all the Comedies of *Terence*.

The firſt Act ſhows all the principal Characters except the two *Fords*; prepares all the Buſineſs of the Play, and enters a little into the Action, in the two Letters ſent by Sir *John*, and the Match Propos'd by Sir *Hugh*, and the Doctors Challenge to the Welſh Levite. So that it is an

exact *Protaſis* or *Prologue*. The *Epiſode* begins with the ſecond Act, and carries all on to the *fifth*; where the *Exode* is in the Diſcovery and puniſhment of the Old Letcher; and the diſappointment of a forc'd Match in *Fenton*'s Marrying Mrs. *Anne Page*. Mrs. *Fords* Reſentment of Sir *Johns* Letter puts her and Mrs. *Page* on the Revenge of the Affront, and that Revenge furniſhes the Intrigue or Epiſodical Turns of the Play.

The Information of *Piſtol* and *Nim* prepares, and rouſes *Ford*'s Jealouſie, admirably and with a great deal of Art and Nature. Nor can any thing be more ridiculous, and entertaining, than the Scenes betwixt *Ford* under the Name of *Broom* and Sir *John*.

Upon the whole I think it is pretty plain, that nothing can be more agreeable to *Ariſtotles* definition of *Comedy*; for he ſays 'tis an Imitation of the *Worſt Sort*, and that in *Ridicule*; it having thus all the Parts both of Quality and Quantity.

But to make the Parts of Quality more plain it wou'd be neceſſary to ſpeak of the Humours; yet that wou'd be too tedious, as well, as unneceſſary, being ſo many and yet ſo various, and ſo plainly diſtinguiſh'd from each other, that there is no need to point out Particulars. I ſhall only give you what Mr. *Dryden* ſays of the Character of *Falſtaff* in his Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry. ——Falſtaff *is the beſt of Comic Characters——there are* (ſays he) *many Men reſembling him—— old, fat, merry, cowardly, drunken, amorus, vain and lying:* and the Duke of *Buckingham* confirm it in this Verſe

*But* Falſtaff *ſeems inimitable yet.*

*Fords*, is an excellent Character of a Politic, cautious, jealous Coxcomb; and all his Endeavours

at

at the cautious and cunning Management of the Diſcovery of his Doubts and Fears, involves him the more, and makes him the more ridiculous; for the Conferences he has with Sir *John*, confirm him in his Suſpicions, and his Diſappointments expoſe his Folly.

The *Fairys* in the fifth Act makes a Handſome Complement to the Queen, in her Palace of *Windſor*, who had oblig'd him to write a Play of Sir *John Falſtaff* in Love, and which I am very well aſſured he perform'd in a Fortnight; a prodigious Thing, when all is ſo well contriv'd, and carry'd on without the leaſt Confuſion.

## The Argument of *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

*Vincentio* Duke of *Vienna* pretending to go a private Journey leaves a ſevere Lord of his Court call'd *Angelo*, his Deputy to govern in his Abſence, that he might not have the Odium of reviving ſome Sanguinary Laws, which had for ſome time lain dormant and for other Reaſons. *Æſcalus* is left with him as a Counſellour and next under *Angelo* in Authority. The Duke being gone, *Angelo* begins to revive thoſe Laws, and *Claudio* a young Gentleman is taken up to make the firſt Example of one of them; which made it Death for any Man to lie with a Woman out of Marriage. *Claudio* got *Juliet* with Child, whom he lov'd and deſign'd to Marry. *Angelo* being inexorable *Iſabella Claudio's* Siſter juſt going to be profeſs'd a Nun, goes to beg her Brother's Life; and wins the Heart of *Angelo* ſo far, that he tempts her to redeem her Brother's Life by yielding to his Embraces, Vowing that no other Terms ſhou'd ſave him, which ſhe telling her

Brother, the Duke (who goes not to Travel as he pretended, but is disguis'd in a Fryar's Habit and obſerves all things unknown) over hears it, and perſwades her to pretend to yield to him, and Appoint ſuch a Time in the Night, that *Mariana* his Contracted Wife, whom he had rejected on the loſs of her Fortune, might go in her Place. This being done, *Angelo* ſends Orders to have *Claudio's* Head brought to him by Four in the Morning. The Duke manages it ſo with the *Provoſt*, that the Head of one dying that Night in the Priſon, and who was not unlike *Claudio* ſhou'd be carry'd to him, and then ordering *Mariana* and and *Iſabella* to Complain to the Duke on his Return, which wou'd be that Morning; he ſends the Deputies Word of his Return, and Orders them to meet him at the City Gates there to give up his Authority. The Ladies make their Complaints, and after ſome Difficulties the Duke diſcovers his Knowledge of the whole Matter; Commands *Angelo* to Marry *Mariana* immediately, and then to be beheaded as *Claudio* was, but upon the Interceſſion of the new Wife and *Iſabella*, and the diſcovery that *Claudio* was preſerv'd alive, *Angelo* is Pardon'd, and has no other Puniſhment, than a Wife and the Publick Diſgrace.

There are ſome little [under Characters] in this Play, which are produced naturally enough by the Severity of the new Law, as that of the Bawd and the Pimp; as well as of *Lucio*, which Character is admirably mantain'd, as *Shakeſpear* does every where his Comic Characters, whatever he does his *Tragic*.

The Unities of Action and Place are pretty well obſerved in this Play, eſpecially as they are in the Modern Acceptation. The Deſign of the Play carries

carries an excellent Moral, and a juſt Satire againſt our preſent Reformers; who wou'd alter their Courſe of Nature and bring us to a Perfection, Mankind never knew ſince the World was half Peopled. But while they are ſo very ſevere againſt the Frailties of Men, they never think of their Villanies, Oppreſſion, Extorſion, Cheating, Hypocriſie and the like, which are the Vices of Devils, not of Men; nay, which is extreamly merry, many of the foreſaid Character, are zealous Reformers; which proves thus much at leaſt that the Kingdom of Hell cannot ſtand long when it is ſo divided in it ſelf. But to return to this Play.

The Scene betwixt *Iſabella* and *Angelo* in the ſecond Act is very fine; and the not bringing the Yielding of *Iſabella* to *Angelo* on the Stage, is Artfully manag'd, for it wou'd have been a Difficult Matter to have contriv'd it ſo, that it ſhou'd not have given a ſlur to her Modeſty to the Audience tho' they knew it Diſſembled.

Allowing for ſome *Peccadillos* the laſt Act is wonderful, and moving to ſuch a Degree, that he muſt have very little Senſe of Things, and Nature, who finds himſelf Calm in the reading it.

The Main Story or Fable of the Play is truly *Tragical* for it is Adapted to move Terror, and Compaſſion, and the Action is one. Its having a Fortunate *Cataſtrophe*, is nothing to the purpoſe for that is in many of the Greek Tragedies; tho' *Ariſtotle* indeed makes the Unfortunate Ending the moſt beautiful and perfect. Leaving therefore a farther Examen of the Fable, Conduct, *&c.* to the Reader, and the Rules, which I have laid down I ſhall proceed to the fine Moral Reflections and Topics of it. But it contains ſo many

Beauties of this Kind, that to tranſcribe them all I ſhould leave very little untouch'd; I ſhall therefore content my ſelf to give a Sample of them.

*Mercy.*

*Iſabell.* —— Well believe this,
No Ceremony, that to great Ones longs,
Not the Kings Court, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marſhals Trunchion, or the Judges Robe,
Become them with half ſo good a Grace
As Mercy does.——

*Great Mens Abuſe of Power.*

*Iſa.* ——Cou'd great Men Thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* wou'd ne'er be quiet:
For every pelting petty Officer
Wou'd uſe his Heav'n for Thunder;
Nothing but Thunder. Merciful Heav'n
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulphurous Bolts
Split'ſt the unwedgable, gnarled Oak,
Than the ſoft Myrtle. Oh! but Man! proud Man!
Dreſt in a little brief Authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy Eſſence; like an angry Ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick Tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the Angels weep——

*The Priviledge of Authority.*

*If.* Great Men may jeſt with Saints; 'tis Wit in them
But in the leſs foul Prophanation——
——That in the Captain's but a Choleric Word,
Which in the Soldiers is flat Blaſphemy.

*Ang.* Why do you put theſe Sayings upon me?

*Iſa.* Becauſe Authority tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it ſelf
That skins the Vice o'th Top——

*Angelo's*

*Angelo*'s laſt Speech of the ſecond Scene of the ſecond Act, is very beautiful in the Agitations of *Angelo*'s Soul on his falling in Love with *Iſabella* the *Simile* very fine which only I ſhall tranſcribe.

What's this? what's this? Is this her Fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the tempted who ſins moſt? ha!
Not ſhe nor doth ſhe tempt, but it is I,
That lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Do as the Carrion does not as the Flower
Corrupt with virtuous Seaſon.———

The reſt of the Speech is well worth noting, nor is *Angelo*'s Speech in the fourth Scene of the ſame Act leſs agreeable, or the following Simile in it leſs beautiful——

——— The State, whereon I ſtudy'd
Is like a good Thing being often read,
Grown ſear'd and tedious.———

*On Place and Form.*

——— Oh! Place! Oh! Form!
How often doſt thou with thy Caſe, thy Habit
Wrench Aw from Fools? and tie the wiſer Souls
To this falſe ſeeming!

I cannot omit the charmin Simile in the ſame Scene.

So play the fooliſh Throngs with one, that ſwoons;
All came to help him, and ſo ſtop the Air,
By which he ſhou'd revive; and even ſo
The govern'd Subjects to a well wiſh'd King,
Quit their own Part, and in obſequious Fondneſs
Crowd to his Preſence where their untaught Love
Muſt needs appear Offence.

*On Life.*

*Duke* —— Reaſon what Life is ——
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but Fools wou'd keep. A Breath thou art
Servile to all the Skiey Influences;
That doſt this Habitation where thou keep'ſt
Hourly afflict. Meerly thou art Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy Flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt towards him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' Accommodations, that thou bear'ſt
Are nurs'd in Baſeneſs. Thou art no way Valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender Fork
Of a poor Worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is Sleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy Death, which is no more. Thou art not thy ſelf;
For thou exiſts on many thouſand Grains,
That iſſue out of Duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy Complexion ſhifts to ſtrange Effects
After the Moon. If thou'rt rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an Aſs, whoſe Back with Ingots bows
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend haſt thou none;
For thy own Bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer Effuſion of thy proper Loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Sarpigo* and the *Rheum* (Age
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor Youth nor
But as it were an after Dinner's Nap
Dreaming on both. For all thy bleſſed Youth
Becomes as Aged, and doth beg the Alms
Of Palſied-Eld! and when thou'rt old and rich
Thou haſt neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty
To make thy Riches pleaſant. What yet is this,
That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life

Lye

Lye hid more thouſand Deaths. Yet Death we fear
That makes theſe Odds all Even.

It were to be wiſh'd, that the Pulpit cou'd declaim in this pathetick Manner, we might perhaps have fewer Hypocrites and Uſurers.

*Death.*

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing
*Iſa.* And ſhamed Life as Hateful.
*Claud.* Ay but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold Obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible, warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bath in fiery Floods, or to reſide
In thrilling Regions of thick ribbed Ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs Winds;
And blown with reſtleſs Violence round about
The Pendant World! Or to be worſe, than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs, and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling! 'Tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly Life,
That Age, Ach, Penury, and Impriſonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradice
To what we fear of Death.

*No ſhuning Slander.*

No Might nor Greatneſs in Mortality
Can Cenſure 'ſcape. Back-wounding Calumny
The whiteſt Virtue ſhakes, what thing ſo ſtrong
Can tye the Gall up in the ſlanderous Tongue?

*Place and Greatneſs.*

Oh! Place and Greatneſs! Millions of falſe Eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee! Volumes of Report

Run

Run with theſe falſe, and moſt contrarious Queſts
Upon thy Doings. Thouſand Eſcapes of Wit.
Make thee the Father of an idle Dream,
And rack thee in their Fancies——

The Plot of this Play is taken from *Cynthio Giraldi*, *Dec.* 8. *Nov.* 5. you may alſo look into *Lipſii Monita*, p. 125. *Hiſtoires admirables de Noſtre Temps*, p. 216.

The Fable or Argument of *The Comedy of Errors.*

A Merchant of *Syracuſe* going to *Epidamnum* to take care of his Affairs left in diſorder by his Factor's Death. His Wife big with Child comes after him, and is brought to Bed of Twins ſo like, that they cou'd not be known from one another. And in the ſame Inn was at the ſame time two Boys born to a poor Woman, as much a-like as the Merchant's Sons; who therefore buys them of the Mother to be brought up with and to wait upon his Sons. When returning home from *Epidamnum*, a Storm aroſe, and the Sailors having left the Ship he and his Wife and Children were left there, and caſt away, the Wife and one Son and his Slave were taken up by the Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, and he and his younger Son and his Slave by another Veſſel. And when his Son was grown up to eighteen, he got his Conſent to go ſeek his Brother, and with him went his Slave, and in their Travel came to *Epheſus*, whether after five Years Search the Father likewiſe is arriv'd, and ſeiz'd, and to be put to Death for entring that Port contrary to a Law, that made it Death for any *Syracuſian* to come to *Epheſus*. They being thus all come to the ſame Town the Play begins with

*Ægeon's*

*Ægeon*'s Account of all that is gone before, on which the Duke of *Epheſus* gives him that Day to raiſe a thouſand Duckets to redeem his Life. The two Sons nam'd both *Antipholis*, and their two Slaves, both call'd *Dromio*, by their Likeneſs cauſe various Errors, being taken by the very Wife and Miſtreſs and Acquaintance of that *Antipholis* who liv'd at *Epheſus* for one another. Till the Wife taking his Man and him to be mad has them ſeiz'd and bound by a Doctor to cure them. But while they think them ſecure, the other Brother and his Man come in with their Swords drawn, and they all flie away, wondring how he got loſe, taking him for her Husband. But rallying the other Brother and his Man fly for't into an Abbey, and is there protected by the Abbeſs. The Duke coming to ſee *Ægeon* beheaded by the Abbey *Adriana* the Wife of one of the Brothers, applies to him and complains of the Abbeſs, in the mean while the Husband *Antipholis* getting looſe, and his Man, comes in and complains to the Duke of his Wive's Treatment of him, this produces the Abbeſs and with her the other *Antipholis*, the whole Company being ſurpris'd the Diſcovery is made, and theſe found to be Brothers, and *Ægeon* their Father, and the Abbeſs *Æmilia* their Mother, which ends the Play.

This Play is exactly regular, as any one may ſee who will examine it by the Rules. The Place is part of one Town, the Time within the Artificial Day; and the Action the finding the loſt Brother, *&c.* Allowing for the Puns which were the Vice of the Age he liv'd in, it is extreamly diverting; the Incidents are wonderfully pleaſant, and the *Cataſtrophe* very happy and ſtrongly moving. I have wondred that Mr. *Dryden* choſe rather *Amphitrion*

*phittri* than this, becauſe the Probability of that depending entirely on the Pagan Syſtem, ſtrains even Credulity to render it agreeable. But this Likeneſs between the Twins is what has happen'd many Times; and there is or was lately a living Inſtance of it in two Brothers Twins too, ſo very like, that they were perpetually miſtaken for each other, and ſuch a Sympathy between them, that when one was ill the other ſicken'd. One was of the Band of the Muſic, that belong'd to *Drury-Lane Play-Houſe*; the other if I miſtake not a Dancing Maſter in the Country.

This Comedy is an undeniable Proof, that *Shakeſpear* was not ſo ignorant of the *Latin* Tongue as ſome wou'd fain make him. *There is*, (ſays the Writer of his Life) *one Play of his indeed*, The Comedy of Errors, *in great Meaſure taken from the* Menœchmi *of* Plautus. *How that happen'd I cannot eaſily divine, ſince as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been Maſter of* Latin *enough to read it in the Original; and I know of no Tranſlation of* Plautus *ſo old as his Time.*

I confeſs with ſubmiſſion to the Writer of his Life, that I can find no ſuch need of Divination on this Head, for as it is beyond Contradiction plain, that this Comedy is taken from that of *Plautus*; ſo I think it as obvious to conclude from that, that *Shakeſpear* did underſtand *Latin* enough to read him, and knew ſo much of him as to be able to form a Deſign out of that of the *Roman* Poet; and wich he has improv'd very much in my Opinion. He has made two Servants, as like, as their Maſter's, who are not in *Plautus*. And the very Character of *Adriana* is copy'd from the Wife of *Menœchmus Surreptus* as is viſible from his firſt Entrance

Entrance on the Stage in the ſecond Scene of the firſt Act. For this is the Character he gives of her.

*Ni mala, ni ſtulta, ni indomita impoſq; Animi,*
*Quod viro eſſe odio videas, tute tibi odio habeas.*
*Præterhac ſi mihi tale poſt hunc Diem*
*Faxis, faxo foris Vidua viſas Patrem.*
*Na ſi quoties foras ire volo, me retines, revocas,*
*Rogitas quo ego eam? Quam rem agam? Quid Negotij geram?*
*Quid petam? Quid feram? Quid foris egerim?* &c.

How far *Shakeſpear* was beholding to *Plautus* may in ſome Meaſure be ſeen by the Argument of the *Menœchmi*.

'A *Sicilian* Merchant had Twin Boys ſo 'like, that they cou'd not be diſtinguiſh'd; but 'one of them being ſtol'n away the Father dy'd 'with Grief; and his Uncle gives the Boy, that re-'main'd the Name of his Brother *Menœchmus*, his 'before being *Soſicles*; who being grown up to 'be a Man goes in ſearch of his Brother all round 'the Coaſts of the *Mediteranean*, *Archipelago*, &c. 'and comes at laſt to *Epidamnum*; where 'his ſtol'n Brother was ſettled and marry'd to 'a termagant ſort of a Lady before deſcrib'd. 'When *Soſicles* arriv'd every one took him for 'his Brother; his Miſtreſs, Friends, his Wife, and 'his Fatherin-Law, till at laſt meeting together 'they diſcover themſelves to be Brothers; which 'ends the Play.

But this Controverſy af *Shakeſpear*'s total Ignorance of the Latin will be no longer on Foot when we come to his Poems where there are ſeveral Tranſlations of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*, and his *Epiſtles*.

*ſtles.* This Play tho' ſo full of Action is not without beautiful Reflections, and Speeches, as *p.* 285.

*Adr.* Ay, ay, *Antipholis* look ſtrange and frown;
Some other Miſtreſs has ſome ſweet Aſpects.
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy Wife?
The Time was once, when thou unurg'd wou'dſt vow
That never Words were Muſick to thine Ear;
That never Object pleaſing to thine Eye;
That never Touch was welcome to thy Hand;
That never Meet ſweet ſavour'd to thy Taſte;
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd thee.

*The Superiority of Man.*

*Luc.* There's nothing ſituate under Heaven's Eye,
But has its Bounds in Earth, in Sea, or Sky.
The Beaſts, the Fiſhes, and the winged Fowls,
Are their Male's Subjects, and at their Controuls.
Men, more Divine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide World, and wide watry Seas,
Indu'd with intellectual Senſe and Soul
Of more Pre-heminence, than Fiſh or Fowl,
Are Maſter's of their Females and their Lords.
Then at your Will attend on their Accords.

*Slander.*

For Slander lives upon Succeſſion,
For ever hous'd where once it gets Poſſeſſion.

The

## The Argument of *Much Ado about Nothing.*

The Scene lies at *Meſſina* in *Sicily* and in and near the Houſe of *Leonato*. *Don Pedro* of *Aragon* with his Favourite *Claudio*, and *Benedict* a gay young Cavalier of *Padua*, and *Don John* the Baſtard Brother of *Don Pedro* come to *Leonato*'s the Governour of *Meſſina*. *Claudio* is in Love with *Hero Leonato*'s Daughter, whom *Don Pedro* obtains for him, and while they wait the Wedding Day, they conſult how to make *Benedict* and *Beatrice* the Neice of *Leonato* in Love with each other, both being Gay and Eaſy and averſe to Love, and like great Talkers railing always at each other. However by letting them over-hear their Diſcourſe they perſuade them, that they are in Love with each other. In the mean time *Don John* the very Soul of Envy and Miſchief contrives how to break the Match betwixt *Claudio* and *Hero*, and to this purpoſe, by his Engines *Conrade* and *Borachio* they make *Claudio* and the Prince believe that *Hero* is a Wanton, and put a plauſible Cheat on them to confirm the Suſpicion, by having *Borachio* Talk to *Hero*'s Maid *Margaret* at the Chamber Window at Mid-night, as if ſhe were *Hero*. Convinc'd by this Falacy *Claudio* and *Don Pedro* Diſgrace her in the Church where he went to Marry her, rejecting her, and accuſing her of Wantonneſs with another. *Hero* Swoons away, and the Prieſt interpoſing and joining in the Atteſtation ſhe makes of her Virtue, ſhe is privately convey'd away and reported Dead. The Rogue *Borachio* being taken by the Watch, as he was telling the Adventure to his Comrade, diſcovers the Villany and clears *Hero*; but *Don John* is fled. Her Innocence being known; her Father

ther is ſatisfy'd with *Claudio*, that he hang Verſes on her Tomb that Night, and Marry a Neice of his the next Morning without ſeeing her Face which he agrees to and performs, and then it is diſcover'd, that it is *Hero*, whom he Marry'd and ſo the Play Ends, with an Account of *Don John*'s being taken,

This Fable is as full of Abſurdities, as the Writing is full of Beauties, the firſt I leave to the Reader to find out by the Rules I have laid down, the ſecond, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, and point out ſome few of the many, that are contain'd in the Play. *Shakeſpear* indeed had the Misfortune which other of our Poets have ſince had of laying his Scene in a Warm Climate where the Manners of the People are very different from ours, and yet he has made them talk and act generally like Men of a colder Country, *Marriage Alamode* has the ſame Fault.

This Play we muſt call a *Comedy*, tho' ſome of the Incidents and Diſcourſes too are more in a Tragic Strain; and that of the Accuſation of *Hero* is too ſhocking for either Tragedy or Comedy; nor cou'd it have come off in Nature, if we regard the Country without the Death of more, than *Hero*. The Impoſition on the Prince and *Claudio* ſeems very lame, and *Claudio*'s Conduct to the Woman, he lov'd, highly contrary to the very Nature of Love, to expoſe her in ſo barbarous a Manner and with ſo little Concern, and ſtruggle, and on ſuch weak Grounds without a farther Examination into the Matter, yet the Paſſions this produces in the old Father make a wonderful amends for the Fault. Beſides which there is ſuch a pleaſing Variety of Characters in the Play, and thoſe perfectly maintain'd, as well as diſtinguiſh'd

guiſh'd, that you loſe the Abſurdities of the Conduct in the Excellence of the *Manners*, Sentiments, Diction and Topics. *Benedict*, and *Beatrice* are two ſprightly, witty, talkative Characters, and, tho' of the ſame Nature, yet perfectly diſtinguiſh'd, and you have no need to read the Names, to know who ſpeaks. As they differ from each other, tho' ſo near a Kin, ſo do they from that of *Lucio* in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, who is likewiſe a very talkative Perſon; but there is a groſs Abuſiveneſs, Calumny Lying, and Lewdneſs in *Lucio*, which *Benedict* is free from. One is a Rake's Mirth and Tattle; the other that of a Gentleman, and a Man of Spirit and Wit.

The Stratagem of the Prince on *Benedict*, and *Beatrice* is manag'd with that Nicity and Addreſs, that we are very well pleas'd with the Succeſs, and think it very reſonable and juſt.

The Character of *Don John* the Baſtard is admirably diſtinguiſh'd, his Manners are well mark'd, and every where convenient, or agreeable. Being a ſour melancholly, ſaturnine, envious, ſelfiſh, maliciousTemper, Manners *Neceſſary* to produce theſe villanous Events, they did; theſe were productive of the *Cataſtrophe*, for he was not a Perſon brought in to fill up the Number only, becauſe without him the Fable could not have gone on.

To quote all the comic Excellencies of this Play would be to tranſcribe three Parts of it. For all that paſſes betwixt *Benedict* and *Beatrice* is admirable. His Diſcourſe againſt Love and Marriage in the later End of the ſecond Act, p. 343. is very pleaſant and witty, and that which *Beatrice* ſays of Wooing, Wedding and repenting, p. 334. And the Averſion that the Poet gives *Benedict* and *Beatrix* for each other in their Diſcourſe, heightens

the Jeſt of making them in Love with one another. Nay the Variety and natural Diſtinction of the vulgar Humours of this Play are remarkable.

The Scenes of this Play are ſomething obſcure, for you can ſcarce tell where the Place is in the two firſt Acts, tho' the Scenes in them ſeem pretty entire, and unbroken. But thoſe are things we ought not to look much for in *Shakeſpear*. But whilſt he is out in the dramatic Imitation of the Fable, he always draws Men and Women ſo perfectly, that when we read, we can ſcarce perſwade our ſelves, but that the Diſcourſe is real and no Fiction.

*On Friendſhip in Love.*

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things
Save in the Office and Affairs of Love:
Therefore all Hearts in Love uſe their own Tongues.
Let every Eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no Agent: For Beauty is a Witch,
Againſt whoſe Charms, Faith melteth into Blood.

*Patience under Misfortunes eaſier adviſ'd than maintain'd.*

*Leonat.* I pray thee ceaſe thy Counſel,
Which falls into my Ears, as profitleſs,
As Water in a Sieve. Give not me Counſel,
Nor let no Comfort elſe delight mine Ear,
But ſuch an one, whoſe Wrongs do ſute with mine.
Bring me a Father that ſo lov'd his Child,
Whoſe Joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of Patience;
Meaſure his Woe the Length and Breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every Strain for Strain;

As

As thus for thus, and ſuch a Grief for ſuch,
In every Lineament Branch, Shape and Form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroak his Beard,
And *Holla!* wagg, cry hem! when he ſhou'd groan;
Patch Grief with Proverbs; make Misfortune drunk
With Candle-Waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather Patience.
But there is no ſuch Man. For Brother, Men
Can counſel and give Comfort to that Grief,
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it
Their Counſel turns to Paſſion, which before
Wou'd give preceptial Medicine to Rage;
Fetter ſtrong Madneſs in a ſilken Thread;
Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words.
No, no, 'tis all Mens Office to ſpeak Patience
To thoſe, that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
But no Man has Vertue nor ſufficiency
To be ſo moral when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf. Therefore give me no Counſel——
My Griefs cry louder, than Advertiſement.

I have given more, than the bare Topic, becauſe the Speech is Pathetique, and extremely Natural. Nor can I omit another Speech, tho' it contain neither Topic nor Deſcription and that is *p.* 367.

If they wrong her Honour
The proudeſt of them all ſhall hear of it.
Time has not yet ſo dry'd this Blood of mine;
Nor Age ſo eat up my Invention;
Nor Fortune made ſuch Havock of my Means;
Nor my bad Life reft me ſo much of Friends;
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a Kind,
Both Strength of Limb, and Policy of Mind

Ability in Means and Choice of Friends
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Of this I ſhall ſpeak in my Remarks on his Verſes, where he has more than once made Uſe of the ſame Figure. For the Plot of this Play conſult *Arioſto*'s *Oralando furioſo*. Book v. and *Spencer*'s Fairy Queen, Book ii.

The Argument of *Loves Labour's loſt*.

The King of *Navarre* and ſome of his Nobles make a Vow of retiring from the World to their Books for three Years, and forſwear the Converſation of all Women. But the King of *France*'s Daughter and ſome Ladies her Attendants come in an Embaſſy from her Father to the King of *Navarre*, which obliges them to a Converſation with the Ladies, and that makes them all in Love; and endeavour after they have found out each others Frailty and Breach of Oath to win the Ladies to yield to love them. But they admit them to hope, on Condition they remain in the ſame Mind a Year, and perform certain Penances. This and the Newsof the *French* King'sDeath ends thePlay.

Tho' I can't well ſee why the Author gave this Play this Name, yet ſince it has paſt thus long I ſhall ſay no more to it, but this, that ſince it is one of the worſt of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, nay I think I may ſay the very worſt, I cannot but think that it is his firſt, notwithſtanding thoſe Arguments, or thatOpinion, that has been brought to the contrary. *Perhaps* (ſays this Author) *we are not to look for his Beginnings like thoſe of other Authors among their leaſt perfect Writings. Art had ſo little, and Nature ſo large a Share in what he did, that for ought*

*ought I know, the Performances of his Youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt Fire of Imagination in them, were the beſt. I wou'd not be thought by this to mean, that his Fancy was ſo looſe, and extravagant, as to be independant of the Rule and Government of Judgment; but that what he thought was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly concerted in it ſelf, that it wanted little or no Correction; and was immediatly approv'd by an impartial Judgment at firſt Sight.*

But ſince this Gentleman has only given us a Suppoſition of his own, without confirming it with any convincing, or indeed probable Reaſon; I hope I may be permitted to throw in another *Perhaps* for the Opinion of Mr. *Dryden*, and others without offending him by the Oppoſition, I agree with him, that we have indeed in our Days ſeen a young Man ſtart up like a Muſhroom in a Night, and ſurprize the Whim of the Town into a momentary Reputation, or at leaſt by a ſurprizing firſt Play (as Plays go at this Time) and in all his after Tryals give us not one Line, that might ſupply our Credulity with the leaſt Reaſon to believe that he wrote the firſt himſelf. Thus *Love's laſt Shift* was an excellent firſt Play, and yet that Author after ſo many Tryals has not only never come up to his firſt Eſſay, but ſcarce to any thing tolerable, except in one, that like a Cheder Cheeſe was made by the Milk of a Pariſh.

But in *Shakeſpear* we are not conſidering thoſe Maſters of the Stage, that glare a little in the Night, but diſappear in the Day; but fix'd Stars that always ſhow their unborrow'd Light. And here the common Experience is directly againſt our Author; for all the Poets, that have without Controverſy been Maſters of a great Genius have

roſe to Excellence by Degrees. *The Wild Gallant* was the worſt of *Dryden*'s Plays and the firſt, and the *Plain Dealer* was the laſt of Mr. *Wycherly*'s; *Otway*, the brighteſt and moſt Tragic Genius of our World, gave us three moderate Plays before the *Orphan* and *Venice Preſerv'd*. And why we ſhou'd think, that *Shakeſpear* ſhou'd grow worſe by Practice, I can find no ſhadow of a Reaſon from what is advanc'd. But —— *the Performances of his Youth, as they were the moſt Vigorous, and had the moſt Fire, and Strength of Imagination in 'em were the beſt.* —— But ſtill this is begging the Queſtion, and taking that for granted, which wants to be prov'd, *viz.* that the Productions of his Youth had the *moſt Fire and Strength of Imagination.* The laſt Works of Mr. *Dryden*, tho' paſt Seventy had much the moſt *Fire and Strength of Imagination*, his *Fables* excelling all, that he ever wrote before. Nor can we think but that *Shakeſpear* was far from his Dotage when he Died at fifty three, and had retir'd ſome Years from the Stage, and writing of Plays. But ſhou'd we allow what our Author contends for, his Suppoſition wou'd not hold; for the Play before us and all his moſt imperfect Plays have the leaſt Fire and Strength of Imagination; and that Fancy, that is in them is almoſt every where independent of that *Rule of Judgment*, which our Author ſuppoſes him Maſter of. I am ſure Judgment encreaſes with Years and Obſervation; and where *Shakeſpear* ſhews, that he is leaſt Extravagant, 'tis plain he depends moſt on that *Rule of Judgment*. I confeſs the Terms are ſomething Obſcure and Equivocal; But I pretend not to enter into a Debate with him on this Head; all I have ſaid being to juſtify Mr. *Dryden* and ſome others, who yet think, that we ought to look into *Shakeſpear*'s

*Shakeſpear*'s moſt imperfect Plays for his firſt. And this of *Loves Labour's Loſt* being perhaps the moſt defective, I can ſee no Reaſon why we ſhou'd not conclude, that it is one of his firſt. For neither the Manners, Sentiments, Diction, Verſification, *&c.* (except in ſome few places) diſcover the *Genius* that ſhines in his other Plays.

But tho' this Play be ſo bad yet there is here and there a Stroak, that perſuades us, that *Shakeſpear* wrote it. The Proclamation, that Women ſhou'd loſe their Tongues if they approach'd within a Mile of the Court, is a pleaſant Penalty. There are but few Words ſpoken by *Jaquenetta* in the later End of the firſt Act, and yet the very Soul of a pert Country Laſs is perfectly expreſs'd. The ſeveral Characters of the King's Companions in the Retreat, is very pretty, and the Remarks of the Princeſs very juſt and fine, p. 404. and p. 425. *Longaviles* good Epigram furniſhes a Proof, that theſe publiſh'd in this Volume are Genuine, and for that Reaſon I will tranſcribe it.

*Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine Eye,*
*'Gainſt whom the World cannot hold Argument,*
*Perſuade my Heart to this falſe Perjury?*
*Vows for thee broke deſerve not Puniſhment.*
*A Woman I forſwore, but I will prove,*
*Thou being a Goddeſs I forſwore not thee.*
*My Vow was Earthly, thou a Heavenly Love;*
*Thy Grace being gain'd cures all Diſgrace in me.*
*Vows are but Breath, and Breath a Vapour is.*
*When thou fair Sun, which on my Earth doſt ſhine*
*Exhal'ſt this Vapour-Vow, in thee it is.*
*If broken then it is no fault of mine*
*If by me broke; What Fool is not ſo Wiſe*
*To loſe an Oath to win a Paradiſe?*

The Diſcovery of the Kings, *Longaviles*, and *Dumain*'s Love is very prettily manag'd, and that of *Biron* by *Coſtards* miſtake, is a well contriv'd Incident. The whole indeed is a tolerable Proof how much in vain we reſolve againſt Nature, nor is *Biron's Caſuiſtry* amiſs when he ſtrives to ſalve their common Breach of Oath.

*Of Delights.*

*Biron.* Why all Delights are vain, and that moſt vain
Which with Pain purchaſed does inherit Pain, *&c.*
*Pag.* 393.

*Or Study.*

Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy Looks;
Small have continual Plodders ever won
Save baſe Authority from other Books, *&c. ibid.*

*Beauty.*

Beauty is bought by Judgment of the Eye
Not utter'd by baſe Sale of Chapmen's Tongues, *&c.* 403

*A pleaſant Deſcription of* Cupid *or Love.*

This whimpled, whining, purblind wayward Boy,
This Signior *Junios* Giant-Dwarf Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-Rhimes, Lord of folded Arms,
The anointed Soveraign of Sighs and Groans;
Liege of all Loyterers and Malecontents;
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpiſſes, *&c.*
p. 414.

*Of*

*Of a Wife.*

——I ſeek a Wife;
A Woman that is like a *German* Clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of Frame, *&c. ibid.*

There is a pretty Account of Love *p.* 432. beginning

But Love firſt learned in a Lady's Eye, *&c.*

And on *Womens Eyes* there are ſome pretty Reflections, *p.* 433. beginning thus,

From Women's Eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They ſparkle ſtill the true Promethean Fire, *&c.*

And *Pag.* 460. is a good Reflection on a ſatyric biting Wit.

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# REMARKS

ON

# The Plays of *Shakeſpear.*

## VOL. II.

The Argument of the *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

*Theſeus* having brought *Hippolita* from the Amazons, deſigns to marry her in a few Days, whilſt he is appointing the Time, *Egeus* one of his Courtiers complains of his Daughter *Hermia*'s Love to *Liſander*, and Averſion to *Demetrius* for whom

whom he deſign'd her, tho' *Demetrius* had been in Love with *Helena*, and was contracted to her. *Hermia* refuſes to comply with her Father, the Duke allows her four Days to conſider of it, in which time ſhe muſt by the *Athenian* Law, either obey, be put to Death, or vow perpetual Chaſtity on the Altar of *Diana*. This makes *Lyſander* perſwade *Hermia* that Night to fly with him from *Athens* to an Aunt of his out of the Juriſdiction of that City, and there marry him; ſhe conſents and informs *Helena* her intimate Friend of her Deſign, and wiſhes *Demetrius* may on her Flight return to his Duty. *Helena* out of Dotage on her Lover informs him of *Hermia*'s Flight, who goes after her, and ſhe after him, and ſo they all meet at a Wood a little from *Athens*, where they become lyable to the Power of the Fairies. For *Oberon* and his *Queen Titania* being come to dance in the Palace of *Theſeus* to give a Bleſſing to his Wedding, quarrel about a Changling Boy, that the Queen had ſtoln, and which ſhe lov'd to the raiſing the Jealouſy of *Oberon*, denying to give him to her Husband. In Revenge, *Oberon* ſending *Puck* for a Charm, lays it on the Queen, when aſleep, to make her fall in Love with what ever ſhe ſaw when ſhe wak'd. *Puck* in the mean while is ſent to put ſome on the Eyes of *Demetrius*, ſo that he may fall in Love with *Helena*, whom *Oberon* had ſeen him treat very ungratefully, and making no Return for her Love; but *Puck* miſtaking the Man, *Oberon* having bid him do it to one in an *Athenian* Habit, puts it on *Lyſander*'s Eyes, which makes him in Love with *Helena*, and uſe *Hermia* very unkindly. But *Oberon* finding the Miſtake, charms *Demetrius* ſo, that he likewiſe loves *Helena*, this produces a Quarrel, but the Rivals being hindred from fighting by

by *Pucks* Artifice the Lovers being all aſleep and reſtor'd to Rights, *Oberon* puts an End to the, Charm that held his Queen enamour'd of a Clowne whoſe Head was turn'd into that of an Aſs, ſhe having then given *Oberon* the Boy he had befort beg'd in vain. They being ſo reconcil'd appoin. to Dance the next Night in Duke *Theſeus* Palace The Morning being come *Theſeus*, *Hippolita*, *Egeus*, &c. came into the ſame Wood to Hunt and find the four Lovers aſleep by one another, they being waken'd by the Horns, and avowing their Love to one another, as they ſhou'd, *Demetrius* reſigns *Hermia* to *Lyſander* and takes his former Love *Helena*, ſo being marry'd all at the ſame time with *Theſeus* *Bottom* and his Companions preſent a ſtrange ſort of a Play of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* which ends our Play.

Great part of this Play depending on a ſort of Notion of *Fairies* and their Power, it falls not under the Conſideration of others, whoſe Actors are all Human. Of the Nature of theſe things I have already ſpoke in my Notes on the *Tempeſt*. It is plain from the Argument, that the Fable can never bear the Teſt of the Rules. The time is by *Theſeus* in the firſt Scenes of the Play fixt to at leaſt four Days in theſe Words

Now fair *Hippolita*, our Nuptial Hour
Draws on apace, four happy Days begin
Another Moon, *&c.*

The new Moon being the time for their Marriage. But it does not appear that there is any more time ſpent in the Action than one Day and one Night, and a piece of a Day, and part of one Night.

Tho'

Tho' this cannot be call'd either Tragedy or Comedy as wanting the Fable requir'd to either; yet it contains abundance of beautiful Reflections, Deſcriptions, Similes, and Topics. Much of it is in Rhime, in which the Author is generally very ſmooth and flowing. The firſt Scene of the Complaint of *Egeus* to *Theſeus* is very pretty, the Obſtinacy of a peeviſh old Father, who will diſpoſe of his Daughter without Regard to her Inclinations, is well expreſs'd, and the Manner of his repreſenting how *Lyſander* had rob'd her of her Affections is extreamly agreeable to that Character ſee pag. 471, 472.

But I cannot omit *Hermias* Oath to meet her Lover that Night and fly with him from *Athens.*

*Her.* My good *Lyſander*;
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid's* ſtrongeſt Bow;
By this bleſt Arrow with the golden Head;
By the Simplicity of *Venus* Doves;
By that which knitteth Souls and proſpers Love;
And by that Fire, that burn'd the *Carthage* Queen
When the falſe *Trojan* under Sail was ſeen;
By all the Vows, that ever Men have broke,
In Number more, than ever Woman ſpoke;
In that ſame place, thou haſt appointed me
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Tho' we cannot perhaps trace the Ancients in the Thoughts of *Shakeſpear*, yet it is plain from theſe Verſes, and ſeveral others about his Plays that *Shakeſpear* was acquainted with the Fables of Antiquity very well: That ſome of the Arrows of *Cupid* are pointed with Lead, and the others with Gold, he found in *Ovid:* And that which ſpeaks of *Dido* he has from *Virgil* himſelf, nor do I know of any Tranſlation

Tranſlation of thoſe Poets ſo ancient as *Shakeſpear*'s Time.

*Titania's* Deſcription of the Diſorder of the Seaſon on Account of the difference betwixt her and *Oberon* is very fine ſee p. 478, and 479.

The Similes which *Lyſander* uſes to expreſs or rather juſtify his Falſehood very fine p. 487.

For, as a Surfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt Loathing to a Stomach brings,
Or as the Hereſies, that Men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe, they did deceive;
So thou my Surfeit, and my Hereſie,
Of all be hated but the moſt by me.

*Titania's* Order to the *Fairies* to Honour her Love being what Mr. *Dryden* has often inſtanc'd as one of the prettieſt Flights of Fancy in *Shakeſpear* I muſt not omit, 491.

*Qu.* Be kind and Courteous to this Gentleman;
Hop in his Walks, and gambol in his Eyes;
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs and Mulberies:
The Honey-bags ſteal from the humble Bees,
And for Night Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glo-worms Eyes;
To have my Love to bed and to ariſe:
And pluck the Wings from painted Butter-flies
To fan the Morn Beams from his ſleeping Eyes,
Nod to him Elves, and do him Curteſies.

*Pucks* Similes on the Scene of *Bottom* and his Companions very apt p. 493. Such is *Demetrius*'s Deſcription of *Helena*'s Beauty when he wakes, after Charm'd by *Oberon* and is worthy looking on.

page

page 496. The Reflection of *Theſeus* on the Diverſion offer'd by the Clowns is juſt.

——For never any thing
Can be amiſs when Simplicity and Duty offer it.

His Reflections on Duty and Reſpect are fine p. 513. 514. but giving an Inſtance or two of the Topics we'll paſs to the next Play.

*True Love.*

The Courſe of true Love never did run ſmooth
But either it was different in Blood——
Or elſe miſgrafted in Reſpect of Years,
Or elſe it ſtood upon the Choice of Merit;
Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice,
War, Death, or Sickneſs did lay Siege to it,
Making it momentary as a Sound,
Swift as a Shadow, ſhort as any Dream,
Brief, as the Lightning in the Collied Night,
That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth,
And e'er a Man has Power to ſay, behold!
The Jaws of Darkneſs do devour it up.
So quick bright things come to Confuſion.

The Simile of Lightning is a perfect Hypotipoſis and the Epiphonema in the laſt Line concludes the Topic beautifully.

*Love.*

Things baſe and vile, holding no Quantity
*Love* can tranſpoſe to Form and Dignity.
*Love* looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.

Nor

Nor has *Love's* Mind of any Judgment Taſte;
Wings and no Eyes figure unheedy Haſte.
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a Child
Becauſe in Choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggiſh Boys themſelves in Game forſwear
So the Boy *Love* is perjur'd every where.

Whether theſe Reflections are not too juſt for one in *Helena*'s Condition to make, I leave to the Judicious, but as they are here diveſted of all Perſons they are admirable.

*Night.*

Dark Night, that from the Eye its Function takes
The Ear more quick of Apprehenſion makes
Wherein it does impair the ſeeing Senſe
It pays the Hearing double Recompence.

And *Puck* makes a Deſcription of the Night
*p.* 520. which the Reader may add to this.

*Lovers, Poets, and Madmen fancyful.*

Lovers and Madmen have ſuch ſeething Brains
Such ſhaping Phantaſies, that apprehend more,
Than cold Reaſon ever comprehends.
The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet
Are of Imagination all compact.
One ſees more Devils, than vaſt Hell can hold,
That is the Madman. The Lover all as frantic
Sees *Hellen*'s Beauty in a Brow of *Ægypt*.
The Poets Eye, in fine Frenzy rowling, (Heaven,
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to
And as Imagination bodies forth the Form of things
Unknown, the Poet's Pen turns them to Shapes

And

And gives an airy nothing a local Habitation,
And a Name.

All his *Fairies*, *Goblins*, and the like are of this Kind, which he deſcribes here.

*Imagination.*

——Such Tricks has ſtrong Imagination
That if it wou'd but apprehend ſome Joy
It comprehends ſome Bringer of that Joy.
Or in the Night imagining ſome Fear
How eaſie is a Buſh ſuppos'd a Bear.

The Fairy Queen was taken from this Play; but whence *Shakeſpear* took the Hint of it I know not, but believe it to be his own Invention.

The Argument of *The Merchant of* Venice.

*Antonio* a wealthy and a generous Merchant of *Venice* having a perfect Friendſhip for *Baſſanio* a young Gentleman of fine Accompliſhments of the ſame City, is bound for him to one *Shylock* a Jew for three thouſand Ducats for three Months, to forfeit on miſſing his Day of Payment, a Pound of Fleſh, where the Jew wou'd take it. *Baſſanio* having the Money goes to *Belmont* to obtain *Portia*, a rich and beautiful Lady, who was to be won by gheſſing at the Casket of three which held her Picture; to which End divers Princes came from ſeveral Parts of the World taking an Oath not to reveal which Casket they choſe, if they miſs'd, and to go immediatly away on their Miſcarriage one Casket was of Gold, and another of Silver and a third of Lead. The reſt miſlead by Show choſe

choſe all Wrong; but *Baſſanio* chooſing the Lead won the Lady to both their Satisfaction. But then *Salanio* with *Lorenzo*, who had run away with *Shylock*'s Daughter and marry'd her and made her a *Chriſtian*, brings the News of *Antonio*'s Misfortune; that his Ships are all caſt away, and his Bond forfeited to the Jew. *Baſſanio* having inform'd *Portia* of the Diſtreſs of his Friend, is married to her, and his Attendant *Gratiano* to her Maid *Neriſſa*, and he with *Salanio* ſpeedsaway to *Venice*, to help *Antonio*. The Husbands are no ſooner gone, but the Wives leaving the Care of the Houſe to *Lorenzo* and *Jeſſica* haſte to *Venice* after them; where *Portia* in the Habit of an Advocate, or Doctor of the civil Law, hears *Antonio*'s Caſe, and having a little held the Jew in Suſpence and hope of Succeſs to his cruel Revenge, and he having refus'd all Conſiderations in Money, gives the Cauſe to *Antonio*, and will not only not let the *Jew* have his Principal, but proves, that he has forfeited his Life and Goods, which he is oblig'd to give his Daughter on his Death and to turn *Chriſtian*.

The Ignorance that *Shakeſpear* had of the *Greek Drama* threw him on ſuch odd Stories, as the Novels and Romances of his time cou'd afford, and which were ſo far from being natural, that they wanted that Probability and Veriſimilitude, which is abſolutely neceſſary to all the Repreſentations of the Stage. The Plot of this Play is of that Number. But the Errors of the Fable and the Conduct are too viſible to need Diſcovery. This Play has receiv'd conſiderable Advantages from the Pen of the honorable *George Granville*, Eſq;

The Character of the *Jew* is very well diſtinguiſh'd by Avarice, Malice, implacable Revenge, *&c.* But the Incidents that neceſſarily ſhew theſe

Qualitys are ſo very Romantic, ſo vaſtly out of Nature, that our Reaſon, our Underſtanding is every where ſhock'd; which abates extremely of the Pleaſure the Pen of *Shakeſpear* might give us. This is viſible in his Speech to the Doge, *p.* 573, and 574. for all the while that Diſtinction of Character, which is beautiful and otherwiſe pleaſes you, the Incredibility of ſuch a Diſcourſe to ſuch a Prince and before ſuch a Court of Judicature, has ſo little of Nature in it, that it is impoſſible to eſcape the Cenſure of a Man of common Senſe.

The Character of *Portia* is not every where very well kept, that is, the Manners are not alwas *agreeable* or *convenient* to her Sex and Quality; particularly *p.* 570. where ſhe ſcarce preſerves her Modeſty in the Expreſſion.

The Scene betwixt *Shylock* and *Tubal* in the third Act, *p.* 557, and 558. is artfully managed; and the Temper of the Jew excellently diſcover'd in its various Turns upon the different News, of which *Tubal* gives him an Account.

This Play, as well as moſt of the reſt, gives Inſtances, that *Shakeſpear* was perfectly acquainted with the fabulous Stories of the old Poets, which is to me a Confirmation, that he was well acquainted with the Authors of the *Latin* Antiquity, whence only he cou'd learn them.

Tho' there are a great many Beauties in what our modern Gentlemen call the *Writing* in this Play, yet it is almoſt every where calm, and touches not the Soul, there are no ſinewy Paſſions, which ought every where to ſhine in a ſerious Dramatic Performance, ſuch as moſt of this is.

You

You have too much Reſpect upon the World
They loſe it, that do buy it with much Care.

*Of Mediocrity.*

*Nere.* And yet for ought I ſee they are as ſick, that ſurfeit on too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no ſmall Happineſs to be ſeated in the *Mean*; Superfluity comes ſooner to white Hairs, but Competency lives longer.

*Eaſier to* adviſe *than* do.

*Por.* If to do were as eaſie, as to know what were good to dó, Chappels had been Churches, and poor Mens Cottages Princes Palaces. 'Tis a a good Divine, that follows his own Inſtructions. I can eaſier teach twenty what is good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The Brain may deviſe Laws for the Blood; but a hot Temper leaps o'er a cold Decree. Such a *Hare* is Madneſs the Youth, to Skip over the Meſhes of good Counſel the Cripple.

That we are more eager in the Purſuit of what we have not; than the Preſervation of what we have poſſeſs'd, ſee *p.* 547. *Oh! ten times faſter* Venus *Pidgeons flie.* &c. In *Portia*'s Speech *p.* 560. when *Baſſanio* is going to make his Choice, there are ſeveral beautiful Similes.

Againſt *Appearance p.* 561. for near forty Lines together. He is generally excellent in his Choice of Epithets of a ſtrong, proper, and natural Signification, and ſuch as denote the Quality of the thing wonderfully, as here———

*Por.* How all the other Paſſions fleet to Air!
As, doubtful Thoughts, and raſh embrac'd Deſpair,
And ſhuddring Fear, and green-ey'd Jealouſy, &c.

*Baſſanio*'s Deſcription of *Portia*'s Picture when he chooſes the Leaden Casket is very fine, *p.* 562. There are likewiſe in that or the next Page two fine Similes, the firſt he begins thus——— *Like one of two contending in a Prize*, And the other in the next Page thus ——— *As after ſome Oration fairly ſpoke*, &c. An Affectation in Words, ſee *p.* 572. beginning thus——— *O! dear Diſcretion, how his Words are ſuted*, &c.

*Mercy.*

*Por.* The Quality of *Mercy* is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle Rain from Heaven
Upon the Place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd.
It bleſſes him, that gives, and him that takes,
*&c. Pag.* 577.

*On the Power of* Muſick.

The Reaſon is your Spirits are attentive
For do but note a wild and wanton Herd, *&c.*
*p.* 587.

Read likewiſe the laſt nine Verſes of this Page. The Expreſſion is very fine in this on the Moon-ſhine Night, ——— *This Night methinks is but the Day-light ſick*, &c.

The

## The Argument of *As you like it.*

*Frederick* the Duke of ſome part of *France* is Depos'd, and Baniſh'd by his younger Brother, and retir'd to the Forreſt of *Arden*; many People of Faſhion following him thither out of Love to him and Hatred of the Uſurper; who retains *Roſalinda* his Brother's Daughter to gratify his own Daughter *Celia*, who Doated on her with a very peculiar Love and Affection. But being afterwards Jealous of her Popularity baniſhes her likewiſe. But his own Daughter flies with her, *Roſalinda* being in Mens Cloaths under the Name of *Ganymede*, and *Celia* in Womans under the Name of *Aliena*. Hither likewiſe comes *Orlando* the youngeſt Son of Sir. *Rowland Du-Bois*, fled from his elder Brother's Cruelty and the Uſurper's Hate. He wreſtling before the Duke kills his Wreſtler *Charles*, and wounds the Heart of *Roſalinda* as ſhe did his. But meeting in the Foreſt he makes Love to her as *Roſalinda*, tho' in appearance a Lad, which Habit betray'd *Phabe*, a Shepherdeſs to fall likewiſe in Love with her as a Man, whom ſhe uſes ſcurvily to make her pity *Silvins* the Swain, that is in Love with her. *Orlando*'s Brother *Oliver* being forc'd to flie from the Rage of the Uſurper, becauſe his Brother had made his Eſcape, is deliver'd from a Lioneſs by the Valour of *Orlando* whoſe Life he had before ſo baſely ſought, but being thus reconcil'd falls in Love with *Celia* and ſhe with him, ſo the Marriage being reſolv'd on *Roſalinda* or rather then *Ganymede* promiſes *Orlando* that he ſhall have his true *Roſalinda* the next Day, and *Phæbe*, that ſhe will have her, on condition that if ſhe refuſe him ſhe ſhall marry *Silvius*. Ha-

ving perform'd all this, and the baniſh'd Duke having given her to *Orlando*, *Jaques Orlandos* and *Oliver*'s Brother brings News that the Uſurper coming with Forces againſt them, was on the Way converted and gone into a Monaſtry leaving the Dukedom again to his Brother.

This Story has nothing Dramatic in it, yet *Shakeſpear* has made as good uſe of it as poſſible.

The Scene betwixt *Orlando* and his Brother *Oliver* in the opening of the Play is well manag'd diſcovering ſomething, that goes before in the Quarel between them; and *Oliver's* Management of the provoking *Charles* the Wreſtler againſt *Orlando* is artful and natural.

*Martial* has this Diſtic ——

*Quem recitas meus eſt O! Fidentine! Libellus*
*Sed male dum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.*

I will not ſay that *Shakeſpear* took the following Thought from this, but it is plainly the ſame. *Orlando* ſays to *Jaques* —— *I pray thee mar no more of my Verſes by reading them ill favour'dly.* p. 633. The old Dukes Speech preferring that Solitude to the World is full of moral Reflections. *p.* 612. *Now my Co-mates, and Brothers in Exile*, &c. The third Scene of the ſecond Act betwixt *Orlando* and *Adam* moving by the Gratitude of the old Servant. *p.* 614, 615, 616. and page 625. is that fine Speech of *Jaques* taken notice of by Mr. *Rowe* in *Shakeſpear*'s Life. That Pleaſantry of the different Motion of Time. p. 634. is worth remarking. And *Roſalinda*'s Character of a Man in Love. 636. is very pretty.

*On the ſeveral ſorts of Melancholy.*

*Jaques.* I have neither the *Scholars* Melancholy, which is Emulation; nor the *Muſicians*, which is Fantaſtical; nor the *Courtiers*, which is Proud: nor the *Soldiers*, which is Ambitious: nor the *Lawyers* which is Political: nor the *Ladies*, which is Nice: nor the *Lovers*, which is all theſe, *&c.* p. 645.

*Love.*

*Roſ.* No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madneſs, that blind raſcally Boy, that abuſes every ones Eyes, becauſe his own are out—— *&c.* p. 650. and 659. is ſhown what it is to be in Love,—— *Good Shepherd* (*ſays* Phæbe) *tell this Youth what 'tis to Love*, &c. ſee p. 659, and 660.

*A Courtier.*

—— He ſwears he has been a Courtier.

*Clown.* If any Man doubt that let him put me to the Purgation, —— I have trod a Meaſure; I have flater'd a Lady; I have been Politic with my Friend, Smooth with my Enemy; I have undone three Taylors; I have had four Quarrels, and had like to have fought one.

The Argument of *The Taming the Shrew.*

A Gentleman of *Padua* has two Daughters, *Catharine* the Elder, and *Biancha* the Younger. The

Elder is ſo known a Shrew, that no Body wou'd make Love to her in order to Matrimony, while *Biancha* had many, that addreſs'd to her for that End: But the Father declar'd he wou'd not diſpoſe of the Youngeſt till the Eldeſt was marry'd, which making all the Pretenders deſpair till *Petrucio* of *Verona* ventur'd upon the Match; Woos her madly, Marries her quickly, and treats her intolerably, till he broke her Stubborneſs ſo, that ſhe was the moſt obedient of the three Wives then there, *viz.* her Siſter, who was marry'd to *Lucentio* and a Widow who juſt marry'd *Hortenſio* a Suiter of of *Biancha*'s till his Diſguſt at her liſtning to *Lucentio*, who appear'd only to be a School-maſter.

This Play is indeed *Dramatic* for it is all Action, and there is little Room left for Reflections and fine Topics. Tho' it be far from Regular as to Time and Place, yet it is perfectly ſo in the Action; and ſome of the Irregularities of Time might eaſily have been prevented in *p.* 705. in a Matter of twelve Lines there is plainly ſuppos'd at leaſt twelve if not twenty four Hours to have paſs'd; there is ſcarce indeed a Line for an Hour. The Diſtick of *Ovid* which *Lucentio* conſtrues in a pleaſant Way is a freſh Proof that *Shakeſpear* was well acquainted with *Ovid*; and that he had a peculiar Value for that Poet is plain from what *Tranio* ſays in the firſt Scene. *p.* 679. —— *Lets be no Stoicks nor no Stocks I pray, or ſo Devote to* Ariſtotle's *Checks, as* Ovid *be an Out-caſt quite abjur'd*, &c. The Reader by regarding this whole Speech of *Tranio* will find that *Shakeſpear* was far from being that *Ignoramns* in Literature, as ſome wou'd unaccountably make him.

*Grumios*'s Account of *Petrucio*'s Journey with his Bride is very Entertaining, 713.

*The*

*The Mind not the Habit valuable.*

For 'tis the Mind, that makes the Body rich;
And as the Sun breaks through the darkeſt Clouds
So Honour peereth in the meaneſt Habit.
What is the Jay more precious, than the Lark
Becauſe his Feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eel
Becauſe the painted Skin contents the Eye, *&c.* 724.

*Catharines* Harangue to her Siſter and the Widow on the Duty of Wives to their Husbands, if the Ladies wou'd read it with a little Regard, might be of mighty uſe in this Age. *p.* 738.

The Story of the Tinker by which this Comedy is introduc'd, may be found in *Goulart*'s *Hiſtoires Admirables:* And *Pontus Heuterus Rerum Burdicarum.* The Comedy it ſelf is his own Invention, as far as we can diſcover, and ſo good, that tho' it has been alter'd by Mr. *Lacy*, yet I do not think it much improv'd; that Comedian committed an odd Blunder in laying the Scene in *England*, and adding *Sawny* the Scot, and yet retaining all the other Names that were purely *Italian.* The additional Tryal of Skill on their Return to her Father is well contriv'd.

The Argument of *All's well that ends well.*

*Helena*, Daughter of *Gerard de Narborne* a famous Phyſician in *France* is bred up by the Counteſs Dowager of *Roſſilion*, as her own; ſhe falls in Love with *Bertram* the young Count, who being, ſent to Court, her Paſſion for him is diſcovered by the Dutcheſs and ſhe encourag'd in her Attempt to cure the King of

of a *Fiſtula*, when all the Doctors had given him over. She therefore arrives at Court, and after much Importunity cures the King, and in Right of his Promiſe chooſes Count *Bertram* for her Husband, but he diſdaining her for a Wife, is compell'd for fear of the King to marry her; but then he orders her immediately, to return to his Mother, aſſuring her, that he wou'd follow her. But on the contrary he ſteals away privately with *Perolles* a *Braggadocio* that miſled his Youth, and goes to the Wars in *Tuſcany*, ſending a Letter to his Wife by a Friend, of this Import that ſhe ſhou'd never call him Husband, till ſhe cou'd get the Ring from his Finger, and ſhow him a Child begotten by him on her Body, and that till he had no Wife he cou'd have nothing in *France*. Upon this *Helena* goes away privately in a Pilgrim's Habit, and comes to *Florence*, meets with a Widow, whoſe Daughter *Diana* Count *Bertram* endeavours to debauch. *Helena* diſcovering her ſelf to them prevails with the Daughter to get the Ring on his Finger, in Conſideration of her ſurrendring her Maiden Head to him, and that ſhe ſhou'd ſupply her Place in Bed at Night; after this Piece of Cunning and News that *Helena* was dead, Count *Bertram* returns to *France*, *Helena*, the Widow and the Daughter follow him, and having prov'd all this before the King, the Count receives his Wife into his Favour, and the King forgives all that is paſt.

The Irregularity of the Plot is viſible enough when we are in one Part of a Scene in *France*, in another in *Italy*, &c. The Story it ſelf is out of a Poſſibility almoſt, at leaſt ſo far out of the Way of Cuſtom and Experience, that it can't be call'd natural. The Character of *Perolles* is taken

Notice

Notice of by Mr. *Rowe* very juſtly for its Excellence, being I think, preferable to all in that Kind, except his own *Falſtaff*. He has indeed drawn Variety of Cowards, *Nym*; *Bardolph*; *Piſtol*, Sir *Andrew Ague Cheeck*, &c.

This Play is not deſtitute however of fine Reflections, and inſtructive Sentences; the Speech of the Counteſs to her Son on his leaving her to go to Court, 744. is very good——— *Be thou bleſt* Bertram *and ſucceed thy Father; in Manners as in Shape, thy Blood and Vertue*, &c. *Againſt Virginity* ſee 746. *To ſpeak on the Part of Virginity you accuſe your Mother.* And *Hellena*'s Speech *p.* 780 is very pathetic on her being the Occaſion of *Bertram*'s going to the Wars——— *Poor Lord, is't I, that chaſe thee from thy Country? and expoſe thoſe tender Limbs*, &c. Nor can I omit *Mariana*'s Advice to the Widow's Daughter, 782———

Well, *Diana*, take heed of the *French* Earl,
The Honour of a Maid is in her Name
And no Legacy is ſo rich as Honeſty.

And a little after, thus———Beware of them *Diana*, their Promiſes, Enticements, Oaths, *&c.* ſee *p.* 782, and 3.

*Life is chequer'd.*

1. *L.* The Web of our Life is of mingled Yarn, good and ill together; our Virtues wou'd be proud if our Faults whipt them not, and our Crimes wou'd deſpair if they were not cheriſh'd by our Virtues. *p.* 796.

*A Braggadocio.*

—— Who knows himſelf a Braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs
That every Braggart ſhall be found an Aſs. 802.

The Plot of this Play is taken from *Boccace*'s *Novels. Day.* 3. *Nov.* 9.

The Argument of *Twelf Night*, *or what you will.*

*Orſino* Duke of *Illyria* is in Love with *Olivia* a Lady of great Beauty, Quality and Fortune, but in vain, *Viola* and *Sebaſtian* Twins are caſt away at Sea, but each by the other thought to be Drown'd; *Viola* being Cloath'd in one of her Brothers Suits under the Name of *Cæſario* is admitted to be Page to the Duke with whom ſhe is ſecretly in Love, but by him oblig'd to go between him and his Miſtreſs; by which *Olivia*, that cou'd not hear of any ſuch Motion from the Duke, falls in Love with the Page. *Sebaſtian* in the mean while coming to the ſame City, and being taken for *Cæſario* beats Sir *Toby Belch* and Sir *Andrew Ague Cheeck*, and by the ſame Miſtake is marry'd to *Olivia*; the Duke and *Cæſario* coming to *Olivia* to preſs his Fortune the laſt time, he threatens *Cæſario*'s Life, ſhe owns her Marriage, and calls him Husband, which being reſented by the Duke is deny'd by the Page, till Sir *Andrew Ague Cheeck* comes in to complain of *Sebaſtian* who following proves ſo like, that they cou'd not be diſtinguiſh'd, ſo they being diſcover'd to be Brother and Siſter, the Duke marries *Viola* and that Ends the *Play.*

There

There is a ſort of under-Plot of Sir *Toby*'s bubling Sir *Andrew* in hopes of his having *Olivia*, of their impoſing on *Olivia*'s Steward *Malvolio* as if his Lady was in Love with him, and the Quarrel promoted betwixt *Caſario* and Sir *Andrew*, which yet are ſo interwove, that there is nothing that is not neceſſary to the main Plot, but that Epiſode of the Steward. This as well as ſome other of his Comedies has ſome Confuſion about the chief Perſon for ſometimes *Orſino* is Duke or Soveraign of the Country, at other times he is Count *Orſino*, and *Olivia* ſpeaks of him as of an Equal, a private Man not a Prince—— thus ſhe ſays to *Caſario* toward near the End of the Play. *p.* 879. *Take thy Fortunes up, and that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art, as great as that thou fear'ſt.*

*Malvolio*, Sir *Toby*, and Sir *Andrew* are three Characters truly Comical, that is Ridiculous.

*Love.*

*Duke.* O! Spirit of Love how quick and freſh art thou!
That notwithſtanding thy Capacity
Reciveth as the Sun; nought enters there,
Of what Validity and Pitch ſoe'er
But falls into Abatement and low Price,
Ev'n in a Minute; ſo full of Shapes is Fancy
That it alone is high Fantaſtical. 821.

What the Duke ſays in the next page is very fine and the naural Effect of Love and Deſire. The Thought is extreamly Pathetic.

*Duke.* Oh! She that has a Heart of this fine Frame,
To pay a Debt of Love but to a Brother,
How will ſhe Love when the rich golden Shaft

Has

Has kill'd the Flock of all Affections elſe,
That live in her! when Liver, Brain, and Heart
Theſe Soveraign Thrones are all ſupply'd, and fill'd
Her Sweet Perfections by one ſelf-ſame thing? 822.

The Captain's Deſcription of *Sebaſtian*'s coming aſhoar is fine and if compar'd with that before of *Ferdinand*'s Eſcape deſcrib'd in the *Tempeſt* wou'd ſhow the Fertility of the Author in his Variety on the ſame Subject. *p.* 823. ——— *I know your Brother, moſt provident in Peril*, &c. there are ſeveral fine Lines, and Thoughts in the Scene betwixt *Olivia* and *Viola*. p. 834, 835, and 836. Nor muſt we omit the Dukes Advice to *Viola*, that a Man ſhou'd marry one younger than himſelf. *p.* 844, 845.

*Olivia*'s Declaration of Love to *Viola* is very fine and pathetick *Caſario, by the Roſes of the Spring*, &c. p. 856. There is in the Likeneſs of the Brother and Siſter a Hint taken from the *Menæchimi* and *Amphitryo* of *Plautus*, as well as the *Comedy of Errors*.

## The Argument of *The Winter's Tale*.

*Polyxenes* King of *Bohemia* having made a Viſit to *Leontes* King of *Sicily*; *Leontes* being jealous that he had corrupted his Wife, employs *Camillo* to Poiſon him, but he honeſtly informs *Polyxenes* of the Matter, and flies away with him and his Train. On which *Leontes* confines her to Priſon, and Cauſes her Daughter of which ſhe is deliver'd in the Goal to be carry'd and expos'd by *Antigonus*, and ſhe try'd for her Life, but ſhe is clear'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, and the King not giving Ear to the Oracle his Son and Heir immediatly Dies, and his Queen is likewiſe left for Dead of Grief; he being ſtrook with this is extreamly Penitent.

*Antigonus*

*Antigonus* is caſt on the Coaſt of *Bohemia*, and there expoſing the Child with a Fardel full of Proof for her after Diſcovery, and Gold, he is devour'd by a Bear, the Ship caſt away, and the Child taken up by a Shepherd and bred up as his own. But at about ſixteen Year old *Florizel* the King's Son flying his Hawk o'er her Father's Ground, ſees and falls in Love with her, Vows Marriage, but being by his Father diſcover'd, he flies with his Wife to *Sicily*, by the Advice of *Camillo* and in the Ship the Shepherd and his Son; *Polixenes* goes after him with *Camillo*, and comes ſo near him, that he has no Time to marry; but the Shepherd being taken, ſhe is found to be the Daughter of *Leontes*, expos'd by *Antigonus*, and is ſo marryed to *Florizel*; and her Mother being found to be alive, the Play or Hiſtory ends happily.

This Story needs no Critick, its Errors are viſible enough, *Shakeſpear* himſelf was ſenſible of this Groſſneſs of making the Play above ſixteen Years, and therefore brings in Time as a Chorus to the fourth Act, to excuſe the Abſurdity to which I refer you, *p.* 929. *Polixenes* on Art and Nature I muſt tranſcribe becauſe it ſhews *Shakeſpear*'s Notion, contrary to that of our *Anti-Artiſts*, ſuppos'd Art and Nature conſiſtent *p.* 987.

*Per.* For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their Pideneſs ſhares
With great creating Nature.

*Polix.* Say there be
Yet Nature is made better by no Mean,
But Nature makes that mean; ſo over that Art,
Which you ſay adds to Nature is an Art,
That Nature makes: You ſee ſweet Maid, we marry

A gentler Sien to the wildeſt Stock,
And make conceive a Bark of baſer kind
By Bud of nobler Race. This is an Art,
Which does mend Nature; change it rather; but
*The Art it ſelf is Nature*.

Which laſt Line holds perfectly true of th Art of Poety.

The Narration of the Diſcovery in the laſt Act *p.* 967, is not only entertaining but moving, and he ſeems accidentally to have hit on ſomething like the Ancients whoſe *Cataſtrophes* were generally in Narration. And is a Proof that if our Poets had the Genius of *Shakeſpear*, the ſhocking Repreſentations of the Stage might eaſily and with Beauty be thrown into Narration, and ſo leave Room for the Poet to ſhew his Eloquence and his *Imagery*.

This Tale is taken from an old ſtory Book of *Doraſtus* and *Faunia*; whence I ſuppoſe the Abſurdities are copyed, and the making *Bohemia* of an Inland, a maritime Country.

Thus we have paſs'd thro' the two firſt Volumes which were better diſtinguiſh'd in the old Folio Edition, the Plays of *Shakeſpear* being there divided into his *Comedies*, as all theſe ought rather to be call'd, than any thing elſe; his *Hiſtories* and his *Tragedies*.

REMARKS

# REMARKS
## ON
# The Plays of *Shakeſpear*.
## VOL. III.

I Come now to the hiſtorical Plays of *Shakeſpear* which with Submiſſion to the Writer of his Life cannot be placed under *Tragedy*, becauſe they contain no Tragic Imitation, they are Draughts of the Lives of Princes brought into *Dialogue*. and in Regard of their Mixture of ſerious and comical Characters may be compared to the Greek Pieces, that were wrote before *Æſchylus* and *Sophocles* had reformed the Stage of *Athens*. Or the rambling unartful Pieces firſt repreſented in *Rome* after the calling in of the *Etrurian* Players, nay after the Time of *Livius Andronicus*. In their Extent they may be compar'd to the *Theſeids*, the *Heracleids*, written by ſome Greek Poets, and reflected on by *Ariſtotle* in his Art of Poetry for imagining, that the Unity of the Hero made the Unity of the Action.

Theſe Inſtances from this polite Nation will be a very good Plea for this Error of *Shakeſpear*, who liv'd when the Stage was not regarded by the State as it was in *Athens*. For had a Reformation then begun, he wou'd doubtleſs have done as Mr. *Corneilla* did upon the ſtudying the Art of the Stage, by which the Plays which he wrote afterwards

wards excell'd thoſe, he wrote without any Knowledge of that Art.

I ſhall only add here, that ſince theſe Plays are Hiſtories, there can be no Manner of Fable or Deſign in them. I ſhall not therefore give the Plot but refer the Reader to thoſe Hiſtorians where he may find the Stories at large, and by them judge how near *Shakeſpear* has kept to the Character, Hiſtory has given us of them. He begins with King *John*, whoſe Hiſtory you will find not only in the common Engliſh Chronicles, but alſo in Mr. *Daniel*; in Mr. *Tyrel*, Mr. *Echard*; eſpecially in Mr. *Tyrel* in all its Extent and Particularities. But it muſt be remark'd, that he begins not the Hiſtory with the Birth of King *John*, or the Manner of his obtaining the Crown, but of the Breach betwixt him and *France* on the Behalf of *Arthur* the Son of *Geffry Plantaginet* the true Heir.

I had ſome Thoughts of placing an Abſtract of the Reigns of the Kings before each of his hiſtory Plays, but conſidering farther I found, that to make of it any Uſe, they wou'd take up much more Room, than I cou'd by any Means allow; and the Princes being all Engliſh, I find it might ſeem a little ſuperfluous; ſince that is what every Gentleman that is capable of reading this Poet is very well acquainted with.

As for the Characters of this Hiſtory, I think there are none of any Figure but the *Baſtard* and *Conſtance*; they indeed engage your Attention when ever they enter. There is Boldneſs, Courage, ſelf-Aſſurance, Haughtineſs and Fidelity, in what ever he ſays or does. But here is the Misfortune of all the Characters of Plays of this Nature, that they are directed to no End, and therefore are of little Uſe, for the Manners cannot

not be neceſſary, and by Conſequence muſt loſe more, than half their Beauty. The Violence, Grief, Rage, and Motherly Love and Deſpair of *Conſtance* produce not one Incident, and are of no Manner of Uſe, whereas if there had been a juſt Deſign, a tragic Imitation of ſome one grave Action of juſt Extent, both theſe Characters being form'd by the Poet, muſt have had their Manners directed to that certain End, and the Production of theſe Incidents, which muſt beget that End.

There are too many good Lines in this Play for me to take Notice or point to them all.

*On new Titles.*

For new made Honour doth forget Mens Names;
*&c.* 984.

The Deſcription which *Chaſtillion* makes of the *Engliſh* Army, that comes with King *John*, is very good and a handſome Complement of a Patriot to his Country. You will find it 988 beginning thus ——— *His Marches are expedient to this Town*, &c. ——— But I muſt not omit King *John*'s firſt Speech to the *French* King, ſince it was ſo lately and ſo happily apply'd to the preſent *Lewis* on the breaking off the Treaty of the *Hague*.

*K.* John. *Peace be to* France *if* France *in Peace permit*
*Our juſt and lineal Entrance to our own;*
*If not bleed* France *and Peace aſcend to Heaven.*
*Whilſt we, God's wrathful Agent, do correct*
*Their proud Contempt, that beats his Peace to Heaven.*

The Scolding betwixt *Elinor* and *Constance* is quite out of Character, and indeed 'tis a difficult Matter to represent a Quarrel betwixt two Women, without falling into something indecent for their Degree to speak, as most of what is said in this Scene is. For what ever the Ladies of *Stocks Market* might do, Queens and Princesses can never be suppos'd to talk to one another at that rate. The Accounts which the *French* and *English* Heralds give of the Battle to the Town of *Angiers* is very well worded; and it had been better we had heard more of the Battles and seen less of those ridiculous Representations. The Citizens Proposal of the Lady *Blanch*, &c. to the King's contains many Lines worth reading and remarking from this Line —— *If lusty Love shou'd go in Quest of Beauty*, &c. p. 997.

There is a considerable Part of the second Act lost of this Piece, it containing only two Pages, which are so well adorn'd with the well drawn Passion of *Constance*, that we are oblig'd to Fortune that it is not lost with the rest. Her Passion in the first Scene of the third Act is likewise just and masterly, and well worthy our perusing with Care.

The Topic of Interest or Advantage is well handled in *Falconbridges* Speech *p.* 1001. beginning thus. —— *Rounded in the Ear, with that same Purpose-changer, that sly Devil*, &c.

Whatever *Pandulph* might realy have urg'd to make a Breach betwixt the Kings, what *Shakespear* makes him speak is perfectly the natural Result of the Notions and biggotted Opinions of those Times. see p. 1009. The Passion of *Constance* in the third Scene of Act 3. is extreamly touching, among the rest, this one Line is admirable, *He talks*

*talks to me, that never had a Son.* ſee p. 1013. 14, 15, 16.

The pleading of Prince *Arthur* with *Hubert*, is very natural and moving allowing for two or three Playing on Words which ſeems not ſo proper for that place. ſee Scene 1ſt Act 4. p. 1018. *Hubert*'s Deſcription of the Peoples Confuſion on the Prodigies is very well. *Old Men and Beldams in the Streets do Propheſy on it*, &c. and King *John*'s Anger with *Hubert* in the next page is well drawn as the King's Madneſs is p. 1045. The Hearty *Engliſhman* appears ſo well in the laſt Speech of the Play, that I muſt point it out for ſome of the Gentlemen of this Age to Study.

## Remarks on the *Life and Death of* Richard II.

*Shakeſpear* has drawn *Richard*'s Character according to the beſt Accounts of Hiſtory, that is Inſolent, Proud, and Thoughtleſs in Proſperity, and full of the Notion, that he cou'd not any Way forfeit his Crown being the Lord's Anointed, the common Flattery by which King's are perverted into Tyrants. But then Poor, Low, Dejected Deſpairing on the Appearance of Danger. In Diſtreſs always deſembling Complyance in all things, but never ſincere in Performance when the Danger is over. There are indeed, ſeveral things, that look ſomething Whimſical and Extravagant which yet are agreeable to what Hiſtory has ſaid of his Actions and Temper, in which our Poet has ever obſerv'd the *Likeneſs*.

The Topics are not many in this Piece, but there are ſeveral Speeches, which are worth remarking as p. 1060. that part of *Bullinbrook*'s Speech

which addreſſes to his Father, and 1062. *Mowbrays* on his Baniſhment.

The Impotence of mortal Power, 1064.

*Gaunt.* But not a Minute, King, that thou can'ſt (give
Shorten my Days thou can'ſt with ſuddain Sorrow,
And pluck Nights from me, but not lend a Morrow.
Thou can'ſt help Time to furrow me with Age,
But ſtop no Wrinkle in this Pilgrimage.
Thy Word is current with him for my Death,
But Dead thy Kingdom cannot buy my Breath.

His Speech in the ſame page——*Things ſweet to taſte*, &c, is pathetic. *Richard*'s Account of *Bullinbrook*'s cajoling the Mob. 1066. —— *How he did ſeem to dive into their Hearts*, &c. *Gaunt*'s Speeches to *York* and the King before he dies are very Moral and Good, from p. 1067 to p. 1071. And from *York*'s Speech. 1068, we find that *Italy* was then, or at leaſt in the Poets Time, as much in Vogue with our *Engliſh* Gallants as *France* has been ſince for *Faſhions*, &c. And indeed *Harry Stevens* a French Man, who liv'd much about *Shakeſpear*'s Time, by this Complaint, *that the more a* French Man *was* Romaniz'd, *or* Italianiz'd, *the ſooner he ſhould be promoted by the Great Men, as having beſtow'd his Time well and as being a Man fit for Employment*. *Gaunt*'s Praiſe of *England ibid*, is Noble and Worthy ſo great a *Genius* and ſo great a Poet. He thought the Name of a *True born Engliſh Man* was ſo far from Contempt, like ſome of our Modern Scriblers, that he makes *Bullinbrook*, comfort himſelf in his Baniſhment with the Thought of being ſo. *York*'s Speeches to the

the King on his ſeizing *Gaunt*'s Eſtate p. 1071, 1072. Dramatic enough. On Grief ſee p. 1075. On Hope 1077.

I will Deſpair, and be at Enmity
With couzening Hope; he is a Flatterer, *&c.*

*Richard*'s Speeches Act 3. Scene 2. p. 1085 and 1086. have in them ſome few Lines very good: And in many of his Speeches you will find ſomething of Paſſion, that is not amiſs. What the Gardner ſays p. 1096. 97. 98. is not only very Poetical, but ſhows that *Shakeſpear* was well acquainted with that Art and perfect in the Terms. But the fineſt thing in this Play is the Deſcription, that the Duke of *York* makes of *Bullinbrook*'s and *Richard*'s Entry into *London*, ——*Then as I* ſaid, *The Duke great* Bullinbrook, *mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed*, &c. This is worthy our Poets Study, that they may learn how to make beautiful Deſcriptions of what is fitter to employ their Eloquence in Narrations, than to be expos'd to the Eye. The Scene between *Bullingbrook*, *York*, *Aumerle*, and the Dutcheſs is well; but it ſeems a little too forc'd in *York* to be ſo earneſt to have his only Son and Heir Hang'd when the King himſelf ſeems willing to pardon him. The Speech of the Dutcheſs is very well beginning thus—— *Pleads he in Earneſt look upon his Face*, &c. p. 1116

The want of a regular Deſign brings in abundance of unneceſſary Characters, of no manner of Uſe or Beauty, as the Groom in the fifth Act of this Play. p. 1119. 1120.

There are ſome moral Reflections in *Richard*'s Speech in Priſon p. 1118. The ſame Chronicles

and Hiſtories quoted to the former will furniſh this King's Life.

## Remarks on the firſt and ſecond Part of *Henry* IV.

Tho' the Humour of *Falſtaff* be what is moſt valuable in both theſe Parts, yet that is far more excellent in the firſt, for Sir *John* is not near ſo Diverting in the ſecond Part. *Hotſpur* is the next in Goodneſs, but what wou'd have ſhew'd much more had it been in a regular Tragedy, where the Manners had not only been neceſſary, but productive of Incidents Noble, and Charming. *Glendour* is fine for Comedy. As for the Speeches Reflections, *&c.* I ſhall point out the beſt. *Hotſpur*'s Deſcription of the finical Courtier is very good p. 1134, *&c.* And moſt of the Paſſionate Speeches of *Hotſpur* to p. 1139. except that ridiculous Rant of leaping up to the Moon, and diving to the bottom of the Sea, *&c.* which is abſolute Madneſs. *Falſtaff*'s Speeches when he Perſonates the King are very pleaſant p. 1159. *Worſter* to *Hotſpur* p. 1167 contains ſome very judicious Reflections, and ſo there are ſome very Politic in the Speech of King *Henry* to his Sons 1171. and in all the Scene betwixt them. Sir *R. Vernon*'s Speech the lower End of p. 1182. is very pretty. *Falſtaff*'s Account of his Men is very pleaſant p. 1184. What I have to add on this firſt Part is only as to the Character of *Falſtaff*, in which I think my ſelf oblig'd to juſtify him in his Choice. Speaking of this Character the Author of his Life tells us, that he once call'd him Sir *John Old-caſtle*, but was oblig'd to alter that Name ſome of the Family being then alive—— *But I don't know* (ſays our Author) *whether the Author*

*thor may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond Choice; ſince it is certain, that Sir* John Falſtaff, *who was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant General, was a Name of diſtinguiſh'd Merit in the Wars of* France, *in* Hen.V. *and* Hen.VIth's. *times.* But to ſhew that *Shakeſpear* is not in the leaſt to blame in this Particular, we muſt conſider, that tho'Hiſtory makes this Sir *John Falſtaff* a Man of Figure in the Army, and Knight of the *Garter*; yet that it is ſo far from making him a Man of Merit there, that his *Cowardice* loſt the Battle aud betray'd the brave *Talbot*, as *Shakeſpear* himſelf gives Account to the King in Act v. Scene 1. *p.* 1421. Part 1. of *Hen.* VI. And ſuch a *Cowardice* ought to ſtigmatize any Character to all Poſterity, to deter Men from the like. So that in this poetic Juſtice I think *Shakeſpear* ſo far from Blame, that he merits Applauſe.

The ſecond Part begins with a Speech of *Rumour*, deſcribing his own Nature from Experience and Fact. *Virgil* in the fourth Book of his *Æneis*, and *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoſis* have deſcrib'd the ſame under the Name of *Fame*. The Reader therefore may compare the two *Latin Bards* with our *Engliſh*. You will find it in our Poet. *p* 1207, and 8. The Rage of *Northumberland* on the Death of *Hotſpur* in ſome of the laſt Lines is very well. 1213.

*On Glory built on the* Multitude.

An Habitation giddy and unſure
Has he, that buildeth on the vulgar Heart,
Oh! thou fond Many, *&c. p.* 1222.

*On the reſtleſs Cares of* Kings *and* Sleep.

How many thouſands of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this Hour aſleep? Oh! Sleep! Oh gentle
Natures ſoft Nurſe! *&c. p.* 1241 (*Sleep! Weſt-*

*Weſtmorland*'s Speech to the Arch-Biſhop of *York*, and the Rebels on *Rebellion* is very good ——— *If that Rebellion came like it ſelf*, &c. *p.* 1254. *Falſtaff*'s Defence of drinking is pleaſant, *p.* 1265. King *Henry*'s Advice to *Clarence* is worth obſerving. *pag.* 1266, &c.

*On Fortune*, p. 1268.

Will Fortune never come with both Hands full?
But write her Fair Words ſtill in fouleſt Letters. *&c.*

*On a Crown* p. 1270.

Oh! poliſh'd perturbation! golden Care!
Then keepſt the Ports of ſlumber open wide, *&c.*

*On* Gold, *p.* 1271.

For this the fooliſh over careful Fathers
Have broke their Sleeps with Thought, *&c.*

The Scene betwixt King *Henry* and his Son the Prince from *p.* 1271. To the End of the fourth Act is worthy reading: As is the *Chief Juſtices* Speech. *p.* 1280.

For theſe two Plays conſult the ſame *Engliſh* Hiſtories, which are already quoted.

*The Life of* Henry V.

The Prologue to this Play is as remarkable as any thing in *Shakeſpear*, and is a Proof, that he was extremely ſenſible of the Abſurdity, which then poſſeſs'd the Stage in bringing in whole Kingdoms, and Lives, and various Actions in one Piece; for he appologizes for it, and deſires the Audience to perſwade their Imaginations to help him

him out and promiſes a Chorus to help their Imagination.

*For 'tis your Thoughts* (ſays he) *that now muſt deck our Kings,*
*Carry them here and there, Jumping o'er Times;*
*Turning the Accompliſhments of many years*
*Into an Hour-Glaſs; for the which ſupply*
*Admit me* Chorus *to this Hiſtory.* &c.

He here and in the foregoing Lines expreſſes how prepoſterous it ſeem'd to him and unnatural to huddle ſo many Actions, ſo many Places, and ſo many Years into one Play, one Stage and two Hours. So that it is not to be doubted but that he wou'd have given us far more noble Plays if he had had the good Fortune to have ſeen but any one regular Performance of this Nature. The Beauty of Order wou'd have ſtruck him immediately, and at once have made him more correct, and more excellent; and I do not at all doubt but that he wou'd have been the *Sophocles* of *England*, as he is now but little more, than the *Theſpis* or at moſt the *Æſchylus*. Tho' Tragedy in *Greece* was founded on Religion and came early under the Care of the Magiſtrate; yet by what I can diſcover, the Stage was as rude as ours till *Æſchylus* gave it Majeſty. But in *England* it had no ſuch advantagious Foundation, nor any ſuch nouriſhing Influence; yet *Shakeſpear* by his own Genius brought it ſo far as to leave it ſome Beauties which have never ſince been equal'd.

The Character of *Hen.* V. given by the Biſhop of *Canterbury* p. 1296. is very noble. His Diſcourſe of the *Salique* Law is a Proof, that *Shakeſpear* was well acquainted with the Hiſtory of modern Times, and

that

that very Controverſy, which was an Argument of his Application to reading, and will not let me think, that having ſome Foundation of *Latin*, he ſhou'd totally neglect that. ſee *p.* 1299.

*Obedience and Order* p. 1302, 1203.

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The State of Man to divers Functions, *&c.*

The fine Deſcription of the State of the Bees is worth a careful Obſervation in this ſame Speech. The King's Anſwer to the French Ambaſſadours on the *Dauphine*'s Preſent is not only fine, but ſhews, that *Shakeſpear* underſtood Tennis very well, and is perfect in the Terms of the Art, *p.* 1304, and 5. The *Chorus* is found to come in *p.* 1306. to fill up the Gap of Time and help the Imagination of the Audience with a Narration of what is not repreſented. In this *Chorus* are a few Lines of good Moral to the *Engliſh* and therefore I tranſcribe them.

O! *England*! model to thy inward Greatneſs,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart;
What mightſt thou do, that Honour wou'd thee do
Were all thy Children kind and natural, *&c.*

King *Henry* Vth's Speech to *Scroop*, &c. p. 1313. from this Line —— *Oh! how haſt thou with Jealouſy infected the Sweetneſs of Affiance*--- is very fine. The latter end of the Conſtable of *France*'s Speech; and Part of the *French* King's *p.* 1317. worth peruſing as giving a noble Character of two *Engliſh* Kings, and *Exeter*'s Anſwer to the *French* in the next Page, 1318. ſhews the Spirit of an Engliſh Noble-

man

man, *p.* 1320. The *Chorus* is neceſſitated to come in again to tell all that muſt be ſuppos'd to connect the Repreſentation before to that, which follows. King *Henry*'s Encouragment of his Men, *p.* 1321. contains a great many fine Lines. Another *Chorus* begins the third Act to help out the Lameneſs of the Repreſentation, and I wonder when *Shakeſpear* was ſenſible of the Abſurdity of the bringing a Battle on the Stage he ſhou'd in ſome Meaſure do it notwithſtanding.

*Where for Pity we ſhall much Diſgrace*
*With four or five moſt vile and ragged Foils*
*(Right ill diſpos'd in Brawl ridiculous)*
*The Name of* Agin Court, *&c.*

A King but a Man, *p.* 1341.

King —— *I think the King is but a Man as I am. The Violet ſmells to him as do's to me*, &c.—— Tho' the Diſcourſes of the King to *Williams*, &c. are very good, and full of Reaſon and Morality, yet contain they nothing dramatic, and are indeed fitter for a Philoſopher, than a King, ſee 1342, and 3.

*On a King and Greatneſs.*

Upon the King, *&c.*
Oh! hard Condition twin-born with Greatneſs
Subject to the Breath of every Fool, *&c.* p. 1344.

*Of Ceremony.* p. 1345.

And what art thou thou Idol Ceremony. *&c.*

See *Grandprees* Deſcription of the low Condition of the *Engliſh* Army, *p.* 1347, and 8.

What I have already ſaid of *Shakeſpear*'s being ſenſible of the Defect of theſe Hiſtorical Repreſentations is confirm'd plainly in the *Chorus* of the fifth Act. p. 1363.

*I humbly pray them to admit excuſe*
*Of Time, of Numbers, and due Courſe of things,*
*Which cannot in their huge and proper Life*
*Be here preſented,* &c.

He ſhows how ſenſible he is of this in the ſhort Chorus that Ends this Play, ſaying,

*Thus far with rough and all unabled Pen*
*Our bending Author hath purſued the Story*
*In little Room confining mighty Men;*
*Mangling* by Starts the *full Courſe of their Glory.*

And indeed all that can be done in theſe Caſes, is only a Collection of ſo many Themes of different Subjects. As in *Burgundy*'s Speech p. 1367. The Deſcription of *Peace* and its Advantages.

The Character of *Fluellen* is extreamly comical, and yet ſo very happily touch'd, that at the ſame time when he makes us laugh he makes us value his Character. The Scene of Love betwixt *Henry* V. and *Catharine* is extravagantly ſilly and unnatural; for why he ſhou'd not allow her to ſpeak in Engliſh as well as all the other *French* I cannot imagine ſince it adds no Beauty but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force.

The

The firſt and ſecond Part of *Henry* VI.

The Scene betwixt *Talbot* and the Counteſs of *Auvergne* contains ſomething pretty enough p. 1399 *&c.* In the Biſhop of *Wincheſter* he has perfectly drawn a haughty proud Church Man, that prefers his own Ambition to all things Divine and Humane. And in the King a weak tho' pious Prince; and indeed all the Parts ſhew the Confuſion of a Government under ſuch a Prince. The Speech of the *Pucelle* to the Duke of *Burgundy* is very fine, and Artful. *Talbot*'s Perſuaſion of his Son to leave the Field, and ſecure in himſelf the Hopes of the Family, and his Refuſal to leave his Father is very pathetic p. 1430. The Scene between *Suffolk*, and Queen *Margaret* is full of natural Paſſion, and contains many fine Lines p. 1501. 2, 3, and 4. The Praiſe of *England* in the Lord *Says* Speech to *Jack Cade* is good, p. 1518.

*On War*, 1532.

——Oh! War! thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their Miniſters, *&c.*

The frequent and calm Debates in Council, in many of theſe Hiſtorical Pieces have nothing Dramatic in them, as in the firſt Part of *Hen.* vi.

Remarks on the third Part of *Henry* VI.

All that Scene from 1550 to 1554 is ſhocking and unworthy the Character of Noblemen and Soldiery to inſult a Prince when in their Power; and tho' we allow ſuch a thing might have been done

done in Fact, yet that is not sufficient to bring it on the Stage, where Verisimilitute prevails, whereas Truth, that is Matter of Fact is sometimes so far from Probality, that a Man wou'd scarce think it possible. *York*'s Passion is just. *Richard*'s Simile, where he compares his Father's fighting to a Lion in a Herd of Neat, *&c.* p. 1555. is very good. There are several Lines of *Clifford*'s Speech p. 1560. very good. All these Skirmishes, and Battles are ridiculous on the Stage, as *Shakespear* himself has said in his *Chorus* before quoted, and yet he has scarce a Play without a great deal of Drums, and Trumpets, *&c.* Howe'er I think four or five Battles in this Play. In that 1566. he has taken Occasion to introduce King *Henry* VI. bemoaning the Misery of *Civil War*, and what he says on this Head is very well; and the Son bringing in his Father, whom he had kill'd in the Battle not knowing him, and the Father his Son gives him greater Occasion of moralizing to p. 1569. The same Faults of insulting the Vanquish'd and ev'n the Slain in page, 1571.

*The Mobb.*

Look as I blow this Feather from my Face
And as the Air blows it to me again, *&c.* p. 1575.

The long Soliloquy of *Richard* from p. 1578 to 1580. is highly unnatural; for as the Duke of *Buckingham* justly has observ'd they ought to be few, and short. Nor wou'd this, which is so frequent in our Poet be born from the best Hand, that cou'd now arise; but there is always by the Many biggotted Deference paid to our Predessors; and Years add Authority to a Name. Our young Poets, shou'd

ſhou'd never imitate our *Shakeſpear* in this; for tho' a Man may be ſuppos'd to ſpeak a few Words to himſelf in the Vehemence of a Paſſion, as it do's happen in Nature, of which the Drama is in all its Parts an Imitation; yet to have near fourſcore Lines of calm Reflections, nay Narrations to my ſelf, by which the Hearer ſhou'd diſcover my Thoughts and my Perſon, as here, and before when *Henry* VI. is diſcover'd and taken, is unpardonable, becauſe againſt Nature, and by Conſequence not at all according to Art. There are ſeveral good Lines in this Speech of *Richard* but ill brought in. The Inſtances which *Shakeſpear* makes him give of *Neſtor*, *Ulyſſes*, and *Sinon* are a Proof ſtill of his Knowledge at leaſt in *Ovid*, and ſome other of the Latin *Claſſics*, the ill Omens given by *Henry* VI. of *Richard*'s Death are Poetical enough p. 1614.

## Remarks on the *Life and Death of* Richard III. *and* Henry VIII.

The firſt of theſe Plays begins with a long Soliloquy of *Richard*'s of forty or fifty Lines to let the Audience know what Contrivances he had made for the Deſtruction of *Clarence*, and what a Villain he intended to be. But *Richard* as he is here drawn is not a fit Character for the Stage, being ſhocking in all he does; and we think (notwithſtanding the hudling ſo much time into two Hours) that Providence is too ſlow and too mild in his Puniſhment. The Antients have indeed introduc'd, an *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes*, a *Medea*, &c. but the Cruelties committed by them have been the ſuddain Effect of Anger and Revenge, but *Richard* is a calm Villain; and does his Murders deliberately, wading

through a Sea of his neareſt Relations Blood to the Crown.

The ſecond Scene, betwixt the Lady *Anne*, and *Richard* is admirably written; and tho' we cannot entirely agree with her in her yielding to the Murderer of her Husband, and Father in-Law, yet we allow that the Poet has made her ſpeak all that the Subject and Occaſion wou'd allow. See from p. 1624 to 1630. *Clarences* Dream p. 1640 and 41 is poetical and natural.

*Conſcience.*

2 Vil. I will not meddle with it it makes a Man a Coward, &c. *p.* 1693. *Edward*'s Speech *p.* 1650 is pathetick enough. And the Queen's Paſſion on King *Edward*'s Death is juſt and natural. p. 1652. 3. &c.

*On the momentary Grace and Favour of Men.*

O! momentary Grace of mortal Men!
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God,
*&c.* p. 1670.

*Buckingham*'s Account of his Negotiating with the Citizens is well enough, p. 1674. 5.

*On Words in Grief.*

Windy Attorneys to their Clients woes;
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtine Joys, *&c.* p. 1691.

*Againſt Conſcience.*

For Conſcience is a Word that Cowards uſe
Devis'd at firſt to keep the Strong in Aw. &c. p 1713.

The

The Prologue to *Hen.* VIII. ſhows that *Shakeſpear* thought more juſtly of the Stage, than he perform'd; perhaps in meer Compliance with what then pleas'd the Audience never conſidering, that his Authority wou'd have refin'd their Taſtes. After having told us, that this Play wou'd move Pity, contain'd Truth, and was not deſtitute of Show; he goes on.

——— *Only they*
*That came here to hear a merry Bawdy Play*
A Noiſe of Targets; *or to ſee a Fellow*
*In a long Motley Coat guarded with yellow*
*Will be deceiv'd: For gentle Hearers know*
*To rank our choſen Truths with ſuch a ſhow*
As Fool and Fight *is, beſides* forfeiting
Our own Brains, *and the Opinion, that we bring*
*That makes that only true we now intend,*
*Will leave us never an* Underſtanding Friend.

And indeed the Managers of our Stage have been all along affraid of reforming the Stage leſt they ſhou'd run any Hazard of a Bad Audience, by giving them ſomething more noble, than they had known. And this has ſupported Barbariſm and Bawdy ſo long, where Art and true Wit ſhou'd reſide.

*On Faſhions*, p. 1734. 5.

——— New Cuſtoms
Tho' they be never ſo ridiculous
Nay let them be unmanly yet are follow'd, *&c.*

What *Lovel* ſays *p.* 1736. will hold good of the Ladies of our Times——*A French Song, and a Fidle has no Fellow.* Now indeed *Italian* has got the ſtart of the *Monſieur*, but much of the ſame Excel-

lence. *Shakeſpear* in all Probability wrote this Play to Compliment Queen *Elizabeth*; at leaſt 'tis plain that he has taken every Opportunity of the Story to inſert her Praiſes. as *p.* 1752. the Lord Chamberlain, having brought *Ann Bullen* news of her being made *Marchioneſs* of *Pembroke*, ſays—— *I have perus'd her well, Beauty and Honour in her are ſo mingled, that they have caught the King. And who knows yet, but from this Lady may proceed a Gem, to lighten all this Iſle!* The ſame is again hinted. *p.* 1767. which is compleated by the Prophecy of Archbiſhop *Cranmer*, which concludes the Play. 1805. 6. to which he there adds a praiſe of *James* the firſt, as the Effect, and Reward of her Merits.

Queen *Catharine*'s Speeches *p.* 1754. 5. 6. and 7. are good for they are the Natural reſult of the Manners and Sentiments, as all that ſhe ſays to *Campeius* and *Wolſey* in the third Act *p.* 1761. 2. 3. 4. is very pathetique, and agreeable to a Lady of her Spirit in her Condition. *Norfolk*'s deſcription of the Cardinals diſcompoſure *p.* 1769. is good. The Scene betwixt *Norfolk*, *Surrey*, and *Wolſey p.* 1773. 4. 5. and 6. is dramatic, and that which follows betwixt *Cromwel* and *Wolſey* very moving.

*The State of Man.*

This is the State of Man; to Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to Morrow Bloſſoms,
And wears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt;
And when he thinks good eaſy Man, full ſurely
His Greatneſs is a ripning, nips his Root
And then he falls as I do *&c. p.* 1776.

*Ambition*

*Ambition.*

*Cromwell* I charge thee fling away Ambition
By that Sin fell the Angels; how can Man then
The Image of his Maker hope to win by't. *&c.*
1779.

The two different Characters of *Wolſey* by Queen *Catharine* and *Griffith* are worth peruſing. 1785.

This concludes the Engliſh Hiſtorical plays tho' the reſt are indeed little better, yet they generally are within a narrower Compaſs of Time, and take in fewer Actions. Tho' when they exceed the Unities I ſee no Reaſon why they may not as well, and with as good Reaſon ſtretch the Time to 5000 Years, and the Actions to all the Nation's and People of the Univerſe and as there has been a Puppet Show of the Creation of the World, ſo there may be a Play call'd the Hiſtory of the World.

## REMARKS upon his Tragedies.

*The Argument of* Troilus *and* Creſſida.

*Troy* having been long beſieg'd, *Achilles* is by *Polyxena* kept from the Field, for he was in Love with her. *Anthenor* is taken Priſoner, and in Exchange for him *Creſſida* Daughter to *Colchas* is given to *Diomede* by the *Trojans*. *Troilus*, that is in Love with her, and firſt poſſeſs'd of her by the Care of *Pandarus* her Uncle parts with her not without the utmoſt Reluctance having vow'd Conſtancy to each other. *Hector* being to fight *Ajax* during the Truce *Troilus* goes with him, and after

the Fight gets *Ulyſſes* to go privately with him to the Tent of *Calchas*, where he diſcovers her Falſhood to him and Love to *Diomede*. The Truce Ending, the Battle is renew'd, and *Patroclus* being kill'd *Achilles* comes out and kills *Hector*, and *Troilus* and *Diomede* both fighting after in vain, the play Ends with the Death of *Hector* by *Achilles* and his Myrmidons.

This Play is alter'd by Mr. *Dryden* and, tho' clear'd of ſome Errors, is far from a Play even according to the Rules laid down by Mr. *Dryden* before this very Play, as he indeed Confeſſes; but to alter a play and leave the fundamental Error's of Plot and Manners is a very Whimſical undertaking. *Shakeſpear* is to be Excus'd in his falſifying the Character of *Achilles*, making him and *Ajax* perfect Idiots, tho' ſometimes *Achilles* talks like a nice Reaſoner, as with *Ulyſſes p.* 1861. (ſo making the Manners *unequal* as well as unlike; I ſay *Shakeſpear* is excuſable in this becauſe he follow'd *Lollius*, or rather *Chaucers* Tranſlation of him. But Mr *Dryden* who had *Homer* to guide him right in this particular, is unpardonable. Thus *Achilles* is made to abſent himſelf from the Field for the ſake of *Polyxena* whereas the receiv'd Story is, that it was upon the Quarrel betwixt *Agamemnon* and him for taking away *Briſeis.*) But I know not on what Account both the Poets ſeem fonder of the *Barbarians*, than the *Greeks*, Arbitrary Power, than Liberty, Ignorance than Learning. I know not, but it may be that the Reaſon that gave *Virgil* the *Trojan* for his Hero, is that which has made our Bards ſo indulgent to the ſame Side, *viz*, a Notion, that the Trojans were the Source of our two Nations, tho' with much leſs Reaſon and probability on our ſide, than in that of the *Romans*.

I wonder Mr. *Dryden* continued the Error of *Shakeſpear* in making *Creſſida* a Whore. Her Character is too ſcandalous to draw our Pity; and therefore he ſhou'd have made her virtuous, and not of blaſted Honour. Yet it muſt be acknowledg'd, that Mr. *Dryden* has corrected the Diction, and added a conſiderable Beauty in that Scene, betwixt *Hector* and *Troilus* upon the Surrender of *Creſſida*, with whom he ſeems to part in the Original with too ſmall Reluctance. Mr. *Dryden* himſelf tells us, that he took the Hint of that Scene from that in *Euripides* between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, which I ſhall give the Reader in my Remarks on *Julius Cæſar*, that he may compare it with that of *Shakeſpear*, and this of Mr. *Dryden*, from whom I muſt a little diſſent in the Occaſion; for the Ground of the Quarrel in the *Greek* is ſtronger, than either Mr *Dryden*'s or *Shakeſpear*'s. For the Glory and Honour of *Greece* depends on that of *Euripides*, but I can't find the Liberty of *Rome* much intereſted on that of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. But more of this when I come to that Play.

I am ſomething of Mr. *Dryden*'s Mind, that this was one of his earlieſt Plays, both for the Manners and Diction, which are both more faulty than uſually in any of his later Tragedies. There are, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid, a great many fine Lines in this Peice worth the Remarking as the very firſt Lines. *Call here my Varlet, I'll unarm again.*

*Why ſhould I War without the Walls of* Troy,
*That find ſuch cruel Battle here within.*
*Each Trojan, that is Maſter of his Heart*
*Let him to Field* Troilus *alas! has none*, &c.

The ſeveral Pauſes, &c. in the following Lines. (*ibid.*)

*Troi.* The Greeks are ſtrong, and skilful to their (Strength
Fierce to their Skill and to their Fierceneſs valiant,
But I am weaker, than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder, than Ignorance,
Leſs valiant, than a Virgin in the Night,
And Skillleſs as unpractic'd Infancy.

That Women are beſt when they are courted and not won. ſee p. 1823. The Effect of Grumblers, or Contemners of the ſupream Rule or Governour. p. 1826. 7. Two ſhort but paſſionate Speeches of *Troilus* p. 1853, and 54. The firſt begins *O!* Pandarus *I ſtalk about her Door*, &c. the ſecond——*Even ſuch a Paſſion doth embrace my Boſom*, &c.

*Pride cures Pride.*

——Pride has no other Glaſs
To ſhow it ſelf but Pride. For ſupple Knees
Feed Arrogance, and are the proud Man's Fees. 1860.

*Faln Greatneſs.*

'Tis certain Greatneſs once fal'n out with Fortune
Muſt fall out with Men too, &c, p. 1861.

*Great Actions forgot unleſs continued.*

Time has, my Lord, a Wallet at his Back
Wherein he puts Alms for *Oblivion*, &c. 1862, and 3.

The

The Diſcovery of her Departure to her by *Troilus* is as finely expreſs'd, *I love thee with ſo ſtrange a Purity*, &c. p. 1875 The Cautions he gives her againſt the *Grecian* Youth are not amiſs.

The *Grecian* Youths are full of ſubtle Qualities, &c. *Ulyſſes* gives a very good Deſcription of a lacivious Woman. p. 1878

*There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip.* &c.

And his Character of *Troilus* p. 1879. is not leſs lively and beautiful.——*Not yet mature yet matchleſs*, &c.

## The Argument of *Coriolanus.*

*Caius Martins* going to the Wars againſt the *Volſcians* takes *Coriolus*, and beats *Tullus Aufidius*, and has the Glory of the War attributed to him by the Conſul. On this he is to ſue for the Conſulſhip, which he diſdains a great while, but at laſt ſubmitting he does it aukerdly, and almoſt burſting with Diſdain and Pride. This makes him loſe the Conſulſhip, and, on the Tribunes of the Peoples Words with him, rails ſo at the Commons and the Tribunes that he is accus'd as a Traytor, and at laſt Baniſh'd. He goes over to the *Volſcians* and heads their Forces againſt *Rome* not yet prepar'd to receive him; *Cominius* firſt and *Menenius* next go to intreat him, but he proves inexorable till his Mother, Wife Son, *Valeria*, &c. prevail, and he makes Peace betwixt the *Romans*, and *Volſcians*. *Aufidius* on his return to *Antium* accuſes him of Treaſon, and with the Conſpirators ſtabs and kills him.

The

The Character of *Martius* is truely Dramatic for his Manners are not only equal but neceſſary to his Misfortunes. His Pride and Raſhneſs are what Hiſtory gives him but his Modeſty, and Averſion to Praiſe I cannot find in *Plutarch*, who makes him very well ſatisfy'd with the Praiſe given by *Cominius*. And indeed it ſeems ſomething oppoſite to his Pride, which both in the Play and Hiſtory was ſo ſignal in him. Our Poet ſeems fond to lay the Blame on the People, and every where is repreſenting the Inconſtancy of the People, but this is contrary to Truth; for the People have never diſcover'd that Changeableneſs which Princes have done. And *Plutarch* in the Life of *Pyrrhus* ſeems ſenſible of this when he ſays——— *Thus Kings have no Reaſon to Condemn the* People *for changing for their Intereſt, who in that do but imitate them, as the* great Teachers of Unfaithfulneſs *and Treachery, holding him the Braveſt, who makes the leaſt Account of being an honeſt Man.* And any one that will look over the *Roman* Hiſtory will find ſuch Inconſtancy, and ſuch a perpetual Changeableneſs in the Emperors, as cannot be parallel'd in the People of any Time or Country. What the *Greeks* or *Romans* have ever done againſt any of their fortunate or great Generals, is eaſily vindicated from a guilty Inconſtancy, and Ingratitude. For the fault has always been in the great Men, who ſwelling in the Pride of their Succeſs, have thought in deference to that, that they might and ought to do whatever they pleas'd; and ſo often attempted the Ruin of that Liberty themſelves, for the Preſervation of which their warlike Actions were only valuable. And ſo it was their changing their Manners, and not the People, that produc'd their Misfortunes; they lov'd them for Defending their Country and Liberties,

Liberties, but by the ſame Principle muſt hate them when they ſaught by their Ambition and Pride to ſubvert them, and this by a Conſtancy not variableneſs of Principle or Temper.

This is plain in the very Story of this Play for their Anger was juſt againſt *Coriolanus*, who thought ſo well of his own Actions as to believe, that ev'n the Rights, Cuſtoms, and Priviledges of his Country were his due for his Valour and Succeſs. His turning a Traytor to his Country on his Diſgrace is a Proof of his Principle. *Camillus* on the contrary baniſh'd on far leſs Occaſion or Ground, brought his Country in Diſtreſs Relief againſt the *Gauls* ſo far was he from joining them.

This Contempt of the People often proceeds from an over Value of our ſelves, and that not for our ſuperiour Knowledge, Virtue, Wiſdom, *&c.* but for the good Fortune of our Birth, which is a Trifle no farther valuable in Truth, than it is join'd to Courage, Wiſdom or Honour; yet what, when blindly valu'd by the Poſſeſſor, ſets aſide all Thoughts and endeavour to obtain thoſe nobler Advantages.

Our Engliſh Poets indeed to flater Arbitrary Power have too often imitated *Shakeſpear* in this Particular, and prepoſterouſly brought the Mob on the Stage contrary to the Majeſty of Tragedy, and the Truth of the Fact. *Shakeſpear* has here repreſented, as in *Julius Cæſar*, the Commons of *Rome*, as if they were the Rabble of an *Iriſh* Village, as ſenſeleſs, ignorant, ſilly and cowardly, not remembring, that the Citizens of *Rome* were the Soldiers of the Common-wealth, by whom they Conquer'd the World; and who in *Julius Cæſar*'s time were at leaſt, as Polite, as our Citizens of *London*; and yet if he had but conſulted

ſulted them, he wou'd have found it a difficult Matter to have pick'd out ſuch ignorant unlick'd Cubbs to have fill'd up his Rout.

It is no hard Matter to prove, that the People were never in the Wrong, but once, and then they were byaſs'd by the Prieſt to chooſe *Barabas* and cry out Crucify.

I have not room here to examine this Point with that Clearneſs, that I might; nor is it ſo much to our preſent Purpoſe; and yet I preſume the Digreſſion is not ſo foreign to the Matter as to deſerve a judicious Cenſure.

The Character of *Martius* is generaly preſerv'd and that Love of their Country, which is almoſt peculiar to *Rome* and *Greece* ſhown in the principal Perſons. The Scene of the Mother, Wife, and *Valeria*, is moving and noble there are a great many fine Lines in this Play, tho' the Expreſſion or Diction is ſometimes obſcure and puffy. That of 1 *Citiz.* p. 1908. is very juſt on all proud Men.

—— *And cou'd be content to give him good Report for't but that he pays himſelf with being proud.* The Fable that *Menenius* tells the People, tho' in Hiſtory is very well brought in here and expreſs'd p. 1909 and 10.

*Honour ill Founded upon the People.*

He that depends upon your Favours, Swims with Fins of Lead, *&c.* p. 1912. you may look in the beginning of this Speech in the foregoing Page. The noble Spirit of *Volumnia* is well expreſs'd in her Speech, *p.* 1916. and in all that Scene to *p.* 1919 where the Character is admirably diſtinguiſh'd from

from *Virgilia* and *Valeria*. The Speech of *Coriolanus* to the Soldiers. p. 1924 is good.

———*If any ſuch be here*
*(As it were Sin to doubt) that love this Painting*, &c.

The Diſcourſe betwixt the two Officers in the *Capitol*. p. 1937. is worth reading on the Head of *Popularity*.

*Againſt Cuſtom.*

Cuſtom calls me to it, &c. p. 1944.

In the Scene betwixt the *Tribunes* and *Martius* p. 1950, 51, 52. The haughty Pride, and inſolent and virulent Temper of *Coriolanus* is juſtly painted *Menenius* is drawn an old humorous Senator, and indeed he talks like one. p. 1956 in Defence of the Pride and Outrage of his Friend. And the next page, when he asks what he has done againſt *Rome*, &c. when it is plain he was againſt the Rights of the Commons, as eſſential to the Government as the Nobles, perhaps more if that State be thoroughly conſider'd. *Volumnias* Speech to her Son *p.* 1960. is not amiſs. And that of *Coriolanus* p. 1961. and 2. is well Expreſs'd——— *Away my Diſpoſition and poſſeſs me ſome Harlots Spirit*, &c. the Thoughts are not only pretty but very natural to his Pride on this Occaſion.

*On the Turns of the World.*

Oh! World thy ſlippery Turns! Friends now faſt-
(ſworn
Whoſe double Boſoms ſeem to wear one Heart, *&c.*
p. 1972.

For

For the Life and Character of this Man you may read *Plutarchs*, *Lives*, and *Dyon* : *Hallicarn.*

## The Argument of *Titus Andronicus.*

On the Death of ſome Emperor his Sons *Saturninus* and *Baſſianus* ſtand Canditates for the Empire. But *Titus Andronicus* returning from the Wars againſt the *Goths* in Triumph brings *Tamora* Queen of the *Goths*, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*, and *Alarbus* her Sons, &c. He gives the Empire to *Saturnine* the Eldeſt, and *Lavinia* for his Wife, as well as all his Priſoners for a Gift *Baſſianus* ſeizes *Lavinia* as his Spouſe, and bears her off. *Titus* kills his Son *Mutius* for ſtopping him in the Purſuit of her. The Emperour falling in love with *Tamora* marries her, and *Baſſianus Lavinia*. But *Chiron* and *Demetrius* being both in Love with her quarrel who ſhall have her, till *Aaron* a Negro Favourite of the Empreſs, reconciles them, adviſes them to murder her Husband in the Chaſe, and raviſh her by Turns, cutting off her Hands and Tongue; to which the Mother agrees, reſolv'd to ruin the whole Family in Revenge of her Son *Alarbus*'s Death by the *Andronici* at their Brother's Tomb. They execute their Deſign, and having thrown the Body of *Baſſianus* into a Pit *Aaron* trains two of *Titus*'s Sons to the Place, where they falling in the Emperour is brought to find them, and ſo the Murther by a Letter, *&c.* being put on them they are order'd to be try'd are condemn'd and put to Death for the Murther. *Lavinia* in the mean while is found in that Condition by her Uncle *Marcus*, carry'd home and by the help of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis* and an Arrow writing

writing in Sand diſcovers her Husbands Murtherers and her Raviſhers. *Aaron* before the Death of the Brothers comes to *Titus* and gets his Hand to redeem his Sons Life, and has their Heads brought to him ſoon after. *Lucius* the only ſurviving Son is Baniſh'd for endeavouring to reſcue his Brothers, he goes to the *Goths* and brings them againſt *Rome* to revenge the Wrongs of his Houſe, having taken the *Moor* in his March with his black Baſtard which he had by the Empreſs, to ſave whoſe Life he diſcovers all the Villanies done by them. The News of the Approach of the *Goths* with *Lucius* at their Head, *Tamora* undertakes to wheedle old *Titus* to pacify his Son, *&c.* ſo diguiſing her ſelf like Revenge, and her two Sons like *Murder* and *Rape* ſhe goes to him; he knows them, and complies ſo far, that he will ſend for *Lucius* provided ſhe and the Emperor meet him at his Houſe, and he ſtops *Chiron* and *Demetrius*, kills them and bakes them in a Pye of which the Mother Eats, then *Titus* kills his Daughter *Lavinia*, upon the Emperors ſaying, that *Virginius* did well in doing ſo, then he ſtabs the Empreſs, and the Emperor him, and *Lucius* the Emperor; and having declar'd all the Matter to the People he is choſen Emperor the Moor condemn'd to be Bury'd alive, and ſo the bloody Butchering Play concludes.

As this Play is not founded in any one Particular, on the *Roman* Hiſtory tho' palm'd upon *Rome*, ſo the whole is ſo very ſhocking, that if there be any Beauties in the Diction I cou'd not find them, or at leaſt they are very faint and very few. I can eaſily believe what has been ſaid, that this is none of *Shakeſpear*'s Play that he only introduc'd it and gave it ſome few Touches. Such Devils incarnate are not fit for the *Drama*. the Moor deſcribes himſelf a Degree more

more abandon'd than the Devil himſelf, and *Tamora* when *Lavinia* is ſeiz'd, and *Baſſianus* kill'd ſhows her ſelf not much better. This is ſo contrary to Nature and Art, that all the Crimes are monſtrouſly beyond the very Name of Scandalous. Well might *Rapine* throw the Infamy of *Barbarity* upon us, as a People divided from the reſt of the World and wanting that Politeneſs and Civility, becauſe we lov'd Blood in our Recreations. But I think this only the Fault of the Poets, who have been too ignorant or to cowardly to venture on a Reformation of an Abuſe, which prevail'd thro' the Miſtake of the firſt Attempts this Way, ſuppoſing that Tragedy muſt be ſomething very barbarous and cruel; and this falſe Notion has ever ſince fill'd the Scene with inhuman Villanies that ought to be ſeen no where but at *Tyburn*, nay worſe, than ever ſuffer'd in this Climate, which brings forth Men too brave to be guilty of ſuch Inhumanities, and cannot therefore be pleas'd with them in the Repreſentation; at leaſt wou'd be much better pleas'd with the contrary Practice according to the Ancients.

## The Argument of *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

The *Montagues* and *Capulets* two eminent Families of *Verona* being at mortal Odds, *Romeo* the Son and Heir of *Montagues* falls in Love with *Juliet* the Heireſs of the *Capulet's*, at a Mask, and ſhe with him. They agree, and are marry'd privately at Fryar *Laurence*'s Cell. After which *Tybalt*, a hot fiery *Capulet* meets *Romeo* in the Street and wou'd needs quarrel with him, but *Romeo* in Regard of his having juſt marry'd his Couſin took all ſo patiently, that *Mercutio* the Prince

Prince of *Verona*'s Relation cou'd not bear *Tybalt*'s Inſolence, ſo fighting him is kill'd, and *Romeo* on this, *Tybalt* returning, fights and kills him, and makes his Eſcape to the Fryar's Cell. The Prince hearing the Caſe from *Benvolio*, condems *Romeo* to Baniſhment on Pain of Death; ſo having paſt the Night with his Wife, by the Help of a Ladder of Cords, he goes to *Mantua*, the Fryar having agreed to ſend him News perpetually of his Wife. But Count *Paris* having been in Love with *Juliet*, preſſes her Father to marry her out of Hand, and obtains his Suit. She to prevent it takes a Potion, that ſhou'd make her ſeem dead, and ſo ſhe was bury'd in the Monument of the Family. *Romeo* hearing of her Death buys Poiſon, and comes by Night to *Verona*, and going to her Monument to take it and die there with her, finds Count *Paris* who forces him to fight, and is kill'd by him, but then *Romeo* enters the Monument, takes his Poiſon and dies; the Fryar comes and *Juliet* awakes, finds *Romeo* dead and ſo ſtabs her ſelf and dies. The Prince and both the Fathers being come the Fryar and *Romeo*'s Man and *Paris*'s Page make a full Diſcovery of the whole, ſo the two Fathers are reconcil'd and reſolve to ſet up Statues to them both.

Tho' this Play have no leſs, than five or ſix Murthers, yet they are nothing akin to thoſe of the foregoing Piece, theſe, for the moſt Part, are the Effect of Heat and Paſſion, and by Way of Duels, which Cuſtom has given a ſort of Reputation to, as being upon the Square If therefore they are faulty, they yet are of that Nature, that we pity, becauſe every Gentleman is liable to fall into that by the Neceſſity of Cuſtom. Tho' this Fable is far from Drama-

tic Perfection, yet it undeniably raiſes Compaſſion in the later Scenes.

There are in it many Beauties of the Manners and Sentiments, and Diction. The Character of *Mercutio* is pleaſant and uniform; that of *Tybalt* always *equal*; as indeed they all are; the Nurſe is a true Comic Character, tho' ſome of our *Chit-chat* Poets wou'd look on it as Farce or low Comedy. In *Benvolio's* Account of *Romeo* to his Father and Mother, are many fine, numerous and ſounding Lines. p. 2078, *&c.*

*Love.*

Love is a Smoke made of the Fume of Sighs;
Being purg'd, a Fire, ſparkling in Lovers Eyes
Being vext a Sea, nouriſh'd with loving Tears;
What is it elſe? A Madneſs moſt deſcreet,
A choaking Gall, and a preſerving Sweet.

To point to particular Lines wou'd be endleſs ——as this *p.* 2084. *When the devout Religion of my Eye*, &c. for there often comes a fine ſounding Verſe well expreſs'd in the mid'ſt of others of little or no Beauty. *Mercutio*'s Harangue on Dreams, *p.* 2088. is extreamly pleaſant, and whimſical, the later End very good Satire.

*Of Dreams.*

——True I talk of Dreams
Which are the Children of an idle Brain
Begot of nothing but vain Phantaſy,
Which is as thin a Subſtance as the Air,
And more inconſtant than the Wind who wooes
Even now the frozen Boſom of the North, &c.
p. 2089. What

What *Romeo* ſays on his firſt ſeeing *Juliet* is very pretty, *p.* 2090.

Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
Like a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop*'s Ear, *&c.*

Whether Paſſion be ſo pregnant of Similes as *Romeo* and *Juliet* every where give us, I dare not determine, ſince to ſay that all they ſpeak is not natural, wou'd be to provoke too many, that admire it as the Soul of Love.

*Mercutio*'s conjuring for *Romeo*, p. 2094. is pleaſant, tho' it ends a little too ſmutty for an Audience. It begins *Romeo*, *Humour*, *Paſſion*, *Madman*, *Lover*, &c. The Scene betwixt *Romeo* and *Juliet* when he is in the Garden, and ſhe at her Window, tho' it contain many things, that will not join with Probability, and tho' perhaps *Shakeſpear* like *Cowly* was a little corrupted by reading *Petrarch*, that modern Debaucher of Poetry into *Conceits*, and *Conundrums*; yet the Fancy is every where ſo fine, and Nature ſo agreeably painted, that we are pleas'd with the very *Fucus*, and perſwade our ſelves that it is pure unſophiſticated Nature, from *p.* 2095, to *p.* 2100. And on the *Earth* and its Products the Fryar ſpeaks well. *ibid.* and *p.* 2101. And what he ſays to *Romeo* on early Riſing is pretty enough. *ibid.* The *Soliloquy* of *Juliet*, *p.* 2108. contains ſeveral good Lines, as—— *Love's Heralds ſhou'd be Thoughts, which ten-times faſter glide*, &c.

*Againſt violent Delights.*

Theſe violent Delights have violent Ends,
And in their Triumph die like Fire and Powder,
Which, as they kiſs conſume, *&c.* p. 2110.

There are likewiſe a great many fine Lines in *Juliet*'s *Soliloquy*, *p.* 2116, and 17. but her Thought of cutting him out into little Stars, *&c.* is ridiculous. The Parting of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *p.* 2126, &c. is very pretty. The Fryar's Comfort to the Father and Lover in their clamorous Sorrow for the ſuppos'd Death of *Juliet*, is not amiſs.

*Romeo*'s Deſcription of the poor *Apothecary*, and his Shop is very good, *p.* 2145. This Story is taken out of *Bandello*'s *Novels*.

## The Argument of *Timon* of *Athens*.

*Timon* a Nobleman of *Athens* of a vaſt Eſtate and Riches, by his Bounty brings himſelf to want, tries his Friends, who forſake him in his Diſtreſs, and deny him the Money he deſires to borrow of them. This makes him ſo wild, that he leaves *Athens* and retires to a Wood where he turns Manhater, but digging accidentily for Roots finds a hidden Treaſure, of which he gives *Alcibiades*, and his Whores great Store; this brings ſeveral to him to make their Court in hopes of his ſhining again; but he deſpiſing all, gives only Money to his faithful Steward who came to do him ſervice in his Diſtreſs. The Senators come to make him Offers and Places to appeaſe *Alcibiades*, but he refuſes all with, Curſes on all Mankind. And dying leaves his Epitaph in theſe Words——

*Here lies a wretched Courſe, of wretched Life bereft,*
*Seek not my Name; a Plague conſume you Caitiffs left.*
*Here lie I* Timon, *who all living Men do hate,*
*Paſs by and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy Gate.*

This

This Play is plainly taken from *Lucian*'s *Timon*, and I wonder that *Shakeſpear* rather choſe to give *Roman* Names to his Perſons as *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, &c. than *Gnathonides*, *Philiades*, *Demeas* a flattering Orator, from whence our Author ſeems to have taken his Poet; *Thraſycles* a Philoſopher but not of *Apimanthus*'s kind, but a Lover of Money or rather a Hypocrite. *Blapſius*, *Laches*, *Gniphon*. *Apimanthus* is indeed *Shakeſpear*'s own and much better for the End he introduces him, than *Thraſycles* cou'd have been, tho' the later is better in *Lucian*. *Shakeſpear* has thrown the Infamy on the Poet which *Lucian* threw on the Orator; not conſidering, that Poets made another ſort of Figure in *Athens* where the Scene lies, than they do in *England*, the State thinking them ſo uſeful to the Public, that on the Death of *Eupolis* in a Sea Fight, all Poets were for the future forbid to go to the War. Yet a Poet methinks ſhou'd have more regard to his Art and himſelf, than to bring in a Character of one mean or ridiculous. But Mr. *Shadwell* who has pretended to alter this Play has made him a very Scoundrel, and the Players always take Care in Dreſs and Action to make him more ſo.

But this is not the only thing in which Mr. *Shadwell* has made this Poem worſe in the Copy or Amendments, than it is in the Original; He has created two Ladies of his own with a very odd Deſign. *Meliſſa* he makes a Woman of Quality, and Honour, but has given her Qualities more abandon'd than a Proſtitute; and *Evandra* is a Whore profeſs'd, but to her he has given Gratitude, Love, and Fidelity even to the forſaking of the World to bear the Hardſhips of *Timon*'s Miſeries, to perſwade the Town that a Whore is a

more eligible and excellent Creature, than a Woman of Honour. Such Doctrines as theſe have rais'd ſo many Enemies to the Stage with too much Reaſon and Juſtice. For in them indeed the Stage has loſt all its Beauty and Greatneſs; nay and all its Art and *Genius*, it being ſo eaſie a Matter to pleaſe at the Expence of Religion and Morality, but ſo hard to do it on the ſolid Grounds of Art which are ſubſervient to Virtue, and I may ſay an Aſſiſtant of Religion in purging and reforming the Manners.

It is plain that the Plot is not regular as to Time, or Place, but the Action may be look'd on as pretty uniform, unleſs we wou'd make the Baniſhment, and Return of *Alcibiades* an under Plot, which yet ſeems to be born of the main Deſign.

The Play is full of Moral Reflections and uſeful Satire. The Characters are well mark'd and obſerv'd, and the Diction generally ſpeaking expreſſive.

*On Ceremony or Complement.* p. 2168.

——Ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt
To ſet a Gloſs on faint Deeds, hollow Welcomes, &c.

*The Glory of this Life.*

Like Madneſs is the Glory of this Life, &c. *p.* 2171.

The trying and Refuſal of the Friends is very touching, and too natural and obvious to need a Comment; a Hint of this is in the latter End of *Lucian*'s Dialogue of *Timon*.

Againſt Duelling, *p.* 2192. *Your Words have took ſuch Pains as if they labour'd to bring Manſlaughter*, &c. nor is *Alcibiade*'s Anſwer much amiſs. *ibid.*

The

The falſe Supper *Timon* invites his falſe Friends to is all *Shakeſpear*'s Contrivance. *Timon*'s Curſes on *Athens* in the Beginning of the fourth Act, *p.* 2197, and 8. is worthy his Rage and Paſſion. ——*O! thou Wall, that girdleſt in thoſe Wolves*, &c. The parting of the Servants ſomething touching, *p.* 2119. *Timon*'s Speech, *p.* 2200. tho' diſguis'd too much in affected Words contains good ſatirical Reflections.

*On Gold.*

——Thus much of this will make
Black White, Foul Fair; Wrong Right;
Baſe Noble; Old Young; Cowards Valient, &c.
(*p.* 2201.

The Scene betwixt him, *Alcibiades*, *Timandra*, &c. is full of wholeſome Satire againſt Whoring, &c. 2202, and 3, 4, and 5. and the Speech of *Timon* after they are gone out is very Moral, 2205. The Scene betwixt *Timon* and *Apamantus* from 2205, to 2211. contains many fine Reflections and Lines, the whole being very Dramatic.

*Gold.* 2216.

What a God's Gold, that he is worſhip'd
In a baſer Temple, than where Swine Feed?
'Tis thou, that rigg'ſt the Bark, and plow'ſt the
(Foam
Settleſt admired Reverence in a Slave, &c.

In ſhort the Scenes betwixt him and his Steward, and the Senators and him are worth Reading. The Epitaph ſeems to be taken from this,

*Hic Jaceo, vita miſeraq; inopiq; ſolutus*
*Nomen ne quæras, ſed male tuteperi.*

## *The Argument of* Julius Cæſar.

*Caius Julius Cæſar* having now vanquiſh'd all his Enemies, and fixt himſelf in the perpetual *Dictator-ſhip*. The Party of Liberty conſpir'd to diſpatch him; *Caius Caſſius*, *Metellus*, *Cimber*, *Caſca* and *Brutus* agree to Stab him in the Senate Houſe. He is deter'd by *Dreams* Prodigies, and his Wife *Calpurnia's* Prayers from going to the Senate that Day being the Ides of *March*, but *Decimus Brutus* and the other Conſpirators coming to him perſwade him from his Superſtition, ſo he goes, and by the way receives a Paper of the Conſpirators but will not look at it. In the Senate Houſe *Metellus Cimber* kneels to begg the Repeal of his Brothers Baniſhment, which when *Cæſar* denies they all come in the ſame Manner, till *Caſca* gives the firſt Stab when *Brutus* wounds him he falls with *et tu Brute*? *Anthony* being drawn aſide by *Trebonius* flies away on the Noiſe of *Cæſar*'s Death, but coming to them by Permiſſion, agrees with the Murtherers, and obtains Leave to bury and praiſe *Cæſar* in the Market Place or *Forum* according to cuſtom. *Brutus* having firſt given the People an Account of what the Conſpirators had done, and juſtify'd it with Reaſons; *Anthony* makes ſuch an Oration that he ſets the People in a Mutiny who burn the Conſpirators Houſes, *&c.* *Brutus*, and *Caſſius* and the Reſt of them flie out of *Rome*. At the Camp at *Sardis* *Caſſius* meets *Brutus*, and there happens a Quarrel betwixt them about *Brutus*'s not pardoning *Lucus Pella* and on *Caſſius* not ſending Money to pay the Army. This being over and they Friends and ſeparated the Ghoſt of *Cæſar* appears to *Brutus* and ſays he'll meet him again as *Philippi*

*Philippi*. Whether when the Armies are gone *Octavius* and Mark *Anthony*, follow fight and beat them: *Caſſius* kills himſelf on a Miſtake, and *Brutus* on his being cloſe purſu'd.

This Play or Hiſtory is call'd *Julius Cæſar* tho' it ought rather to be call'd *Marcus Brutus*; *Cæſar* is the ſhorteſt and moſt inconſiderable Part in it, and he is kill'd in the beginning of the third Act. But *Brutus* is plainly the ſhining, and darling Character of the Poet; and is to the End of the Play the moſt conſiderable Perſon. If it had been properly call'd *Julius Cæſar* it ought to have ended at his Death, and then it had been much more regular, natural and beautiful. But then the Moral muſt naturally have been the Puniſhment or ill Succeſs of Tyranny.

I know that a noble Man of great Judgment in the *Drama*, is and has been for ſome time altering this Play. In which I believe *Shakeſpear* will have a better Fate, than in moſt of thoſe which have been alter'd: For generally they who have undertaken this Province have been careful to leave all the Faults, and to rob him of many of the Beauties; But this has been becauſe few, who have attempted it, knew more of the Art of the Stage, than our Author, and wanted his Genius to reliſh thoſe things, which were really good. But the principal Character *Cæſar*, that is left ſo little touch'd by *Shakeſpear*, will merit his Regard; and the Regulation of the Deſign without Doubt will be Object of his Care and Study; and then there cannot be ſo much of this remaining, as to rob the Alterer of the Honour of the whole; for the two beſt things in the Play are after the Death of *Cæſar* where the Action Ends, *viz.* the Orations of *Brutus* and *Anthony*, and the Quarrel betwixt *Brutus* and

and *Caſſius*. Theſe Orations are indeed the Beginning of a new Action the Death of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, and have nothing (in a Dramatic Senſe) to do with the Death of *Cæſar* which is the firſt Action. But this is a Part of the *Drama* which our *Shakeſpear* is not to be accountable for. We ſhall therefore proceed to thoſe Beauties of which he is undoubtedly Maſter. The *Manners* firſt, and here I think he is generally wonderful, for there is the *Likeneſs* in all, and a perfect *Convenience*, and *Equality*.

What *Mark Anthony* ſays to the imaginary People of *Shakeſpear*'s *Rome*, are ſo artful, ſo finely taken from the very Nature of the thing, that I queſtion whether what the real *Mark Anthony* ſpoke cou'd be more moving or better calculated to that Effect. *Plutarch* ſays nothing of it, but we find that *Appian* has given us ſome Fragments, of *Anthony*'s Oration on this Occaſion which in Honour of our *Shakeſpear* I'll tranſcribe; for tho' he ſeems to follow this Author chiefly in his Play yet has he not borrow'd the Oration either of *Brutus* or *Anthony* tho' one he form'd there entire, and the other ſo ſupply'd that he might eaſily gather the Connection.

*Anthony*'s *Oration in* Appian.

*It is not juſt, Gentlemen, that I alone ſhou'd undertake the funeral Praiſes of this great Man; it were fitter his Country did declare them. I will, therefore, with the Voice of the Republick, and not my own, only make Recital of thoſe Honours, which whilſt he was living the People of* Rome *confirm'd upon him for his Virtues.*

'Having ſaid this he began with a ſad and 'ſorrowful Countenance the Recital of *Caſar*'s glo-'rious Titles; pronouncing every thing diſtinct-'ly; and ſtopping more particularly at thoſe by 'which they had made him more than Man; as '*Sacred*, *Inviolable*, *Father of his Country*, *Benefactor*, '*Prince* and many others, which till then had ne-'ver been given to any Man. At every Word 'turning towards the Body, and animating his 'Speech by his Geſture, and when he pronounc'd 'any one of thoſe Titles, added ſome intermin-'gled Terms of Grief and Indignation; as when 'he recited the Decree of the Senate calling him '*Father of his Country* —— *See there*, ſaid he, *the Teſtimony of your Acknowledgements* —— and in pronouncing theſe Words-- *Holy*, *Sacred*, *Inviolable*, and *the Refuge of the miſerable*, he added—— *never any one, that fled to him for Refuge periſh'd; yet he himſelf is Murder'd, tho' made Holy and Sacred by our Decrees, without having exacted theſe Titles from us, or ever deſir'd them. And ſurely we are in a ſhame-ful Slavery indeed, if we give thoſe Titles to unwor-thy Perſons, who never ask them of us. But Oh! faith-ful Citizens you purge your ſelves well from this Re-proach by the Honours you now pay his Memory.* After this reciting the Act of the Oath, by which they were all oblig'd to Guard the Perſon of *Caſar*, and to employ all their Forces ſo, that if any at-tempted his Perſon, whoever expos'd not his Life in his Defence ſhou'd be execrable, he rais'd his Voice, and extending his Hands towards the *Ca-pitol*, cry'd out—— *Oh!* Jupiter! *Protector of my Country behold me ready to revenge as I have ſworn, and ſince it is a thing reſolv'd by the Judgment of all good Men, I beſeech thee with all the other Gods to be favourable to me.* A Tumult hereupon ariſing among

among the Senators, who believ'd theſe Words to be manifeſtly addreſs'd to them, *Anthony* to appeaſe them turn'd the Diſcourſe, and ſaid—— *But Gentlemen, this Accident muſt rather be attributed to ſome God, than to Men; and we ought rather to provide againſt the preſent Neceſſities, than ſpeak of things paſt, ſince we are threaten'd with extream Miſeries for the future, and are upon the Point of falling again into our ancient Seditions, and the ſeeing all the Nobility of the City periſh. Let us then Conduct this ſacred Perſon among the Gods ſolemnly in mournful Elegies ſinging his Praiſe*—— After having ſaid theſe Words he tuck'd up his Robe, as if he had been poſſeſs'd with ſome Spirit, and girding it about him, that he might have his Hands more at Liberty he went, and plac'd himſelf near the Bed where the Corps lay upon an eminent Place, and opening the Curtain, and looking in he began to ſing his Praiſes, as of a Celeſtial Divinity. And the better to make him be believ'd to be of that Race, he lifted his Hands up to Heaven; reciting even to the Loſs of Breath, his Wars, his Combats, his Victories; the Nations he had ſubdu'd; the Spoils he had brought away ſpeaking of every thing as a Miracle; and crying out many times —— *Thou alone art he, who haſt return'd Victorious from ſo many Fights: Thou alone art he, who haſt reveng'd thy Country of the Injuries done her for three hundred Years together, and conſtrain'd People till then imdomitable, who alone took and burnt the City to ask Pardon on their Knees.* Having ſaid theſe things and many more, as of a divine Perſon he lower'd his Voice, and in a mournful Tone with Tears in his Eyes, lamented the unworthy Death of his Friend, wiſhing that he cou'd redeem his Life with his own, and at length abandoning himſelf

himſelf to Grief he was ſo far tranſported as to diſcover the Body of *Cæſar*, and to ſhow at the Top of his Pike his Robe pierc'd with the Stabs, he had receiv'd, and all ſtain'd with his Blood, *&c.*

I have given all this from *Appion*, that the Reader may ſee, as it were the whole Procedure of *Anthony* on this Occaſion, and from this make a Judgment on his Oration; and what *Shakeſpear* has made him ſpeak: Which if not ſo adapted to the *Roman* People, certainly was very agreeable to them as repreſented by him in his Play.

The other thing in this Play is the famous Quarrel betwixt *Brutus* and *Caſſius* in the ſecond Scene of the fourth Act. This has always receiv'd a juſt Applauſe, and has by Mr. *Dryden* in his Preface to *Troilus* and *Creſſida* been prefer'd to a no leſs famous Scene of a Quarrel betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* in the *Iphigenia* in *Aulis* of *Euripides*. His Words are theſe—— *The Occaſion of which* Shakeſpear, Euripides, *and* Fletcher *have all taken is the ſame, Grounded upon Friendſhip; and the Quarrel of two Vertuous Men rais'd by natural Degrees to the Extremity of Paſſion, is conducted in all three to the Declination of the ſame Paſſion, and concludes with the warm renewing of their Friendſhips. But the particular ground Work, which* Shakeſpear *has taken is incomparably the beſt; becauſe he has not only choſen two of the greateſt Hero's of their Age; but has likewiſe intereſted the Liberty of* Rome *and their own Honours, who were the Redeemers of it, in the Debate.*

I hope it will be no Injury to our Countryman to do Juſtice to an old *Greek Poet* of the firſt Magnitude. To that End I muſt needs ſay, that the Advantage Mr. *Dryden* gives to the *Briton*, is equally due to *Euripides*, for certainly *Agamemnon* and

and *Menelaus*, in the Poetic World at leaſt, and in the *Syſtem* of Hero's in the Time *Euripides* wrote, were as great as *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, one of whom perhaps cannot carry away the Prize of the greateſt Hero of his Age without ſome Diſpute. Next in the Quarrel of *Euripides*, not the Diſappointment of ſome Pay of Legions, or the Denial of quitting a Man guilty of Bribery, which both were paſt, but the Fate, the Glory, and the Honour if not the Safety of all *Greece* depended on the Ground of their Difference.

But whether this of *Shakeſpear* be either ſo well prepar'd, have thoſe fine Turns in it, or come as naturally to its Declination as this of *Euripides*, I leave to the Judgement of the Reader. But I muſt deſire that ſome Grains of Allowance may be made the Stranger for the Badneſs of a Tranſlation, which however good muſt fall much ſhort of the Beauties of the Original.

To ſhew the Preparation of this Quarrel I ſhall give the Argument of the firſt Act, for Mr. *Barnes* in his Edition of *Euripides* had divided his Plays into Acts.

Agamemnon *now repenting that he had agreed to the Sacrificing of his Daughter, in the night Time conſults with an old faithful Servant of his how to prevent her Arrival in the Camp, where ſhe was hourly expected with her Mother* Clytemneſtra. *To this Servant therefore he entruſts a Letter to be deliver'd to his Wife, in which he deſires her not to bring* Iphigenia *to* Aulis. *In this Act* Agamemnon *declares the firſt Seeds of the* Trojan *Expedition, and gives an Inſight into the preſent Fables.*

The ſecond Act begins with *Menelaus* intercepting the Meſſenger, and ſtriving to get the Letter from him.

*Old*

*Old Man.* O! *Menelaus!* ſpare your ſelf a Guilt,
Unworthy of your ſelf and of your Fame.
*Mene.* No, more, no more, thou'rt to thy Lord too faithful.
*Old M.* Y' upbraid me with a Virtue not a Crime.
*Mene.* If thou perſiſt thou ſhalt full ſoon repent thee. (ſeize.
*Old M.* They are the King's Diſpatches you wou'd
And thoſe you ought not, Sir, to violate.
*Men.* Thou ought'ſt not, Wretch, by guilty Faith miſled,
To bear Perdition to the *Grecian* Glory.
*Old M.* Of that am I no Judge---forgoe my Packet.
*Men.* I will not.
*Old M.* Nor will I quit it.
*Men.* Or let it go, or from my Hand recieve
Immediate Death.
*Old M.* I count it Glory for my Lord to die.
*Men.* Villain let go thy Packet—— dares a grovling Slave
Contend in ſaucy Words with mighty Kings.
*Old M.* My Lord! my Lord! O! *Agamemnon* hear me!
With violent Hands he robs me of thy Letters.

*Enter* Agamemnon.

*Agam.* What Noiſe? what Tumult's this within my Hearing. (unfold.
*Old M.* Hear me, great Sir, I will the Truth
*Agam.* Why, *Menelaus*, haſt thou thus abus'd
My faithful Servant?
*Men.* Ha! *Agamemnon!* Gods! immortal Gods!
Turn, turn thy guilty Eye, and look on me!
If ſtill thou canſt behold my injur'd Face.

*Agam.*

*Agam.* Yes did the deadly Baſalisk it ſelf
Ride on thy fiery Balls I thus durſt view thee——
The Son of *Attreus* will by none be Brow beat.

*Men.* See'ſt thou theſe Letters full of baſe Contents?

*Agam.* Yes I do ſee them, and in them thy Crime,
Which I —— but give 'em to me ſtrait.——

*Men.* Not till the *Grecian* Chiefs have heard them read.

*Agam.* And have you then —— but ſure you durſt not do't
Thou durſt not break thy Soveraigns Letters open.

*Men.* Yes, yes, I know 'twill vex thy haughty Soul
To have thy ſecret Treaſons thus expos'd.

*Agam.* O! all ye Gods! what Inſolence is this?

*Men.* From *Argos* you expect your Daughter here?

*Aga.* And what have you to do with ſaucy Eye
To over-look my Actions?

*Men.* My Will, Sir, is my Right, --- I'm not thy Slave.

*Agam.* 'Tis well, Sir, wondrous well, that I Supream
Of Lords and Kings muſt be depriv'd the Right
To Govern my own Family as I pleaſe!

*Men.* You are not fit t' enjoy that common Right,
Your Mind's unſettled, veering as the Wind.
For, with thy ſelf at War, it now determines
One thing, the following Moment whirls about
And then deſigns another; nor fix'd in that
Succeeding Minutes vary your Reſolves.

*Agam.* Oh! Spite, ſpite ſpite! a ſpiteful Tongue is odious.

*Men.* But an inconſtant and a various Mind
Is ſtill unjuſt, and ſtill to Friends unknown.
Your ſelf I will lay open to your ſelf
But let not Pride and Anger make you Deaf,
Averſe to Truth —— I ſhall not praiſe you much.
Look back, look back, recall recall the Time
When

When your Ambition zealouſly purſu'd
Supream Command o'er all the *Grecian* Chiefs,
To lead our vengeful Arms to treacherous *Troy*.
An humble Seeming you indeed put on,
As if you'd ſhun what moſt your Heart deſir'd.
How lowly then! how fawning then on All!
With flattering Hand you courted every one;
Your Gates ſet wide to the inglorious Vulgar;
Familiar with the Meaneſt; hearing All,
And ſeeking thoſe, who ſought not *Agamemnon*.
Yes, with obſequious Bows you brib'd the Mob
To give that Empire, you ſo ill can bear.
No ſooner had you gain'd your Wiſh, *Command*,
But all your ſupple Manners were thrown by.
You to your Friends no more confeſs'd the Friend;
Hard of Acceſs, and rarely ſeen abroad;
All mean and low! A Man of Honour ſhou'd
Then be moſt fixt, and zealous for his Friends,
When by his Fortune he can moſt aſſiſt them.
As ſoon as I perciev'd this ſhameful Error,
I like a Friend and Brother told you of it.
Again in *Aulis* here———
Since the great Gods deny'd to ſwell our Sails
With proſperous Gales, your haughty Spirit fell,
You were diſmaid, dejected, and forlorn.
The *Grecians* cry aloud to be diſmiſs'd,
And not to languiſh in this Port in vain.
How wretched hadſt thou been, and how inglorious,
How full of Anguiſh, Agonies of Death?
Had you then ceas'd to lead theſe ſtrong Batalions
To fill the *Trojan* Fields with warlike *Greeks*?
In this Diſtreſs you then cou'd think of me,
Ask my Advice how to avoid this Shame.
But then when *Calchas* from the Victims found,
Your Daughter offer'd at *Diana*'s Altar,
Wou'd give the *Greeks* a ſafe and ſpeedy Voyage;

Thy well pleas'd Eyes confeſs'd the ſudden Joy
That ſpread it ſelf thro' all thy inward Pow'rs,
Thy ready Tongue declar'd thy willing Mind
That ſhe ſhou'd know the Goddeſs ſacred Knife;
Free, unconſtrain'd, and not by any Force;
Pretend not that, your high Commands you ſent,
That ſhe to *Aulis* ſhou'd with ſpeed repair;
Deciev'd by thee, with the falſe promis'd Joy
Of being the long-wiſh'd Bride of great *Achilles*.
But here by a ſtrange Whirle and Change of Will,
You other Letters ſend to countermand her.
You will not be the Murtherer of your Daughter!
How many thus with an unſteady Hand
Do ſteer the dangerous Helm of Government,
Fond to engage in ſome great bold Deſign,
Yet ſwift to quit it when they are engag'd.
Aw'd by the People ſome, and ſome more juſtly
Compell'd to guard from Foes their own Dominions.
But I the unhappy Fate of *Greece* deplore
All arm'd, and ready to aſſault the Foe,
And with full Glory quaſh the proud *Barbarian*,
Are left their Sport and Scorn——
For the Repoſe of the great *Agamemnon!*
Oh! ne'er advance a Man for Wealth, or Power,
Wiſdom alone deſerves ſupream Command,
And a wiſe Man is naturally a King.

*Chor.* All Brothers Quarrels are unhappy Things.

*Agam.* With Truth I ſhall reproach you, in few Words,
For Inſolence like this deſerves not many,
A Brother's Name ſhall teach my injur'd Tongue
A Modeſty, it ſeems, to you unknown.
Tho' Modeſty does ſeldom touch the Baſe,
For when bright Honour has the Breaſt forſook,
Seldom confederate Modeſty prevails.

Then,

Then, tell me, Sir, the Cauſe of all this Rage?
Whence all this Anger? whence this Indignation?
Who is't that injures or affronts you here?
What is't you want? pray what is your Deſire?
Your virtuous Wife? your happy nuptial State?
At my Expence muſt I reſtore your Wiſhes?
Which when poſſeſt your own ill Conduct loſt you?
What to regain your beauteous faithleſs Wife
Wou'd you thus tread on Honeſty and Reaſon?
The Pleaſures of ill Men are evil all!
Oh! vain! oh! doating Madneſs! oh! blind Folly!
The Gods, indulgent to thy Happineſs,
Have rid thee of a falſe, injurious Wife,
And thou fond Fool now burnſt with ſtrange Deſire,
To force the diſtant Plague home to thy Boſome!
The Suters to this *Helena* with you
Each, by falacious Hope of her betray'd
To *Tynd'rus* ſwore that with united Arms
They wou'd defend the happy Man ſhe choſe.
Apply to theſe, with theſe purſue the War
But conſcious of the Weakneſs of that Oath,
Compell'd by Fraud or Folly, you deſpair
If I forſake your foul deteſted Cauſe,
Will not be ſtrong enough to lead them on.
But *Menelaus*, this aſſure thy ſelf,
My guiltleſs Child for you I ſhall not murder.
Shou'd I comply wild Horror and Remorſe
Wou'd haunt my daily Thoughts and nightly Slumbers.
What I have ſaid is, Sir, ſo plain and eaſie,
You need no Comment to explain my Meaning.
But if you ſtill to Juſtice will be blind
I ſhall however, Sir, protect my own.

*Chor.* This differs from the former, yet it teaches,
That of our Children we ſhou'd take juſt Care.

*Men.* O! Gods! how very wretched am I grown!
I have no Friends!

*Agam.* Yes, yes, you ſhall have Friends
If you will not deſtroy 'em.

*Men.* Oh! in what
In what do you confeſs the Friend and Brother,
Of the ſame Father born?

*Agam.* I ſhall be wiſe
Not mad with you.

*Men.* Friends Griefs are common. (Harm.

*Agam.* Then call me Friend, when you deſign no

*Men.* This Obſtinacy 's vain, for ſure thou knowſt
In this thou muſt contend with *Greece*, not me.

*Agam. Greece* too, like thee, by ſome ill Fury's haunted.

*Men.* Oh! proud, and vain of Empire! thou be-
To that, thy Brother. But I ſhall apply (tray'ſt
To other Arts, and other Friends for Juſtice. [*Going.*

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* O! *Agamemnon* King of all the *Greeks*,
I bring you pleaſing News! now in the Camp
Your Daughter *Iphigenia* is arriv'd,
And *Clytemneſtra* your beloved Queen,
With young *Oreſtes*.——This Royal Troop
After ſo long an Abſence muſt be welcome.
With Speed I came before to bring the News.
The Army throngs to ſee the glorious Sight.
Some talk of Nuptials for the Royal Virgin;
Some, that ſhe comes to be in ſacred Rites
Of great *Diana* here initiated.
But you, O! *Agamemnon!* crown your Brows,
And, *Menelaus*, ſhare the Nuptial Joys.
Let Muſic and the Dancers celebrate
This happy Day.

*Agam.*

*Agam.* Thy Zeal and Joy I do commend, be gone,
I of the reſt will take peculiar Care.
Ah! me! Oh! —— Oh! wretched *Agamemnon*!
What ſhall I ſay? Oh! where ſhall I begin?
Into what Nooſe of Fate am I now fal'n!
'Tis the malicious Cunning of my Fortune
Thus to prevent my juſt paternal Care!
Oh! happy State of mean, and low Degree!
There Grief at Liberty may vent her Moans.
And give their mournful Thoughts a plaintive Tongue!
But Greatneſs is confin'd to hateful Form!
The People us, not we the People govern.
Proud Majeſty denies my Woes Relief,
Shame ſtops the flowing Torrent of my Grief;
But not to weep is yet a greater Shame!
Thus a chain'd Slave I prove to a great Name.
I muſt curb Nature, and deny its Courſe;
And tho' I'm fal'n into the greateſt Woe,
That any mortal Wretch can ever know;
Yet in my Breaſt the Anguiſh muſt contain
And only I my ſelf muſt know my Pain.
But Oh! my Wife! what ſhall I ſay to her?
How ſhall I meet her? with what Looks behold her?
Her coming has redoubled all my Woe!
She comes unſent for, no invited Gueſt.
Yet who can blame the tender Mother's Care,
To do the deareſt Office to her Child?
But now the foul perfidious Cauſe ſhe'll find
Of her moſt inauſpicious Journey.
Or how ſhall I reſtrain the burſting Tears,
When I receive the tender hapleſs Virgin!
Ha! now methinks I ſee her Suppliant Kneel
With lifted Hands, and upcaſt ſtreaming Eyes
And trembling Lips thus pittifully pleading;
Oh! Father will you kill me? will your Hand,

A Father's Hand give me to ſuch Nuptials?
And then the little Infant young *Oreſtes*
In broken Sounds, and yet intelligible
Accuſe me of his deareſt Siſter's Murder!
Alas! alas! how have the curſed Nuptials
Of the Barbarian *Paris* thus deſtroy'd me!
For he has brought theſe curſed Evils on me.

*Men.* Give me your Hand, give me your dear Hand!

*Agam.* Here take it for it is your Victory.

*Men.* By *Pelops* our Grandſire and our Father *Atreus*
I ſwear, my Brother, what I'm going to ſay
Are the ſincereſt Dictates of my Mind.
I cou'd not ſee the Tears fall from thy Eyes,
Thy awful Eyes but Pity ſplit my Soul,
And the big Drops run tumbling down my Face.
My Rage ebb'd out apace, and now I ſee,
I ought not to be happy by thy Miſery.
Now by the Gods you ſhall not touch your Daughter
Thy *Iphigenia* is, for me, immortal.
Why ſhou'd thine dye, and mine remain alive.
*Helen* is not ſo dear to this fond Breaſt,
To make me trample Nature under foot;
And purchaſe her Embraces by thy Blood.
The heat of Youth, and my untam'd Deſire
Made me ſpeak madly when I urg'd the Deed.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful thing to ſlay ones Child
To dip our Hands in our own Off-ſprings Blood.
'Tis monſtrous! 'tis unnatural. ——
No let the Army be diſmiſs'd with Speed
And march away from *Aulis* to their Homes;
But ceaſe thy Tears, by Heav'n I cannot bear them.
I never will urge more the fatal Theme.
By all the Gods ſhe ſhall not dye for me,
For what has ſhe to do with *Helena*?

By

By *Jove* I love my Royal Brother ſo
I wou'd not be the Cauſe of his Unreſt,
To be the happy Monarch of the World.
And my Heart akes, that e'er I ſhock'd thee ſo.
We may repent, with Honour, our Miſdeeds.
*Chorus.* Generouſly haſt thou ſaid O! *Menelaus!*
And worthy *Tantalus* the Son of *Jove.*
*Agam.* O! *Menelaus!* I do feel thy Kindneſs
That thou haſt thus deceiv'd my Expectation
In Words that truly do confeſs the Brother.
*Men.* Paſſion may ſometimes warp a generous Mind
But ſuch a cruel Kindred I abhor.
*Agam.* But Oh! my Brother ſuch hard Fate ſurrounds me
I cannot 'ſcape this bloody Sacrifice,
For *Iphigenia* muſt a Victim fall.
*Men.* Who can compel you to deſtroy your Daughter.
*Agam.* The whole *Grecian* Army.
*Men.* Send her back to *Argos.*
*Agam.* That cannot be; I cannot ſo deceive them.
*Men.* You ought not by the Vulgar thus be aw'd.
*Agam. Calchas* alas! the Oracle will reveal,
*Men.* Suppoſe him Dead. The Dead can tell no Tales.
*Agam.* Oh! but that Son of *Syſiphus* knows all.
*Men.* In what can *Ulyſſes* injure *Agamemnon?*
*Agam.* His artful Tongue commands the Soldiers Hearts.
*Men.* He's fond indeed of Popular Applauſe.
*Agam.* Oh! think him, therefore, by the Troops ſurrounded,
The ſecret Oracle by *Calchas* told,
Divulging to the liſtening Warriours Ears;
My Piety ſtiling impious Sacriledge,
Refuſing to the *Grecian* Glory

The Victim that *Diana* has requir'd.
The Army won by theſe his ſmooth Pretences
Both you and I ſhall fall by their dire Rage;
Yet by our Death not ſave my Daughter's Life.
Suppoſe we fled to *Argos* from the Camp:
My Flight with Sword, and Fire they wou'd purſue
And lay my Country waſte. It wonnot be!
I muſt be wretched and my Child muſt die!
Thus Woe and Miſery ſurround me!
Into theſe Streights the Gods reduce me!
But Oh! my Brother! this alone canſt thou,
Let not my Wife the fatal Buſineſs know
Before my Child I've offer'd up to *Pluto*.
That with the feweſt Tears I may, I be unhappy.

Tho' I have taken ſome Latitude in the Tranſlation and made bold to leave out ſometimes a Word or two, and ſometimes a Line or two, which related more to Cuſtom, than the Paſſion, yet I have been far from making *Euripides* Amends for what he loſes in the Tranſlation. As it is I leave it to be by the Reader compared with that of Mr. *Dryden* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and that of *Shakeſpear* in this Play.

This indeed is a juſter Way of the Tryal of our Poets excelling the *Ancients*, than what Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, my Lord *Falkland*, &c. took in the Compariſon of Topics for if he here prevail, he will indeed get a Victory in a real Province of Poetry. I am ſurpris'd that ſo judicious a Poet as *Racine* ſhou'd omit this admirable Scene in his *Iphigenia* in *Aulis*, at the ſame time that he made a quarrelling Scene betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*. I have ſaid ſo much on the two moſt beautiful Parts of this Play, that I ſhall leave the reſt to the Reader, this being a Play ſo often acted that they are obvious to every Body. *Of*

*Of Lowlineſs or Humility.*

———But is a common Proof
That Lowlineſs is young Ambition's Ladder
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face, *&c.*
p. 2244.

*On Conſpiracy.*

——— O! Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dangerous Brow by Night?
When Evils are moſt free, *&c.* p. 2246.

There is one thing in this Play which I remark for thoſe judicious Gentlemen, *who by a ſwelling gouty Style have ſet up for fine* Language *in the* Drama. The Stile of this Play is generally ſpeaking plain, eaſie and natural.

*The Argument of* Mackbeth.

*Duncan* King of *Scotland* has two Sons *Malcolme* and *Donalbain*, his General againſt the Rebels and *Norweighians* (who then invaded that Country) is *Mackbeth* a Kinſman of the Crown, and with him is join'd in Commiſſion *Banquo*; who returning victorious on an open Heath, meet with three Witches, who ſalute *Mackbeth* three times, the laſt Salutation being *King that ſhall be.* Their other Salutations proving true, he and his Wife reſolve to make the third ſo. In the Night therefore they murther *Duncan*, and lay it on his Chamberlains, *Malcolm* and *Donalbain* fly away, on which they are accus'd of having employ'd them to kill their Father, ſo the Election falls on *Mackbeth*, who being now King has *Banquo* murdered for Fear of his Race,
for

for the wayward Siſters told him, that he ſhould get a Race of Kings, but his Son *Fleance* makes his Eſcape. Murders and Tyrannies growing every Day, *Mackduff* flies to the Engliſh Court, and with much ado convinces *Malcolm* of his *Fidelity*, and with him comes into *Scotland* with Engliſh Forces, having firſt heard, that the Tyrant had ſurpriz'd his Caſtle and kill'd his Wife and Children. *Mackbeth* having conſulted the Witches is told, that he ſhall not be kill'd by any Man born of Woman; nor till *Birnam* Wood came to his Caſtle of *Dunſinane*. But his Wife haunted with Remorſe for the Murders ſhe had been Partner in dies; and he finding the Deceit of the Witches Aſſurance of *Birnam* Wood, by the *Engliſh* Armies taking e'ery Man a Branch of a Tree in his Hand, ventures out to fight, and is at laſt kill'd by *Mackduff* who was ript out of his Mother's Womb.

To ſay much in the Praiſe of this Play I cannot, for the Plot is a ſort of Hiſtory, and the Character of *Mackbeth* and his Lady are too monſtruous for the Stage. But it has obtained, and in too much Eſteem with the *Million* for any Man yet to ſay much againſt it.

The Topics and Lines of this Play are leſs in Number and Beauty than moſt of his. A celebrated *Speech* is that of *Mackbeth* after he has committed the Murther, *p.* 2318.

*Me thought I heard a Voice cry ſleep no more!*
Mackbeth *doth murder Sleep*, &c.

I need not ſay any thing here about the Witches, ſince what I have ſaid of them and Spirits in the Tempeſt is ſufficient, he has drawn thoſe Chimera's wonder-

wonderfully, and made them Forms and Ceremonies according to their black Myſteries.

*Life.*

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his Hour on the Stage
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot full of Sound and Fury
Signifying nothing.

The Argument of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark.*

*Hamlet* Son of the former King of *Denmark* is put aſide the Election by his Uncle *Claudius*, who marry'd his Mother ſoon after his Father's Death; which was ſucceeded by the walking of the Ghoſt of the deceas'd King; *Hamlet* being inform'd of it goes to the Watch ſees and ſpeaks to the Ghoſt, who tells him, that his Uncle who now poſſeſſes his Throne and Wife, murder'd him as he lay aſleep in his Garden by pouring Poiſon into his Ear. So deſiring Revenge the Ghoſt vaniſhing, *Hamlet* obliges all who had ſeen it to keep the Secret and by no means diſcover, that they had beheld any ſuch Sight. *Hamlet* aſſumes a ſort of Madneſs, and the Queen loving him very well is ſolicitous to know the Cauſe, which *Polonius* the Lord Chamberlain perſuades to be the Love of his Daughter, on her rejecting his Letters and Addreſs according to her Brothers and Fathers Orders. *Hamlet* willing to diſcover whether the Ghoſt had told him true orders ſome Players who came then to *Elſinor* to Act ſuch a Part, as the Ghoſt had inform'd him the King had been guilty of, deſiring *Horatio* his Friend to obſerve him all the

the Action, but when the Poiſoning of his Brother in the Garden came to be Acted the King unable to ſee more riſes up and breaks off the Play. This confirms *Hamlet* in his Reſolution of revenging his Father's Death. But the King highly affected with this retires while his Mother is order'd to check him for his Conduct, but *Polonius* adviſes the King to let him hide himſelf to over hear what paſſes betwixt them for fear the Mother's Indulgence ſhou'd not diſcover all. As *Hamlet* is going to his Mother he finds the King at Prayers, and therefore will not kill him becauſe he took his Father in his Sins. He is ſo rough with his Mother, that ſhe crys out help, and *Polonius* alarm'd does the ſame but *Hamlet* taking him for the King kills him behind the Arras, then charges the Queen home with her fault of marrying her Husband's Brother, *&c.* owns that he is not Mad, the Ghoſt of his Father comes into the Room, which heightens her Agony. They part the Queen promiſing not to reveal ought to the King. The King is reſolv'd to ſend *Hamlet* to *England* with *Roſencroſs* and *Guildenſtern*, with private Orders for him to be put to Death there, but *Hamlet* aboard getting their Commiſſions from them found the fatal Order and keeps it, ſupplying the Place with a freſh Order to put the Ambaſſadors to Death; ſo he comes back and in the Church finds a Grave digging for *Ophelia*, who running Mad on her Father's Death, was Drown'd and *Laertes* coming back from *France* was but juſt hinder'd from revenging his Father's Death on the King, but is aſſur'd, that he wou'd help in his Revenge by ingaging *Hamlet* to try his Skill with him at Foils whilſt *Hamlet* ſhou'd have a Blunt and *Laertes* a Sharp which he poiſon'd. But in the Scuffle the Queen

Queen drinks to *Hamlet* but drinks the Poiſon prepar'd by the King for *Hamlet*, who being now wounded got the Sharp from *Laertes* and wounds him, the Queen crys out that ſhe is Poiſon'd, and ſo *Hamlet* kills the King; *Laertes* confeſſes the Contrivance and Dies, as *Hamlet* does immediatly after.

Tho' I look upon this as the Maſter-Piece of *Shakeſpear* according to our Way of Writing; yet there are abundance of Errors in the Conduct and Deſign, which will not ſuffer us in Juſtice to prefer it to the *Electra* of *Sophocles*, with the Author of his Life; who ſeems to miſtake the Matter wide when he puts this on the ſame Foot with the *Electra*. *Hamlet*'s Mother has no Hand in the Death of her Husband, as far as we can diſcover in this Poem, but her fault was in yielding to the inceſtuous Amour with her Husband's Brother; that at leaſt is all that the Ghoſt charges her with. Beſides *Shakeſpear* was Maſter of this Story, but *Sophocles* was not. *Oreſtes* farther was commanded by the Oracle to kill his Mother and therefore all moral Duties yielding to the immediat Command of the Gods, his Action according to that Syſtem of Religion under which *Sophocles* wrote had nothing in it of Barbarity but was entirely pious; As *Agamemnon*'s Sacrificing his own Daughter *Iphigenia* on *Diana*'s Order.

This Play indeed is capable of being made more perfect than the *Electra*, but then a great deal of it muſt be thrown away and ſome of the darling Trifles of the Million, as all the comical Part entirely and many other things which relate not to the main Action, which ſeems here to be pretty entire tho' not ſo artfully Conducted as it might be. But I wander from my Point, I pro-

poſ'd

pos'd not to ſhow the Errors eſpecially when this Play contains ſo many Beauties. *Hamlet* every where almoſt gives us Speeches that are full of the Nature of his Paſſion, his Grief, *&c.* as p. 2374 and 5. The Advice of *Laertes* to his Siſter is very moral and juſt and full of prudential Caution. And that of *Polonius* to his Son p. 2380. and that of the ſame to his Daughter p. 2382. *Ay Springes to catch Woodcocks*, &c. If the young Ladies wou'd Study theſe Pages they wou'd Guard their Vertues and Honors better, than many of them do. All the Scene betwixt *Hamlet* and the Ghoſt is admirable, as the Ghoſt's Deſcription of his Reſidence in the other World p. 2384, *&c.* ſo on

*Vertue and Luſt*, p. 2385, and 6.

——But Vertue as it never will be mov'd
Tho' Lewdneſs Court it in the Shape of Heav'n
So Luſt, tho' to a radiant Age link'd
Will ſate it ſelf in a Celeſtial Bed and prey on
(Garbage.

*Ophelia*'s Deſcription of *Hamlet*'s mad Addreſs to her. *p.* 2391. *My Lord as I was ſowing in my Chamber*, &c, *and* p. 2392. *He took me by the Wriſt*, &c.

*Ambition.*

Which Dreams indeed are Ambition for the very Subſtance of the Ambitious is meerly the Shadow of a Dream.

*On Man*, p. 2401.

What a piece of Worth is Man? how noble in Reaſon? how infinite in Faculty, in Form, and Moving

Moving how expreſs and admirable? In Action how like an Angel? In Apprehenſion how like a God! The Beauty of the World, *&c.*

In *Hamlet*'s Speech to the Players *Shakeſpear* gives us his whole Knowledge of the *Drama*, and for that Reaſon this favourable Judgment of a Play, that did not pleaſe the *Million* is what ſhou'd teach ſome of our ſucceſsful Poets not to value themſelves meerly on Succeſs, ſince the *Million* often fail, tho' as *Horace* ſays they ſometimes hit right.

*Eſt ubi recte ſentit populus eſt ubi peccat.*

*Hamlet.* I heard thee ſpeak me a Speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember, pleas'd not the *Million*, it was *Caviare* to the *General*; but it was as I received it, and others, whoſe Judgment in ſuch Matters, cry'd to the Top of mine an excellent Play—— *well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet down with as much Modeſty as Cunning*, &c. p. 2404.

*On Players and Plays.*

*Ham.* Let them be well us'd, for they are the Abſtracts and brief Chronicles of the Time, *&c.* 2406.

I have heard that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been ſtruck ſo to the Soul, that preſently
They have proclaimed their Malefactions, *&c.*
Pag. 2407.

The Power and Force of Tragedy, in this and other Particulars has been confirmed by undoubted Hiſtory.

Hiſtory. *Alexander* Tyrant of *Pherea* a City of *Theſſaly* ſeeing the *Hecuba* of *Euripides* acted, found himſelf ſo affected, that he went out before the End of the firſt Act, ſaying, *That he was aſham'd to be ſeen to weep at that Misfortune of* Hecuba *and* Polyxana, *when he daily imbrued his Hands in the Blood of his own Citizens.* He was afraid (ſays the admirable *Dacier*) that his Heart ſhou'd be truly mollified; that the Spirit of Tyranny wou'd now leave the Poſſeſſion of his Breaſt, and that he ſhould come a private Perſon out of that Theatre, into which he enter'd Maſter. The Actor who ſo ſenſibly touch'd him, with Difficulty eſcap'd with his Life, but was ſecur'd by ſome Remains of that Pity, which was the Cauſe of his Crime.

I cannot here omit what Benefit the City of *Athens* it ſelf receiv'd from ſome Verſes of the *Electra* of *Euripides*, in its great Diſtreſs; for when it was debated, that the City of *Athens* ſhou'd be deſtroy'd, and the Country laid waſte, a milder Courſe was taken by the Commanders, by one of them repeating theſe Verſes out of the *Electra* of *Euripides*.

Electra *Oh! unhappy Queen*
*Whither wou'd you fly? return*
*Your Abſence the forſaken Groves*
*And deſart Palace ſeem to mourn.*

This ſhook them (ſays *Plutarch* in the Life of *Lyſander*) and gave an Occaſion to reflect how barbarous it wou'd appear to lay that City in Ruin, which had been renown'd for the Birth and Education of ſo many famous Men.

*Hamlet's*

*Hamlet*'s Soliloquy, 2409.

*Death or to die.*

——To be or not to be; that is the Queſtion?
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms againſt a Sea of Troubles,
And by oppoſing end them, p. 2409, and 10.

*Calumny.*

Be thou as chaſte as Ice, as pure as Snow
Thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny, p. 2411.

*Hamlet*'s Advice and Directions to Players is very good containing very good Precepts of a juſt *Pronunciation*, which being as uſeful for thoſe, who Judge, as thoſe who act I ſhall take more Notice of them.

*Ham.* Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as live the Town Cryer had ſpoke my Lines. Nor do not ſaw the Air too much with your Hand thus, but uſe all gently; *for in the very Torrent, Tempeſt, and I may ſay the Whirle-wind of Paſſion, you muſt beget a Temperance, that may give it Smoothneſs.* Oh! it offends me to the Soul to ſee a robouſtous Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Paſſion to Tatters, to very Rags, to ſplit the Ears of the *Groundlings*; who, for the moſt part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shows, and Noiſe, *&c.* and a little further.

—— Be not too tame neither, but let your own Diſcretion be your Tutor. Suit the Action to the Word, and the Word to the Action; with this eſpecial Obſervance, that you o'ertop not the Modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo overdone, is from the Purpoſe of *Playing*; whoſe End both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere a Mirror up to Nature. To ſhow Vertue her own Feature; Scorn her own Image; and the very Age and Body of the Time his Form and Preſſure. Now this over done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful Laugh cannot but make the Judicious grieve. *The Cenſure of which* one *muſt in your Allowance, o'erſway a* whole Theatre *of others.* Oh! there be Players, that I have ſeen Play, and heard others Praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the Accent of *Chriſtians*, nor the Gate of *Chriſtian*, *Pagan*, nor *Norman*, have ſo *ſtrutted* and *bellow'd*, *that I have thought ſome of Natures Journey Men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abominably.*—— and let thoſe that Play the Clowns ſpeak no more, than is ſet down for them for there be of them, that will of themſelves laugh to ſet on ſome Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, tho' in the mean Time ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſider'd. That's Villainous, and ſhows a moſt pityful Ambition in the Fool that uſes it p. 2413, and 14.

Theſe Precepts of *Shakeſpear* are as valuable, as any thing in him, for indeed thoroughly ſtudy'd and underſtood they teach the whole Art of the Stage, which relates to the Repreſentation or the Actors; who ſtill are too commonly guilty of theſe

theſe very Follies, which *Shakeſpear* obſerv'd in the Players of his Time.

I ſhall ſay no more in Explanation of this here deſigning a particular Diſcourſe on the Art of Pronounciation and Acting, for it is not ſufficient for a Player to ſpeak well, he muſt give what he ſays its true Action; he muſt look his Part, he muſt be the Man, he repreſents according to the very Lineaments of the Paſſion, or Humour which he repreſents or elſe he is no Actor. They are call'd Actors not Speakers, and a Miſtake in the accenting a Word, or ev'n in a vicious Tone of Utterance may be forgiven, but an ill Action is an Error in the Fundamentals. There is a Lady on the Stage who may perhaps be ſometimes out in her Speaking, but always ſo Charms in her Action, that ſhe will not ſuffer a Lover of the Art not to ſink the ſmaller Error in the greater Beauty. Our Actors are very liable to neglect the Decorum of the Repreſentation, and when they have form'd them to the Figure of a paſſionate Man as long as they ſpeak, while the Oppoſite ſpeaks, are as calm as if unconcern'd in the Matter, whereas in Nature no Man in Anger, Love or Grief but minds what the other ſays and is as much concern'd in it as if he ſpoke himſelf. In this Particular no Body can excell Mrs. *Barry*, whom I have frequently obſerv'd change her Colour, and diſcover a Concern that equal'd Nature; this is no Flattery to her but barely Juſtice.

But not to dwell on this Subject, or anticipate what I have to ſay in a longer Diſcuſſion of this Point let us return to the fine things of this Play of *Hamlet*. His Speech to *Horatio* p. 2414. has many good Lines. The Queen's Proteſts in the Play that's introduc'd, and the King's Diſcourſe

with her is worth reading for the Lines and the Reflections p. 2417. 18. The Scene betwixt his Mother, and *Hamlet* is generally very well; tho' perhaps it is capable of Improvement; that part of the Scene where the Ghoſt comes in is very ſtrong; as indeed *Shakeſpear* is in the former Scene, which as I have been aſſur'd he wrote in a Charnel Houſe in the midſt of the Night. from p. 2426 to p. 2431.

*On Man.*

What is Man,——
If his chief Good and Market of his Time, *&c.*
p 2135.

The Diſcourſe betwixt *Hamlet* and the Grave Maker is full of moral Reflections and worthy minding, tho' that Diſcourſe it ſelf has nothing to do there, where it is, nor of any uſe to the Deſign, and may be as well left out; and what ever can be left out has no Buſineſs in a Play, but this being low Comedy has ſtill leſs to do here. p. 2450 to 2453. The Character *Hamlet* gives of *Oſrick* is very Satirical and wou'd be good any where elſe. p. 2459.

The Argument of *King Lear.*

*Lear* King of *Britain* has three Daughters *Gonerill*, *Regan*, and *Cordelia*. *Gonerill* is marry'd to the Duke of *Albany*, *Regan* to the Duke of *Cornwal*, and the King of *France* and Duke of *Burgundy* are Pretenders to *Cordelia*. The King being old divides his Kingdom betwixt his three Daughters reſerving only an hundred Knights for himſelf and

and the Name of King. But the two Elder by their mighty Profeſſions of Love and Duty beyond Meaſure win the Father's Heart, now alienated from *Cordelia* becauſe ſhe daub'd not her Affections over with empty Profeſſions, ſo that old *Lear* in a Paſſion gives away her Share to her other Siſters and with his Curſe leaves her to *France* who takes her for his Wife tho' rejected by *Burgundy*. The two Daughters *Regan* and *Gonerill* ſoon fall from their Duty, and grow weary of the King are uncivil to his Followers wou'd abridge them, nay take them quite away; when in a ſtormy Night he is turn'd out of the Earl of *Glouceſter*'s Houſe with Orders to him not to relieve him. The Earl of *Glouceſter* ſhook with Horror of theſe unnatural Proceedings, acquaints his baſtard Son of his Intentions to aſſiſt the King, and that the *French* were come over to his Aid, but he betrays him, and ſo his Eyes are put out, and he turn'd out of Doors being inform'd that his baſtard Son had done it all, by whom deceiv'd he had believ'd his own Son *Edgar* had contriv'd his Death, and who for fear of the Proclamation againſt him wander'd like *Tom a Bedlam*. He meets with the King, and with his Father afterwards on whoſe Head there being a Price ſet *Gonerills* Steward meeting him offers to kill him but is prevented by *Edgar*'s killing of him, about whom he finds *Gonerills* Letters to the Baſtard, being Love to him and a Deſign againſt the Duke of *Albany* her Husband. To whom he carries it before the Battle betwixt the *Britains* and the *French* under *Cordelia*'s Command, whom ſhe brought to the King's Aſſiſtance againſt her unnatural Siſters, but being beaten and the King and ſhe taken Priſoners the Baſtard orders them to be kill'd, in Priſon.

And *Edgar* having fought and kill'd the Bastard, *Regan* being Poison'd by her Sister *Gonerill*, and she being upbraided by her Husband, with the Guilt, but more affected with the loss of *Edmond* kills herself, he owns his Warrant out against the King and *Cordelia* they send to save them but come too late, *Cordelia* being hang'd but the King kill'd the Rogue that hang'd her, but breaks his Heart and dies; so the Play Ends.

The King and *Cordelia* ought by no means to have dy'd, and therefore Mr *Tate* has very justly alter'd that particular, which must disgust the Reader and Audience to have Vertue and Piety meet so unjust a Reward. So that this Plot, tho' of so celebrated a Play, has none of the Ends of Tragedy moving neither Fear nor Pity. We rejoice at the Death of the *Bastard* and the two Sisters, as of Monsters in Nature under whom the very Earth must groan. And we see with horror and Indignation the Death of the King, *Cordelia* and *Kent*; tho' of the Three the King only cou'd move pity if that were not lost in the Indignation and Horror the Death of the other two produces, for he is a truly *Tragic* Character not supremely Virtuous nor Scandalously vicious he is made up of *Choler*, and Obstinacy, Frailties pardonable enough in an Old Man, and yet what drew on him all the Misfortunes of his Life.

The Bastard's Speech of the Folly of laying our Fate and Follies on the Stars, *p.* 2480. is worth reading —— *This is the excellent Foppery of the World, that when we are sick in Fortune*, &c.

*Lear*'s Passion, *p.* 2488. on the Ingratitude of his Daughter *Gonerill* is very well, and his Curses on her very well and naturally chose. *Lear*'s Speech to *Regan*, *p.* 2505. is very well—— *No* Regan *thou*

*thou ſhalt ne'er have my Curſes*, &c. and his Paſſion in this whole Scene agreeable to the Manners.

*The Needs of Life few*, p. 2507.

Oh! Reaſon not on *Need*! our baſeſt Beggars
Are in the pooreſt things ſuperfluous.
Allow not Nature more, than Nature needs;
Man's Life is cheap as Beaſts, *&c.*

*Kent*'s Deſcription of the tempeſtuous Night, *p.* 2511. is very good.

——Things that love Night
Love not ſuch Nights as theſe. The wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark, *&c.*

There is nothing more beautiful than *Lear*'s firſt Starts of Madneſs, 2514. When *Edgar* comes out in the Habit of a Madman—— *Didſt thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?* And again—— *Have his Daughters brought him to this paſs, cou'dſt thou ſave nothing? Wouldſt thou give 'em all*——

——*Now all the Plagues, that in the pendulous Air Hang fated o'er Mens Faults, Light on thy Daughters.*
Kent. *He has no Daughters, Sir.* (*Nature*
Lear. *Death, Traitor, nothing cou'd have ſubdued To ſuch a Lowneſs, but his unkind Daughters*, &c. Pag. 2515.

*Edgar*'s Account of a Servingman is very pretty. *ibid.* as all that he ſays in the Play is according

to the Character, which his Affairs oblige him to aſſume.

*On Man.* 2516.

*Man* is no more, than this conſider him well!
Thou ow'ſt the Worm no Silk, the Beaſt no Hide
The Sheep no Wool, the Cat no Perfume. How!
Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the
thing it ſelf.
Unaccomodated Man is no more
But ſuch a bare poor forked Animal
As thou art——

*Edgar*'s Deſcription of the Precipice of *Dover* Cliff is very good, *p.* 2530

——*How fearful and dizzy 'tis to caſt ones Eye ſo* (*low*, &c.

Againſt the groſs and Idolatrous Flattery of *Princes* ſee *Lear*'s Madneſs, *p.* 2532. They flatter'd 'me like a Dog, and told me, that I had white 'Hairs in my Beard e'er the black ones were there, 'to ſay Ay, and No to every thing I ſaid ——*Ay and No too was no good Divinity. When the Rain came to wet me once, and the Wind to make me chatter, when the Thunder wou'd not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt them out—— go to, they are not Men of their Words; they told me I was every thing, 'tis a Lie I am not Ague Proof.* Tho' all *Lear*'s Madneſs is good, yet *p.* 2544 is particularly remarkable for the ſatyrical Reflections—— *The Uſurer hangs the Couzener. Through tatter'd Cloaths great Vices do appear*, &c.

For this Story read *Milton*'s and *Tyrrel*'s Hiſtory

ry of *England* and *Leland*, with *Geofry* of *Monmouth*, &c.

## The Argument of the *Moor of Venice*.

*Othello* a noble *Moor* or *Negro*, who had by long and faithful Services, and brave Deeds eſtabliſh'd himſelf in the Opinion of the Senate of *Venice*, wins the Affections of *Deſdemona*, Daughter to *Brabantio* one of the Senators, marries her unknown to her Father, and with the Senators Leave, carries her with him to *Cyprus* his Province. He makes *Caſſio* his Lieutenant, 'tho *Iago* had ſolicited the Poſt by his Friends for himſelf, which Refuſal join'd with a Jealouſy, that *Othello* had been too familiar with his Wife, makes him contrive the Deſtruction of *Caſſio*, and the *Moor* to gratify his Revenge and his Ambition. But having no Way to take a Vengeance on the *Moor* proportion'd to his imaginary and double Injury but this, he draws him with a great deal of Cunning into a Jealouſy of his Wife, and that by a Chain of Circumſtances contriv'd to that Purpoſe, and urg'd with all the taking Inſinuations imaginable. *Othello* by theſe Means won to a Belief of his own Infamy reſolves the Murder of his Wife and *Caſſio*, whom he concluded guilty. *Iago* undertakes the diſpatching *Caſſio*, whoſe Comiſſion he had already got, which deſigning to do by *Roderigo* who had been his *Dupe* in Hopes by his Means to enjoy *Deſdemona*, and who now grew impatient of any longer Delay. But he miſſing his Aim is wounded, and kill'd outright by *Iago* to ſtop him from telling any Tales of him. But the *Moor* effectually put his Revenge in Execution on his Wife; which is no ſooner done, but he is convinc'd of his Error, and in

in Remorſe kills himſelf, whilſt *Iago* the Cauſe of all this Villany having mortally wounded his Wife for diſcovering of it, is born away to a more ignominious Puniſhment; and *Caſſio* is made Governour of *Cyprus*.

I have drawn the Fable with as much favour to the Author, as I poſſibly cou'd, yet I muſt own that the Faults found in it by Mr *Rymer* are but too viſible for the moſt Part. That of making a *Negro* of the Hero or chief Character of the Play, wou'd ſhock any one; for it is not the Rationale of the thing and the Deductions, that may thence be brought to diminiſh the Oppoſition betwixt the different Colours of Mankind that wou'd not be ſufficient to take away that which is ſhocking in this Story; ſince this entirely depends on Cuſtom which makes it ſo, and on common Womens admitting a *Negro* to a Commerce with her every one almoſt ſtarts at the Choice. Much more in a Woman of Vertue; and indeed *Iago*, *Bambutio*, &c. have ſhewn ſuch Reaſons as make it monſtruous. I wonder *Shakeſpear* ſaw this in the Perſons of his Play, and not in his own Judgment. If *Othello* had been made deformed, and not over young but no Black, it had removed moſt of the Abſurdities, but now it pleaſes only by Preſcription. 'Tis poſſible, that an innocent tender young Woman, who knew little of the World, might be won by the brave Actions of a gallant Man not to regard his Age or Deformities, but Nature, or what is all one in this Caſe, Cuſtom having put ſuch a Bar as ſo oppoſite a Colour, it takes away our Pity from her, and only raiſes our Indignation againſt him. I ſhall paſs over the other Obſervations founded on this Error, ſince they have been ſufficiently taken Notice of already. It muſt be own'd

own'd that *Shakeſpear* drew Men better, than Women; to whom indeed he has ſeldom given any conſiderable Place in his Plays; here and in *Romeo* and *Juliet* he has done moſt in this matter, but here he has not given any graceful Touches to *Deſdemona* in many places of her Part.

Whether the Motives of *Othello*'s Jealouſie be ſtrong enough to free him from the Imputation of Levity and Folly I will not determine; ſince Jealouſie is born often of very ſlight Occaſions, eſpecially in the Breaſts of Men of thoſe warmer Climates. Yet this muſt be ſaid *Shakeſpear* has manag'd the Scene ſo well, that it is that alone, which ſupports his Play, and impoſes on the Audience ſo very ſucceſsfully, that till a Reformation of the Stage comes, I believe it will always be kindly receiv'd.

*Iago* is a Character, that can hardly be admitted into the *Tragic* Scene, tho' it is qualify'd by his being puſh'd on by *Revenge*, *Ambition* and *Jealouſie*; Becauſe he ſeems to declare himſelf a ſettled Villain. But leaving theſe things to every Man's Humour, which is in our Age all the Rule of Judging, let us take a View of what we can find beautiful in the Reflections and Sentiments.

*Preferment.*

——'Tis the Courſe of Service
Preferment goes by Letter, and Affection
And not by old Gradation where each ſecond
Stood Heir to the firſt, *&c.* p. 2556.

So that notwithſtanding our Murmurers in the Army and other Places we find Merit and Right have been poſt-pon'd to Favour long before our Days.

Days. *Iago*'s Harangue againſt Honeſty in this Page is ſevere enough; and 'tis pity that the Satire is too true p. 2562. *Brabantio* urges what I before remark'd of the improbability of his Daughters being won by the *Moor*, but by Charms and Witch-craft.

I do not think *Othello*'s Account to the Senate of the progreſs of his Love with *Deſdemona* ſo ridiculous as Mr. *Rimer* makes it, for, as for the *Canibals*; and Men whoſe Heads grew beneath their Shoulders, *&c.* being Objects of vulgar Credulity, they are as probable and as moving, as the *Cyclops* and *Harpyes* of *Virgil*; and then abating for the Colour of the *Moor*, and the improbability of his having that Poſt, the Tale has a great deal of the *Pathos*. p. 2565. 68. *Iago* to inſinuate into *Roderego* that he may have hopes of *Deſdemona*, ſays p. 2580. —— mark me *with what violence ſhe lov'd the* Moor *but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical Lies*, &c.

There are in this Play as well as in moſt of this Poet a great abundance of *Soliloquies* in which the *Dramatic* Perſon diſcourſes with the Audience his Deſigns, his Temper, *&c.* which are highly unnatural, and not to be imitated by any one.

The *Moor* has not bedded his Lady till he came to *Cyprus*, nay it was not done, p. 2582 and 3. and yet it is before and after urg'd that ſhe was or might be ſated with him. But thoſe little Forgetfulneſſes are not worth minding.

*Againſt Reputation.* p. 2589.

Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe Impoſition, oft got without Merit, and loſt without deſerving, *&c.*

*Content*

*Content is Wealth.* 2600.

Poor and Content is Rich, and Rich enough
But Rich fineleſs, is as poor as Winter, *&c.*

*Othello*'s *Soliloquie* before he kills *Deſdemona* has been much admir'd. *p.* 2636.

The Argument of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra.*

This Play is the Hiſtory of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* from the Death of *Fulvia* to the taking of *Alexandria*, and the Death of *Cleopatra.* The Scene is ſometimes at *Rome* ſometimes in *Ægypt*, ſometimes at Sea and ſometimes at Land, and ſeldom a Line allow'd for a Paſſage to ſo great a Diſtance and the Play is full of Scenes ſtrangely broken: many of which exceed not ten Lines. It is needleſs to write the Story ſince it is ſo known to every Body that *Anthony* fell in Love with *Cleopatra*, that after *Fulvia*'s Death he marry'd *Octavia*, the Siſter of *Auguſtus* to piece up the Flaws, that *Fulvia* and mutual Jealouſies had made; That however he ſoon relaps'd to *Cleopatra*, and that War enſuing, *Anthony*'s ill Conduct loſt the Day at *Actium* firſt, and afterwards at *Alexandria* where he kill'd himſelf with his Sword, and *Cleopatra* with the Sting of an *Aſpic* to avoid being carry'd in Triumph by *Auguſtus.* In this Play indeed *Sextus Pompeius* is brought in, and the Treat he gave *Anthony Lepidus*, and *Auguſtus* on Board his Veſſel.

*Auguſtus* gives *Anthony* his true Character *p.* 2667. *When thou wert beaten from* Mutina, *&c*, And the concern and care of *Cleopatra* in the next Page is not unnatural —— *Oh!* Chairmian! *where think'ſt thou*

*thou he is now*? *Pompey*'s Wiſh againſt *Anthony*. p. 2671. is very apt and pretty. *But all the Charms of Love, ſalt* Cleopatra, *ſoften thy wand Lips*, &c. I muſt not omit the Deſcription *Enobarbus* gives of *Cleopatra*'s Sailing down the *Cydnos*, becauſe Mr. *Dryden* has given us one of the ſame in his *All for Love*, which I ſhall here compare together and leave the Deciſion of the Victory to the impartial Reader.

The Barge ſhe ſate in, like a burniſh'd Throne,
Burnt on the Water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and ſo perfumed, that
The Winds were Loveſick.
With them; the Oars were ſilver,
Which to the Tune of Flutes kept Stroke, and made
The Water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their Strokes. For her own Perſon
It beggard all Deſcription. She did lie
In her Pavilion, Cloath of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O'erpicturing that *Venus* where we ſee
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers coloured Fans, whoſe Wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate Cheeks, which they did cool,
And what they did undid.
Her Gentlewomen like *Nereids*
So many Meremaids tended her i' th' Eyes,
And made their Bends Adornings. At the Helm
A ſeeming Mermaid ſteers; the ſilken Tackles
Swell with the Touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft Hands,
That yarely frame the Office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible Perfume hits the Senſe
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City caſt her
People out upon her, and *Antony*
Enthron'd in th' Market-place did ſit alone
Whiſtling

Whiſtling to the Air, which but for Vacancy
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And make a Gap in Nature.

Mr. *Dryden* in his *All for Love* Act third, where *Antony* gives it to *Dolabella* in theſe Words.

Her Gally down the ſilver *Cydnos* row'd
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple Sails.
Her Nymphs like *Nereids* round her Couch were (plac'd
Where ſhe another ſea-born *Venus* lay.
She lay and leant her Cheek upon her Hand
And caſt a Look ſo languiſhingly ſweet
As if ſecure of all Beholders Hearts
Neglecting ſhe coud take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted Wings, the Winds (abroad
That playd about her Face
But if ſhe ſmil'd, a darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze
That Mens deſiring Eyes were never wearied
But hung upon the Object. To ſoft Flutes
The ſilver Oars kept time, and while they played
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heaven or ſomewhat (more
For ſhe ſo charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice———

Both Poets are a little beholding to the *Hiſtorian* for at leaſt the Groundwork of this Deſcription.

*Fortune forms our Judgment.*

——I ſee Mens Judgments are
A Parcel of their Fortunes; and things outward

Do

Do draw the inward Quality after them
To ſuffer all alike—— *&c.* p 2710.

*Loyalty.*

Mine Honeſty and I begin to ſquare
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly, *&c.* ibid.

The Incident of *Eros* killing himſelf inſtead of *Antony* when his Back is turn'd, Mr. *Dryden* has borrow'd in his *All for Love*, for *Ventidius* p. 2729. And *Cleopatra*'s ſending him Word that ſhe had kill'd her ſelf, is made uſe of in near the ſame Manner by our late *Laureat*, in the forequoted Play of his.

For the Plot or Story of this Piece read *Plutarch*'s Life of *Anthony*; *Suetonius* in Aug. *Dion Caſſius* lib. 48. *Oroſius* l. 6. c. 7. *Cluny*. l. 4. c. 11. *Appian*. l. 5.

## The Argument of *Cymbeline*.

*Cymbeline* King of *Britain* in the Time of *Auguſtus*, having loſt his Sons *Guiderius* and *Aviragus*, had only one Daughter remaining call'd *Imogen*, who privately married *Poſthumus* contrary to her Father's Will; who deſign'd her for *Clotten* the Queen's Son by a former Husband, but a ſilly affected proud Fellow. *Poſthumus* is therefore baniſh'd *Britain*, and goes to *Rome*, where he wagers with one *Jacimo* an *Italian*, that he cannot corrupt his Lady. He gives him Letters to her and he takes a Journey into *Britain* on purpoſe, tries her by Words in vain, ſo gets Leave to put a Cheſt of Treaſure into her Chamber for one Night; in which being convey'd, he lets himſelf out when ſhe

ſhe is aſleep, obſerves the Room, takes away the Bracelet from her Arm, views a Mark under her Breaſt, and retires into his Cheſt again, and is the next Day carried away by his Men; returns to *Rome*, and by theſe Tokens perſwades *Poſthumus*, that he had lain with his Wife, ſo has the Chain and the Ring, whilſt *Poſthumus* ſends an Order to *Piſanio* his Man to get his Miſtreſs down to *Milford Haven* and there to murder her, for having betray'd his Honour in the Embraces of another. *Imogen* with Joy goes with him hoping to meet her Husband there, as her Letter promis'd; but when *Piſanio* ſhew'd her his Order to kill her for Adultery, ſhe is highly concerned and begs her Death, but he perſwades her to ſtay there in Boys Cloaths to get into the Service of *Lucius* the *Roman* General, and ſo ſhe might come near *Poſthumus* and obſerve him, to whom *Piſanio* ſent Word, that he had kill'd her according to his Order. *Imogen* in the mean while loſing her Way among the Mountains, wanders till ſhe is almoſt ſtarved, when finding a Cave and Victuals, ſhe enters and falls to eating, when *Bellarius* or *Morgan*, *Guiderius* and *Aviragus* or *Cadwal* and *Polydore* the Maſters of that Cave return and find her, and taking her for a Boy, are very fond of her, calling her Brother, *&c.* But ſhe being ſick takes ſome of a Viol given her by *Piſanio*, which he had from the Queen as a Cordial, tho' Meant for a Poiſon: The Brothers and the Father going again out to hunt, meet with *Clotten*, who was come thither in the Cloaths of *Poſthumus*, on his Underſtanding that *Imogen* was fled thither, but bearing himſelf inſolently to *Guiderius* and *Aviragus* one of them fights and kills him and cuts off his Head and having triumph'd over him, threw his Head into the

Sea. But returning home they find *Fidele* Dead (for by that Name *Imogen* call'd herſelf in that Habit) they ſing her *Dirge*, and leave her with the Dead and headleſs Body of *Clotten*, ſhe comes to herſelf again and finding a Body without a Head and in the Cloaths of *Poſthumas* imagines it to be him ſlain; and is found weeping on the Body by *Lucius* the *Roman* General, who was come now with his Army to invade *Britain*, *Cymbeline* having refus'd to pay the Tribute ſettled with *Julius Cæſar*. He takes her for his Page: *Poſthumus* being come over with the *Romans* before the Day of Battle changes his Habit for a poor Country Fellow's; and *Bellarius* not able to reſtrain *Guiderius* and *Aviragus* from the Fight goes with them, and there reſcue the King now almoſt taken Priſoner; and the Battle being chang'd by the Valour of theſe four the *Romans* are beat, ſo *Poſthumus* puts on his *Roman* Habit again, that he might be taken and put to Death, being weary of Life for the Death of *Imogen*. He therefore, and *Lucius* and *Jacimo* are put in Priſon and reſerv'd for Execution, *Fidele* is taken by the King for his Page, and of her he is ſo fond as to grant her whatever Life ſhe demanded among the *Roman* Priſoners. She ſeeing the Ring of *Poſthumus* on *Jacimo*'s Finger demands that he be oblig'd to diſcover how he come by it. *Jacimo* then owns all the Roguery, and *Poſthumus* then diſcovers himſelf and ſays, that he had murder'd *Imogen*, who coming to embrace him he ſtrikes her from him ſuppoſing her only a Page, but ſhe being come to her ſelf owns, that ſhe is *Imogen*. And ſhe accuſing *Piſanio* of having given her Poiſon, the *Phyſician* and the Queen's Maids juſtify him by letting the King know that the Queen on her Death Bed own'd that ſhe

ſhe had given *Piſanio* a Draught for a Cordial, that wou'd poiſon him, at the ſame time confeſſing her guilty Deſign againſt the King himſelf. *Guiderius* owning that he had kill'd *Clotten*, the King orders him to be put to Death, when *Bellarius* diſcovers that he and *Aviragus* are the King's Sons. And *Poſthumus* owning himſelf to be the Country Fellow, that behaved himſelf ſo well, all are forgiven, and Peace made, *Cymbeline* agreeing to pay the Tribute tho' a Conqueror.

(Tho' the uſual Abſurdities of irregular Plots abound in this, yet there is ſomething in the Diſcovery, that is very touching. The Character of the King Queen and *Clotten*, do not ſeem extreamly agreeable to their Quality. This Play has been alter'd by Mr. *Durfey*, but whether to its Advantage or not I will not determine, becauſe I have not the Alteration by me; but I am afraid the Gentleman who alter'd it, was not ſo well acquainted with the Rules of Art, as to be able to improve the *Cymbeline* of *Shakeſpear*.) He himſelf *p.* 2751. makes this Objection againſt a main Incident of the Play——— 2 Gal. *That a King's Children ſhould be ſo conveyed, ſo ſlackly guarded, and the Search ſo ſlow, that cou'd not trace them*——— 1 Gent. *Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange, or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at; yet it is true*, &c. But he has here as in other things ſlighted the Abſurdity, and kept to the Errour knowingly; but the Anſwer he puts in the firſt Gentleman's Mouth is of no Validity were it ſo, *viz. Yet it is true*; for here Probability is more to be ſought, than Truth, which is ſometimes ſo meerly poſſible, that it can ſcarce find Belief. And indeed (moſt of the Incidents of this Play ſmell rankly of *Romance*. *Jacimo*'s falſe Accuſation

of *Poſthumus* to his Wife is well enough, and has many good Lines in it.)

*On Gold.*

———'Tis Go'd
Which buys Admittance; oft it do's, yea and makes
*Diana*'s Rangers falſe themſelves, and yield up
Their Does to the Stand o' th' Stealer, *&c.* p. 2774.

*Againſt Women*, p. 2782.

Is there no Way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be half Workers? *&c.*

The Speech of *Bellarius* to *Aviragus* and *Guiderius*, p. 2788. contains many fine Reflections——— *Conſider when you above perceive me like a Crow, that it is Place that leſſens and ſets off*, &c. And in his next Speech——— *Did you but know the Cities Uſuries, and felt them knowingly, the Art i' th' Court*, &c. His Deſcription of the Temper and Action of *Guiderius* on hearing a Martial Story. *Pag.* 2789, and 90.

*Slander.*

——No 'tis Slander
Whoſe Edge is ſharper than the Sword, whoſe Tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, &c. p. 2791.

*Piſanio*'s Deſcription of the Temper of a pert Boy or Page is *a propos* enough.

You muſt forget to be a Woman, change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Niceneſs

The

The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman its pretty ſelf, into a waggiſh Courage
Ready in *Gybes*, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrelous as a Weezel, *&c.* p. 2794.

*Imogen* on Lies and Falſhood pretty enough, *p.* 2800. *Two Beggars told me I could not miſs my Way, will poor Folks Lie*, &c.

*Melancholly.*

——Oh! Melancholly
Who ever yet cou'd ſound thy Bottom? *&c.* p. 2811

The Plot of this Play is taken from *Barcaces*'s Novels. Day 2. Nov. 9.

The Argument of Pericles *Prince of* Tyre.

*Pericles* goes to the Court of *Antiochus* the Great in Order to get his Daughter *Heſperides* by ſolving a Riddle propos'd by her Father, which he juſtly interpreted to be his Inceſt with her; he therefore flies thence to ſave his Life, and for fear of his Power flies from Home with ſome Ships leaving *Hellicanus* Governour of his Principality in his Abſence; he comes to *Tharſus*, which Place he relieves in a Famine, and proceeds farther by Sea, till caſt away on the Coaſt of *Pentapolis* he Juſts for the King's Daughter *Thaiſa*, wins her in all his Exerciſes. Departing home to *Tyre* *Antiochus* being kill'd with his inceſtuous Daughter by Lightning, ſhe is brought to Bed of a Daughter and dies in Childbed; the Daughter is call'd *Marina*, and the Mother put into a cloſe Cheſt and thrown into the Sea near *Epheſus*; where being taken up

the Cheſt is open'd and ſhe brought to Life again, and retires to the Temple of *Diana* till ſhe can hear of her Husband. *Pericles* in the mean while makes his Way to *Tharſus*, there leaves his infant Daughter to be brought up by *Dionyſia* and *Cleon* whom he had formerly relieved in Diſtreſs, and ſails home to *Tyre*, to ſatisfy his People, who elſe doubting his Life, had choſe *Hellicanus*. *Marina* grows up in all Perfection, and as in Years, ſo as to carry all the Praiſe from *Philoten* Daughter to *Dyonyſia* and *Cleon*, ſo that raiſing the higheſt Envy in the Mother, ſhe is reſolv'd to have her murder'd by *Leonine*, by the Sea ſide, and thrown into the Sea; but ſome Pyrates landing in the Inſtant of his going to kill her, they bear her off to *Metaline*, and there ſell her to a Bawd, but by her Vertues ſhe converts all the *Debochees* and at laſt perſwades her Miſtreſs to get Money by her ſinging and working, and her teaching both; this makes her known ſo well, that when *Pericles* comes that Way, overwhelm'd in Grief ſo far, as to ſpeak to no Body, *Lyſimachus* the Governour comes aboard and adviſes *Hellicanus* to admit this famous Maid to ſing to him, on which *Pericles* is touch'd by her Appearance, and demanding who ſhe was finds her to be his Daughter, whom he had lamented as dead having ſeen her Tomb at *Tharſus*, which *Dionyſia* and *Cleon* to conceal the Murder had built to her as dying a natural Death. *Diana* at that time appears to *Pericles* in his Sleep and bids him go to *Epheſus* and praying in her Temple to tell his Fortunes and there he ſhould find his Wife, which he did, and ſo all ends happily, *Lyſimachus* being to marry his Daughter, who had converted him at the Bawdy-Houſe, and *Cleon* and

and *Dionyſia* as the laſt *Chorus* tells us are puniſh'd for their Treachery.

It being certain that this Play was printed before *Shakeſpear*'s Death, and often acted then with Applauſe, I have taken the Pains to give you the Argument in which there is nothing Dramatic but the Diſcovery, which tho' built on the higheſt Improbability is very moving. Whence *Shakeſpear* took the Story I know not, but it ſeems of the Size of the *Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*, *Valentine* and *Orſon*, and *the ſeven wiſe Maſters*, or the like.

The Fiſherman p. 2862 makes a good Compariſon betwixt the Fiſh of Prey in the Sea, and our Devourers Aſhoar.

Why as Men do a Land
The great ones eat up the little ones;
I can compare our rich Miſers, *&c.*

*On Vertue and Knowledge*, 2878.

———I hold it ever Vertue and Cunning
Were Endearments greater, than Nobleneſs and Riches (pend
Careleſs Heirs may the two latter darken and ex-
But Immortality attend the former
Mak ng a Man a God.

There are beſides theſe on which I have ſome few Remarks The *London Prodigal*, *Thomas Lord Cromwel*, Sir *John Old-caſtle*, The *Puritan* or the *Widow of Watling-ſtreet*, The *Yorkſhire Tragedy* and *Locrine*; which, as I am very well aſſur'd, are none of *Shakeſpear*'s, nor have any thing in them to give the leaſt Ground to think them his; not ſo

much as a Line; the *Stile*, the manner of *Diction*, the *Humours*, the *Dialogue*, as diſtinct as any thing can poſſibly be. In the worſt of thoſe which are genuine, there are always ſome Lines, various Expreſſions, and the turn of Thought which diſcover it to have been the Product of *Shakeſpear*: But in theſe Six I can find none of theſe Signs.

I have thus at laſt paſt through all *Shakeſpear*'s Plays in which if any good judge ſhall think me too partial to my Author, they muſt give me the allowance of an Editor, who can ſeldom ſee a Fault in the Author, that he publiſhes; nay if he publiſh two of the ſame kind, that which is then under Conſideration has the Advantage, and excells all others. Beſides if I have ſhown you all that was any way beautiful in him, I have alſo been ſo juſt to the Art, as often to point out his Errors in that particular. And having gone over this celebrated Author with ſo much Care, an Author aſſerted by the Number of his Admirers (whom to oppoſe is counted little leſs than Hereſie in Poetry) to be the greateſt *Genius* of the modern Times, eſpecially of this Nation, I find my ſelf confirm'd in the Opinion I have long had of the *Antients* in the *Drama*, I mean in *Tragedy*; for having been ſo long converſant with the Confuſions of want of Art in this Poet, tho' ſupported with all the Advantages of a great Genius; the Beauty of Order, Uniformity, and Harmony of Deſign appears infinitely more Charming, and that is only to be found in the *Greek Poets*, tho' *Otway* and a very few Plays wrote by ſome yet living are not without their juſt Praiſe; but thoſe are not ſuch as have been the longeſt lived on the Stage tho' very well receiv'd; it being a difficult Matter to bring ſuch a Town to judge

judge of the Man by the Performance, and not of the Performance by the Man. *Shakeſpear* is indeed ſtor'd with a great many Beauties, but they are in a heap of Rubbiſh; and as in the Ruines of a magnificent Pile we are pleas'd with the Capitals of Pillars, the *Baſſo-relievos* and the like, as we meet with them, yet how infinitely more beautiful, and charming muſt it be to behold them in their proper Places in the ſtanding Building, where every thing anſwers the other, and one Harmony of all the Parts heightens the Excellence even of thoſe Parts; and thus if thoſe partial Beauties of *Shakeſpear* cou'd be, or had been view'd in a true Poſition with their Correſpondence to ſome perfect whole, they wou'd receive a Praiſe, that they cannot, as they are come up to.

This wou'd make me ſurpriz'd to find ſo many Advocates for Confuſion, in the Preference they give the modern Tragic Poets above Order in *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; did I not remember, that this is done by Perſons, who are totally ignorant of the Art and are only pleas'd by Vogue, and Whimſey; and the Authors themſelves, who wanting Genius, and Skill have rail'd at the Excellence they cou'd not arrive at, being humbly content with the precarious Applauſe of Fools; which as it was at firſt given without Reaſon, ſo is loſt with as little, for whilſt there is no Standard of Excellence, there can be no ſuch thing as Excellence, which is ſuch a levelling Principle in Poetry, as all Men who wou'd pretend to the leaſt Merit ſhou'd, for their own ſakes, explode, as the genuine Child of Ignorance and Barbariſm.

But I am more ſurpriz'd to find Mr. *Dryden* in the Number of the Flaterers of the Poets of the Age, who having had the Education of a Scholar, heighten'd

heighten'd it with the Beauties of a great *Genius*. But his Arguments for the *Moderns* againſt the *Ancients* worthy the Cauſe he defends that is highly ridiculous. For his firſt Argument is *that the* Greek Tragedies *were not divided into Acts*. But firſt he ſhou'd have conſider'd, that this Defect (if it be one) might be the Effect of the Ignorance or neglect of the Tranſcribers, greater Misfortunes than that having befal'n Authors of that Antiquity in the dark Times of *Gothic* Ignorance: But I am affraid, that I cannot eaſily yield that this Diviſion into Acts is any Perfection, ſince it plainly breaks off the Continuity of the Action, which is by the *Chorus* kept on without any Pauſe. But *Ariſtotle* has given us all the *Quantitative* Parts of a Play as the *Prologue* or *Protaſis*, the *Epiſode*, *Exode* and *Chorus* which perfectly diſtinguiſh'd all the Buſineſs and Order of the whole Plot of the Play; for which the *Moderns* have given us no Rules in Regard of what is proper to each ACT. 'Tis true, that in the Time of *Horace* the diſtinction of *Acts* was receiv'd and their Number ſettled as inviolable.

*Neu brevior quinto, neu ſit productior Actu.*

But as this was no Improvement in the Art of the Drama, ſo had it been ſo, 'tis plain, that the Moderns cou'd not make any Pretence to the Invention, and by Conſequence can give us no manner of Advantage over the *Greek* Poets in that particular.

His next Argument is —— That the Tragedies of the *Greeks* was taken from ſome Tale drawn from *Thebes* or *Troy*, or at leaſt ſomething, that happen'd in thoſe Ages, which were ſo known to the Audience, that they cou'd not afford any Delight.

light. But let us hear his own Words —— *And the People as ſoon as ever they hear'd the Name of* Oedipus, *knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by Miſtake, and committed Inceſt with his Mother before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, an Oracle, and the Ghoſt of* Laius, *ſo that they ſet with a yawning Expectation till he was to come with his Eyes out, and ſpeak an hundred or two of Verſes in a tragic Tone in Complaint of his Misfortunes. But one* Oedipus, Hercules *or* Medea *had been tolerable; good People they ſcap'd not ſo cheap, they had ſtill the* Chapon bouille *ſet before them, till their Apetites were cloy'd with the ſame Diſh, and the Novelty being gone the Pleaſure vaniſh'd—— So that one main End of Dramatic Poetry in its Definition which was to cauſe Delight was deſtroy'd.*

I have tranſcrib'd ſo many of his own Words meerly to ſhow the vain and wretched Triumph of a Man, who was ſo far from gaining any Advantage over the *Ancients*, that he is out in every Particular. That moſt of the Fables were taken from thoſe celebrated Stories of the fabulous Age of *Greece* is true, but that all are ſo is far from Truth, for the *Perſians* of *Æſchylus* was not ſo, and ſome of *Agatho*'s and other of the Greek Poets now loſt, were pure Fictions of their own as is plain from *Ariſtotle*'s Art of *Poetry* and from *Horace*'s Rule.

*Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis & audes*
*Perſonam formare novam, ſervetur ad imam*
*Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit & ſibi conſtet*, &c.

Nay this was ſo common a Practice, that *Ariſtotle* himſelf draws one of his Rules from it, and from which *Horace* took that juſt quoted. Next Mr.

Mr. *Dryden* was either ignorant, or forgot that tho' the ſame Action was wrote upon by ſeveral of the *Greek* Poets, yet the Conduct and Managment of it was always different, and the Ingenuity of that Variation was extreamly entertaining to ſo polite a People. Thus *Euripides* took the Story of *Iphigenia* in *Tauris*, and *Polyides*, and *Agatho*, and others did the ſame, yet the Diſcovery is made in much a different Manner. *Euripides* makes *Iphigenia*, before ſhe goes to ſacrifice *Oreſtes*, write a Letter to her Brother *Oreſtes*, and give it to *Pylades* to deliver to him, and leſt he ſhould loſe the Letter tells him the Contents of it, by which the Diſcovery is made, that ſhe is *Iphigenia*, which with the Proof of *Oreſtes* ſaves his Life, and they both make their Eſcape. *Polyides* made a Play on the ſame Subject, in which *Oreſtes* was brought to the Altar to be ſacrific'd, who when he was going to receive the fatal Blow from the Hands of his Siſter *Iphigenia* cries out, *As my Siſter was ſacrific'd to* Diana, *ſo muſt I be ſacrific'd to the ſame.* This made *Iphigenia* know her Brother and ſave him. For indeed the various and different Traditions of thoſe Stories left the Poet at Liberty to take which he pleas'd, and that gave a Variety even to the ſame Story; as in the Revenge of *Alcmeon* for his Father's Death; ſome make him kill his Mother knowingly, as *Sophocles* has made *Oreſtes* in his *Electra*, ſome not knowing her till after he had done the Deed, and others prevent the Deed by a Diſcovery of her being his Mother. And theſe Diſcoveries were extreamly entertaining to People of that fine Taſte, which the *Athenians* had, as is plain from what *Plutarch* ſays when he tells us that when *Merope* went to kill her Son, there was a murmuring among the Spectators, which ſhow'd not only their

their Attention, but the Intereſt they gave themſelves in the Misfortune of a Mother, who was going to kill her Son, and of a Son who was to dye by the Hands of his Mother.

But methinks that if this had been a real Objection he wou'd never have choſe to write upon the Story of *Anthony* after *Shakeſpear* and ſome others, the various Conduct of the ſame Story takes away that Dulneſs which he apprehends from hearing the ſame ſo often. This is confirm'd by the beginning of Mr. *Dryden*'s own Preface to *All for Love* —— *The Death of* Anthony *and* Cleopatra, *ſays he, is a Subject, which has been treated by the greateſt Wits of our Nation after* Shakeſpear; *and by all ſo variouſly, that their Example has given me the Confidence to try my ſelf in the Bow of* Ulyſſes *among the Crowd of Suiters, and with all to take my own Meaſures in aiming at the Mark.*

But this indeed was wrote ſome Time after the Eſſay on Poetry, and may therefore differ from it, as moſt of Mr. *Dryden*'s critical Prefaces do. He has given another Inſtance in his *Oedipus*, wrote upon not only by the *Greeks*, *Seneca* and *Corneille* but by ſome of our old *Engliſh* Poets, yet he has told us, that they are different Plays tho' on the ſame Subject. His indeed differs extreamly from that of *Sophocles*; and tho' he condemns *Seneca* abſolutely, and *Corneille* almoſt as much yet he has taken the Deſcription of the Plague the Ghoſt of *Laius* from *Seneca*, and an Under-plot from *Corneille*, not that his Under-plot is the ſame, but as an Under-plot it is the ſame Error copy'd from a Man he condemn'd and here I can't but take Notice, that of all he has ſaid againſt *Oedipus* in the foregoing Quotation, there is not one particular to be found in *Sophocles*. He has no Ghoſt

of

of *Laius* he has no ſtir in a Deſcription of a Plague, nor any but an extream pathetick Complaint of his Misfortunes.

But after all this Talk of the Pleaſures being vaniſh'd after the Novelty is gon is highly ridiculous; for this wou'd hold good againſt all Plays that had been ſeen above once, and be more ſo in thoſe of *Corneille*, and his *Engliſh* Imitations, which depend on Admiration, or the Intricacy of an Intrigue, which after it has been ſeen like a Jugler's Tricks when known, have nothing entertaining; for we then know it all as well as the *Athenians* cou'd know *Oedipus*, *Thyeſtes*, or any other of the *Greek* Stories; as for Example the *Diſcovery* in the *Spaniſh Fryar*, Don *Sebaſtian*, the Accidents of the *Five Hours Adventures*, &c. yet Mr. *Dryden* wou'd never have yielded, that the Argument againſt the Fables of the Antients wou'd hold good againſt the acting or ſeeing any of his Plays but once. But the *Paſſions* or *Manners* of the Antients are ſo admirably perform'd the Harmony of the Parts ſo charming and perfect, that they will bear viewing like an admirable Piece of Painting for ever, and afford a ſtrong and lively Pleaſure. It is not a little Knot, or Difficulty in a vain Intrigue, that ſupports a Play or gives that Pleaſure, which is deriv'd from *Tragedy*; but it is the good and judicious Contrivance and Conduct of the whole in Incidents productive of Terror and Compaſſion; and by the artful Working up of the Paſſions, and Expreſſion of the Manners, Sentiments and the like, which muſt delight the ſenſible Soul when ever they are ſeen.

Beſides his Deſcription of the Oſcitation, and languid beholding of the *Athenian* Plays without Pleaſure is directly contrary to the very matter of

of Fact, as is plain from the Instance of *Merope* I gave out of *Plutarch* and from the *Athenians* Practice, who sate whole Days to see these Performances.

In the next Place he brings *Tragicomedies* as a Proof of the Preference of the *Moderns* to the *Ancients*, tho' as weakly and to as little Purpose to his Cause, as any thing he had before urg'd. But let us see his own Words—— *I must therefore have stronger Arguments e'er I am convinc'd, that* Compassion *and* Mirth *in the same Subject destroy each other, and in the mean time cannot but conclude to the Honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd and perfected a more pleasant Way of Writing than ever was known to the Antients, or Moderns of any Nation, which is* Tragicomedy.

There is scarce a Word of this Quotatiation which is true either in *Fact* or *Criticism*. For first we did not invent *Tragicomedy*, as is plain from the Prologue of *Plautus* to his *Amphitryo*.

*Faciam ut commissa sit Tragicocomœdia*
*Nam me perpetuo facere ut sit Comœdia*
*Reges quo veniant, & Di non par arbitror.*
*Quid igitur? quoniam hic servus Partes quoq; habet*
*Faciam proinde ut dixi, Tragicocomœdiam.*

Nay this unnatural Mixture was even before *Tragedy* was in Perfection; that is in the Infancy of the Stage in both *Athens* and *Rome*; till rejected and the Stage reformed from it by the greatest Wits and Poets of these Cities, as a Mixture wholly monstruous and unnatural. *Nam* Dicacitatem *&* Facetias *per se* Tragœdia *non habet, quippe cui sit* Risus *Inimicus* (*ut ait* Demetrius Phalerius) *& in qua nil nisi miserabile & terrificum ostendatur.*

*datur. For Wit and Railery belongs not properly to* Tragedy, *to which* Laughter *is an Enemy (as* Demetrius Phalerius *obſerves) in which nothing is ſhown but what is* pitiful *and* terrible.

Thus what the *Romans* and *Greeks* rejected from the firſt ignorant Performances of the firſt Eſſays of the Stage; Mr. *Dryden* has made the higheſt Perfection we have over them, and ſo it is indeed, for we differ from them in nothing but in retaining thoſe Faults which the Ignorance of our firſt Writers brought in, which they threw aſide from their ruder Sketches, that they might indeed arrive at a real Perfection.

But Mr. *Dryden* goes on——*He tells us (*ſays he) *that we cannot ſo ſpeedily recollect our ſelves after a Scene of great Paſſion, and Concernment, as to paſs to another of* Mirth *and* Humour, *and enjoy it with any Reliſh. But why ſhould he imagine the Soul of Man more heavy, than his Senſes? Does not the Eye paſs from an unpleaſant Object to a pleaſant one, in much ſhorter Time, than is requir'd to this? And does not the Unpleaſantneſs of the firſt commend the Beauty of the latter? The old Rule of* Logic *might have convinc'd him, that Contraries plac'd near ſet off each other*, &c.

I wonder he would lay the Objection ſo ſtrong and yet anſwer it ſo weakly. For the Soul can no more paſs in a Moment from the Tumult of a ſtrong Paſſion in which it is throughly engag'd, than the Sea can paſs from the moſt turbulent and furious Storm, into a perfect Calm in a Moment. There muſt be time for the terrible Emotion to ſubſide by Degrees into a Calm; and there muſt be a gradual Paſſage from the extream of Grief, Pity or the like to its oppoſite *Mirth*, *Humour*, or *Laughter*. The Simile therefore, which he lays down as a Proof is ſo far from an Argument of

of what he contends for, that it is in no Manner a Parallel, nor even will it hold in it ſelf as here urg'd. There is no Agreement betwixt the Paſſage of the Eye from one Object to another of different, nay contrary Kinds, and a Soul work'd up to the Height of *Grief*, *Pity*, *Indignation*, *Love*, &c. ſtarting from theſe in a Moment to calm Enjoyment of *Mirth* and *Laughter*; nor is this any Argument of the Heavineſs of the Soul, for 'tis impoſſible to quit that in a Moment in which it was engag'd by Steps or Degrees. Here we have nothing to do with Heavineſs or Lightneſs but in a Metaphorical Senſe, meaning *Dulneſs* or *Vivacity*, but ſuch a ſwift Paſſage of the Soul from oppoſite to oppoſite, is a Proof of a Dulneſs of Spirit, which cou'd not be engag'd throughly in any Paſſion. But the Inſtance of the Eye it ſelf is not rightly ſuppos'd; for if the Eye be fixt with Pleaſure on a grave and ſerious Object, ſuppoſe the taking our Saviour from the Croſs by *Jordan* of *Antwerp*, the Eye thus attach'd will neither ſoon nor eaſily remove it ſelf to look on a Droll-piece of *Hemskirk*, &c. But granting, that it remove with Eaſe and Swiftneſs from an Object that is unpleaſant to one that is delightful: Will it return with the ſame Facility from the pleaſant to the unpleaſant, as in *Tragicomedy*, where the Soul is to ſtart from Tears to Laughter, and from Laughter to Tears, five times in one Play; ſuch a Soul muſt be like ſome Childrens and Womens who can weep and laugh in a Breath. But as Mr. *Dryden* in this Inſtance did not conſider the Nature of the Soul, ſo did he not that of the Eye, for Objects are pleaſing or diſpleaſing to that only as they pleaſe or diſpleaſe the Mind, ſo that he leaves the Controverſy undecided, or rather he per-

fectly yields the Point by bringing nothing againſt it of the leaſt Force and Validity. If by this Inſtance he mean only the mere mechanic Motion of the Eye without any Concern in the Object it has as little to do with the Soul engag'd, for then the Simile ſhou'd be the Soul diſengag'd in any Particular, and the meer ſwiftneſs of the Tranſition of the Mind from one Thought to another. Thus take him which way you will his Inſtance has nothing to do with the Matter in Hand, but has left the Abſurdity where he found it in *Tragi Comedy*. I confeſs moſt of our *Tragi-comedies* are ſuch as engage the Paſſions ſo very little, that the Tranſition from the Serious to the comical Part may be quick and eaſie; but then the Argument has nothing to do here for that which was to be prov'd was the ſwift Tranſition from Grief to Mirth or the like.

*But* (ſays Mr. *Dryden*) *a Scene of* Mirth *mix'd with* Tragedy *has the ſame Effect upon us, which our Muſick has between the Acts; and that we find a Relief to us from the beſt Plot and Language of the Stage if the Diſcourſes have been long.*

By this he wou'd make the Comic Part of no more Relation to the Play, than the Muſic, which betwixt the Acts that has none at all. But the Parallel here is as defective as in the former: For the Muſic employing only Sounds, may by them contribute gradually to the calming the Soul, reſtoring that Tranquility which the ruffling of a great Paſſion had rais'd, here is nothing to require the Attention of the Mind or Reaſon; here is no ſtart from one Extreamity to the other, which confounds and not relieves the agitated Soul. But according to this Notion of his they might

might compendiouſly act *a Tragedy* and a *Comedy* together, firſt a Scene of *Tragedy*, and then a Scene of *Comedy*; but ſure Mr. *Dryden* nor any of his Opinion wou'd never think this a *Perfection*, and ſuch a Perfection found out, and improv'd by us, as the Antients, nor any other Nation of the Moderns ever knew? And yet moſt if not all of our Modern Tragi-comedies are even as if a *Tragedy* and *Comedy* was acted together; the *Comic* Part of them having no more to do with or Relation to the *Tragic*, than if it were another Play; as in the *Spaniſh Fryar*, the Comedy of which has with Succeſs been acted by it ſelf without any Gap in the Repreſentation; which is a Proof that it is no Part of the *Tragedy* ſince it is not maim'd by the ſeperation. And yet Mr. *Dryden* pleaſantly enough tells his Patron in the Beginning of his Dedication —— *Accordingly I us'd the beſt of my Endeavour, in the management of two Plots ſo very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer to have made them of a Piece*— Since he himſelf has not done it in any one Particular; unleſs it be by making two or three of the under Parts of the ſerious Part, the chief Perſons in the Comic, which yet does not connect them ſo but that end may be acted ſeperately, and make a different Comedy and Tragedy; which needs no great Talent to perform ſince no Poet cou'd do leſs in his worſt Performance. Had he indeed, united them ſo, that the Fryar, *Lorenzo*, *Gomez*, *Elvira*, &c. had contributed to the carrying on the Plot, or Deſign of the *Queen*, *Torriſmond*, &c. or the Diſcovery of the Birth of *Torriſmond*, or the Life of old *Sancho*, there had been ſome Ground to ſay they were of a Piece; but whilſt they carry on two ſeveral nay different

Deſigns, they are two diſtinct Plays tho' lamely tack'd together, acted together and Printed together, as one Play.

The Authors Suppoſition of ſo quick a Tranſition from Grief, Anger, *&c.* to Mirth or Laughter wou'd go a great way, to convince a ſenſible Man, that he ſeldom, or never had himſelf experimentally felt thoſe Emotions of Soul, which a true Paſſion excites, and therefore knew not how it is fixt to a Paſſion, it is engag'd in, by a well written Scene. But in this he was always equal to himſelf. He was once talking of tranſlating *Homer*, and I recommended *Euripides* to his Pen, but he reply'd that he did not like the Poet, which was a Proof that he had but little Taſte of Nature, or that he was affraid to do that Poet Juſtice in the *Engliſh* Language, leſt his charming Draughts of Nature ſhou'd refine our Taſte, and make us contemn the tinſel Trifles of our modern Writers of Tragedy. But I am rather apt to think it was his want of a true Reliſh of Nature having been early miſled by a great Converſation with the French *Romances*, which are juſt Oppoſites to Nature; becauſe he told a Gentleman being by oneDay at the Coffee-houſe who had met with Succeſs in ſome of his Plays, that he wou'd make much ſuch another Poet, as *Otway*; the Gentleman juſtly reply'd, that he deſir'd to be no greater.

I ſhou'd not have taken ſo much Pains with this Eſſay of Mr. *Dryden*, had it not been Printed in his Works without any Mark of the Alteration of his Opinion; becauſe the ignorant Reader, that depends on his Judgment in Print will be miſled by his Authority, and the Speciouſneſs of his Reaſons. And this I hope will be my Excuſe for oppoſing a Man, who muſt by all be acknowledg'd to have much

much improv'd our Verſification and to have diſcover'd a *Genius* in his other Writings, which juſtly claims our Admiration. But that very thing is what muſt juſtify my Undertaking, ſince the very Authority which his Merits give him will be the more prejudicial in eſtabliſhing his Errors.

Before I quit this Point I muſt take No ice that the Author of *Shakeſpear*'s Life is of Opinion, that *Tragicomedy* will take more, than *Tragedies*; but he having given no Inſtances to prove this Opinion, I muſt only take it for a Suppoſition, which has more probability of Falſhood, than Truth. For we have not for ſome Years paſt had any of that kind on the Stage, which have pleas'd; The *Fatal Marriage* and *Oroonoko* are the laſt, that I can remember; and I am apt to believe, that more were pleas'd with the Tragic Part of both thoſe Plays, than with the Comic. Thus the Scene of the Hiſtorical Dialogues of *Shakeſpear* pleaſe by a ſort of Preſcription, yet let any Man in our Days bring any ſuch thing upon the Stage, he wou'd ſoon be convinc'd of his Error by a juſt Condemnation.

I hope by this Time I have made it plain, that the Moderns have not got any Advantage above the Antients in the Drama by what Mr. *Dryden* has urg'd in their behalf in the Particulars above mention'd, but there ſtill remains another Objection, tho' much more modeſtly urg'd in his Preface to *All for Love*, in which Play he at laſt confeſſes, that the *Antients* ought to be our Maſters, and allows what *Horace* ſays to be juſt.

*——Vos Exemplaria Græca*
*Nocturna verſate Manu, verſatu Diuran.*

But then —— *Yet tho' their Models are regular, they are too little for* Engliſh Tragedy, *which requires to be built on a larger Compaſs* Tho' I cou'd anſwer him from himſelf in his Preface to *Oedipus*, after he has ſaid more in this Point, or rather explain'd what he ſays here; yet I ſhall examine the Weight of what he urges. But firſt let us hear him in the fore-quoted Preface to *Oedipus*. 'Sophocles 'is indeed admirable every where, and therefore 'we have follow'd him as cloſe as ever we cou'd. 'But the *Athenian* Theatre (whether more perfect, 'than ours is not now diſputed) had a Perfection 'differing from ours. You ſee there in every Act 'a ſingle Scene (or two at the moſt) which ma-'nages the Buſineſs of the Play, and after that 'ſucceeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up 'more Time in ſinging, than there has been em-'ploy'd in ſpeaking. The principal Perſon ap-'pears almoſt conſtantly through the Play; but 'the inferiour Parts ſeldom above once in the 'whole Tragedy. *The Conduct of our Stage is much 'more difficult*, where we are oblig'd never to loſe 'any conſiderable Character which we have once 'preſented.

And a little after——'Perhaps after all, if we 'cou'd think ſo, the ancient Method, as it is '*eaſieſt* is alſo the moſt natural, and the beſt; for 'Variety as 'tis manag'd, is too often ſubject to 'breed Diſtraction; and while we wou'd pleaſe too 'many Ways, for want of Art in the Conduct we 'pleaſe in none.

I con-

I confeſs I was not a little puzled on the firſt Quotation till I met with the ſecond which was as a Comment on the former. Nay I am yet to ſeek what he means by a Model; he ſhou'd have defin'd his Term ſince 'tis plain that he means ſomething different from what we underſtand by the *Formation* of the *Deſign*, the *Conſtitution* of the Subject. The Reader will find that in thoſe Rules, which I have from *Ariſtotle* laid down for the Writing and judging of a Tragedy there is no one Rule about the Seldom or often bringing in of the Characters, but that naturally follows the Conſtitution of the Subject, for it is certain in Reaſon and Nature, that none ought to be brought in but ſuch as are neceſſary to the Deſign, and only as they are neceſſary; to do otherwiſe is contrary to good Conduct, and to Perfection; and if in many of thoſe Plays of the Ancients which remain, what Mr. *Dryden* has obſerv'd be true, it is no Rule to him if he forms his Story according to Art, and yet have his under Characters more frequently on the Stage. That each Act of the Ancients conſiſts of about one or two Scenes is a certain Perfection, but in the Laiſon of Scenes as the French call it, and in their *Shortneſs*, which I believe Mr. *Dryden* meant by their *Model being too little for our Stage*; for thoſe numerous Scenes brought in by our Poets do not only ſtretch the Play to an unreaſonable Length but generally breeds a Confuſion, and have no Connection to one another. So that this ſhows Mr. *Dryden*'s Error in making a Diſtinction betwixt the Perfection of the *Athenian* Stage and that of *London*, in the ſame numerical ſort of Poem, in which there can be but one *Perfection*, and either *Athens* or *London*,

*don*, muſt be in the Wrong, but I have already prov'd *Athens* in the Right, ſo that what Mr. *Dryden* urges for a different Perfection on our Stage, only proves a Defect and ought therefore to be rejected, as he indeed in the End ſeems to confeſs, but lays his adhering to the Error on the Tyranny of Cuſtom, which Men of his Authority, may and ought to break and reform.

*Brevity is very good*
*Both where we are and are not underſtood*

And that Shortneſs which he Objects to the *Ancients* is what we often wiſh for in our modern Authors, when they tire us with their tedious Scenes for four Hours together, without ever engaging our Souls at all. And the *Chorus* was a more natural Relief, than comic Interludes, or the Muſic betwixt the Acts. That our Stage does not require a larger Compaſs to build on is plain from the *Orphan* of *Otway*, which ſtill pleaſes and ever will, and yet for the moſt Part according to the Model of the *Ancients*, and without any under Plot; the Epiſodes of it being entirely Parts of the Deſign, and not to be left out without maiming the whole. Whence it is plain that it is not the Fault of the Audience, but the Impotence or Ignorance of the Poet, who is not able (tho' he calls this Way the moſt eaſie (to travel in ſo ſmooth and pleaſant a Way.

But this Controverſy betwixt the Ancients and the Moderns is ſo copious and large to be throughly diſcuſs'd in this Point, it has engag'd *Boileau* and Mr. *Perault* in *France*, and Mr. *Wotton*, and Sir *William Temple* in our own Country; but I think

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a middle Courſe ought to be ſteer'd, there are things in which they have evidently excell'd us, and to imitate which is counted now the higheſt Perfection; as in Statuary, and the beſt Painters have made it their Study to imitate the *Antique*. The ſame muſt be ſaid in *Oratory* and *Poetry* eſpecially in the *Tragic Poem*, in which we have by no Means yet been able to rival them. We have had ſome Poets who have happily deſcrib'd ſome things finely, and given us many pretty and fine Reflections and Topics, but there is no Order, no Decorum, no Harmony of Deſign, nay no Relation of the Parts to each other but as *Horace* ſays

*Inceptis gravibus plerumq; & magna profeſſis*
*Purpureus late qui ſplendeat unus & alter*
*Aſſuitur Pannus. Primum Lucus & Ara* Dianæ
*Et properantis Aquæ per amœnos Ambitus agros*
*Aut Flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur Arcus.*

They can patch a lame Plot with ſome fine Lines ſome pretty *Similes*; can make a fine Deſcription of a Battle, of a Grove, or the like, but all theſe thruſt into their wrong Places, where they have not the leaſt to do. And theſe are the Men who exclaim againſt the Rules, and by a ſenſeleſs Noiſe ſet up for Patrons of Confuſion, and Enemies to *Harmony* and *Order*, as if any one ſhould prefer the rambling Prelude of a Performer (who by the Way ſeldom knows any thing of the Compoſition) to the fine *Sonata's* of *Corelli* or the admirable Compoſition and Harmony of Parts in a Piece of *Henry Purcel*. One is only a Proof of the Volubility of the Performers Fingers, the other the Power of Muſic, that moves the Soul which way it pleaſes.

But

But there may be ſome tolerable Reaſon given why theſe Poets, that have even thoſe Skantlings of Poetry, ſhoud ſurpriſe the Town into an Admiration of their Performances, as our *Shakeſpear*, and Mr. *Dryden* in his Plays; but the Succeſs of ſome ſince them is wholly unaccountable, who are fully as faulty in their Plots or Deſigns, and yet have ſcarce one Line in a Play that diſcovers any Reflection.

Among theſe are our Lady Poets, who like *Juno* in the Production of *Vulcan* are always delivered of Cripples. I beg the Ladies Pardon I do not exclude them from all Manner of Poetry; they have in all Ages ſccceeded in the leſſer Poeſie, but no Woman of any other Nation, that I know of except *England*, ever pretended to meddle with the *Drama*. *Magaloſtrate* the Miſtreſs of *Alcman* the *Lyric* Poet. *Sappho* one of whoſe Poems is ſtill extant, and whoſe Writings were admired by *Longinus* himſelf, ſhe wrote *Elegies*, *Epigrams*, *Monodes* and *Iambics*; and her Friend *Erinna*, and her contemporary *Demophila*. *Theano* the Wife of *Pythagoras*. *Cleobalina* who wrote *Enigma's*. *Corinna* who was Miſtreſs of ſo much Excellence, and ſo good a *Lyric* Poet, that ſhe was call'd the *Lyric* Muſe, and had five times the Victory over the famous *Pindar* of *Thebes*. *Teleſilla*, *Praxilla*, *Aſpaſia*, a ſecond *Erinna*, *Myro*, *Eudoſia* the Wife of *Theodoſius* the younger; *Damocharis*, *Heſtica* of *Alexandria*, *Moeio*, *Noſſis* a *Lyric* Poeteſs, ſome of whoſe Poems are yet extant; *Philœnis*. All theſe we have had from *Greece*, and not one of them attempted the *Drama*. Now for the *Latins* who are but very few. *Corinſicia* whoſe Epigrams are ſtill extant; *Sempronia*, *Theophila*, the Wife of *Canius* the Poet. *Proba*, *Roſwid* a Nun, who writing in Latin Verſe is put among the Latin Poets

Poets. But in *England* we have had almoſt as many Ladies in the Soch and Buskin as Men. But to theſe I wou'd addreſs what *Plato* has made *Sophocles* and *Euripides* ſay to a young Poet, who thus ſpeaks to them. *I can make Verſes tolerably well, and I know how in my Deſcriptions to extend a mean Subject, and contract a great one; I know how to excite* Terror *and* Compaſſion, *and to make pitiful Things appear dreadful and menacing. I will, therefore, go and write* Tragedies. Sophocles *and* Euripides *anſwer him thus. Do not go ſo faſt,* Tragedy *is not what you take it to be; 'tis a Body compos'd of many different and well ſuited Parts; of which you will make a Monſter, unleſs you know how to adjuſt them. You may know what is to be learn'd before the Study of the Art of* Tragedy, *but you don't yet know that Art.*

But this ought to be addreſs'd to the Male Writers as well as the Female, for it has been the ill Writing of the former, which gave them the Aſſurance to attempt, a Thing, in which they cou'd ſee no Difficulty, while they ſaw nothing but the wild Compoſitions of the Times.

But this is a Subject which I have a Deſign to touch more cloſely when I ſhall examine all the taking Plays of the later Years, and deliver a Critick upon them in ſuch a Manner, that the Ladies themſelves may judge of the Ridiculouſneſs of thoſe things, which we now call *Tragedies.* For the Fate of that Point of the *Drama* depending much on the Boxes, the Labour will not be diſagreeable to give them ſuch Demonſtrations as may without Difficulty inform their Underſtandings and Judgments.

Tho'

Tho' this gradual way of reforming the Stage may be ſomething tedious, yet ſince there is no other Way to obtain that Happineſs, but the Governments having an immediate Inſpection of it, or by deputing as many Judges of the *Drama* as were in *Athens*, where each of the Ten Tribes choſe a Judge, who acted upon Oath; but that can never be done while private Intereſt has the Direction of a publick Diverſion; for that has no Regard to any thing but it ſelf.

I ſhall here take my Leave of the Plays of *Shakeſpear*; and ſhall proceed to the Conſideration of his Poems, which are publiſh'd in this Edition, and are more perfect in their kind, than his Plays, as will appear by making a Judgment of them by thoſe Rules which I ſhall lay down as the Guides to Perfection in them.

*The End of the Remarks on the Plays of* Shakeſpear.

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REMARKS

# REMARKS

## ON

## The Poems of *Shakeſpear.*

I Come now to *Shakeſpear*'s Poems the Publication of which in one Volume, and of a Piece with the reſt of the Works, gave Occaſion to my Peruſal of his other Writings, with ſo much Attention, that I cou'd not eaſily be impos'd on by any ſpurious Copy of that Poet. 'Tis true there may perhaps be a *Michael Angelo* found, who may copy the Antique ſo admirably, as to puzzle the greateſt Maſters, but then, the very Copy muſt have the Beauty, and Merit of an Original. Thus I am confident, that (tho' the Poems) this Volume contains are extreamly diſtinguiſh'd in their Excellence, and Value, yet there is not one of them, that does not carry its Author's Mark, and Stamp upon it. Not only the ſame Manner of Thinking, the ſame Turn of Thought, but even the ſame Mode of Dreſs and Expreſſion, the Decompounds, his peculiar ſort of Epithets, which diſtinguiſhes his from the Verſes of all his Contempories or Succeſſors, as in the Poems——

*From off a Hill, whoſe concave Womb reworded*
*A plaintful Story from a* Siſtring *Vale*, &c.

And in his Plays this very Epithet we find particularly, *p.* 2897. *That even her Art* Siſters *the natural Roſes.* But to compare all the Poems in this manner wou'd be an endleſs Work, and make almoſt as many Volumes as his Plays; and it wou'd be perfectly unneceſſary ſince whoever knows any thing of *Shakeſpear* will find his Genius in every Epigram of theſe Poems in every particular I have mention'd, and the frequent *Catachreſes*; his Starts aſide in Allegories, and in ſhort his Verſification, which is very unequal; ſometimes flowing ſmoothly but gravely like the *Thames*, at other times down right Proſe. He never touches on an Image in any of them, but he proves the Poem genuine.

But ſome, perhaps, who are for undervaluing what they have no Share in may ſay, that granting them to be *Shakeſpears*, yet they are not valuable enough to be reprinted, as was plain by the firſt Editors of his Works who wou'd otherwiſe have join'd them altogether.

To this I anſwer ——That the Aſſertion is falſe, or were it not it is more, than the Objector knows by his own Judgment, and Underſtanding, but to prove it falſe we need only conſider, that they are much leſs imperfect in their Kind, than ev'n the beſt of his Plays as will appear from the Rules I ſhall lay down immediately; in the next Place the firſt Editors were Players, who had nothing to do with any thing but the Dramatic Part, which yet they publiſh'd full of groſs Miſtakes, moſt of which remain to this Day; nor were they by any means Judges of the Goodneſs or Badneſs of, the Beauties or Defects of either Plays or Poems.

There

There is next an Objection, that if theſe Poems had been Genuine, they had been publiſh'd in the Life time of the Author and by himſelf, but coming out almoſt thirty Years after his Death there is great Reaſon to ſuſpect that they are not Genuine.

To this I anſwer, that if nothing was to be thought his but what was publiſh'd in his Life time, much the greater Number of his Plays wou'd be as lyable to this Objection as his Poems. Next here is indeed, no weight in the Objection, is there any thing more common, than the Publication of Works of great Men after their Death. It is more than thirty Year ſince the Deaths of the ingenious *Butler*, yet it is certain that Mr. *L——l* of the Temple has a Manuſcript of his in his Hands perhaps more valuable, than his *Hudibraſs*, and in the ſame Kind, becauſe the Subject wou'd afford greater Matter for ſo fine a Genius to work on, and if this Gentleman ſhou'd be prevail'd upon to do the Dead Author the Juſtice to publiſh this to the World, cou'd this Objection rob his Memory of the Work and make it ſpurious? No, no, there is a Likeneſs in one Man's Children generally, which extends not beyond the Family, and in the Children of the Brain it is always ſo, when they are begot by a Genius indeed. Beſides theſe Poems being moſt to his Miſtreſs it is not at all unlikely, that ſhe kept them by her till they fell into her Executors Hands or ſome Friend, who would not let them be any longer conceal'd. But after all there were more in Proportion of theſe Poems of this Volume, printed in his Lifetime, than of his Plays, as is plain

from

from his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, and ſeveral *Epigrams* and *Sonnets*.

There is a Poem in this Book call'd the *Paſſionate Shepherd*, which gives us a ſtrong Proof of its being *Shakeſpear*'s for Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* Levite, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, to appeaſe his Choler or his Fears as he is waiting to fight Dr. *Caius*, repeats often ſome of the Lines as

*By ſhallow Rivers by whoſe Falls*
*Melodious Birds ſing Madrigals,*
*There will I make thee Beds of Roſes*
*With a thouſand fragrant Poſies.*

This at leaſt proves it a known and celebrated Song when *Shakeſpear* wrote that Play, which was Years before his Death.

There is yet another Proof, *p.* 251 of the Poems for there is the Song which begins the fourth Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure* at length, whereas there is but one Stanza of it in the Play, which is

*Take oh! Thoſe Lips away*
*That ſo ſweetly were forſworn*, &c.

The Stanza omitted in the Play is

*Hide Oh! hide thoſe Hills of Snow,*
*Which thy frozen Boſom bears*
*On whoſe Tops the Pinks, that grow*
*Are of thoſe that* April *wears*
*But my poor Heart firſt ſet free*
*Bound in thoſe Icy Charms by thee.*

The Reaſon why this Stanza was left out in that Place of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, where the firſt is, is this

this —— it is plain that the second makes the Song to be from a Man to a Woman; whereas in the Play it is from a Woman to a Man. From *Mariana* to *Angelo*. For to have brought in *the Hills of Snow which his frozen Bosom bears*, had here been highly ridiculous.

This leads me to a Book lately publish'd containing only some few of his Poems confusedly put together; for what is there call'd *The Passionate Pilgrim* is no more than a medly of *Shakespear*'s thrown into a Heap without any Distinction, tho' they are on several and different Subjects as for Example. The first *Stanza*, in these Poems, is call'd *The false Relief*. The next *Stanza* is call'd *The Temptation* and on quite another Subject tho' incorporated into one under that general Title of the *Passionate Pilgrim*. The next *Stanza* is call'd *Fast and Loose* and still of another Subject; the next *Stanza* tho' join'd as the Rest as Part of the same Poem is on a Subject vastly different from that of the former *Stanza* and is call'd the *Sweet Provocation*, the same holds good of the next which is call'd *The Constant Vow*.

I might go on with the Rest, which confounds the Reader, and very much injures the Poet, by palming on his Memory such absurd Incoherences, as none but such a wise Editor cou'd ever have stumbled on.

Again the Poems are not only in that Book thus ridiculously blended together in one preposterous Mixture, but some of them are lame and imperfect, to instance in one, which is here call'd *The Passionate Shepherd*; the Answer to that in the Book we mention is not above six or seven Lines; and here it is as long and as beautiful as the Shepherds Address, nay in my Opinion much better.

Tho' Love and its Effects are often happily enough touch'd in many of theſe Poems, yet I muſt confeſs that it is but too viſible, that *Petrarch* had a little infected his way of thinking on that Subject, yet who ever can admire Mr *Cowley*'s Miſtreſs, has a thouſand Times more Cauſe of Admiration of our *Shakeſpear* in his Love Verſes, becauſe he has ſometimes ſuch touches of Nature as will make Amends for thoſe Points, thoſe *Epigrammatic Acumina*, which are not or ever can be the Product of a Soul truly touch'd with the Paſſion of Love.

The Poem of *Venus and Adonis* has been much admir'd ſince it has of late come to be known to the Curious, and there are a great many very beautiful Images and Lines in it. *Bion* one of the *Minor Greek* Poets has wrote on the ſame Subject with this Difference, the *Britiſh Bard* has taken more of the Story in, that is he has given us a Draught of the laſt Scenes of the amorous Eſſays of the Paſſion of *Venus* on the Youth, as well as of his Death and her Lamentations upon it, where as the *Edylium* of *Bion* laments his Death. However this furniſhes us with an Opportunity of making a better Compariſon betwixt our Poet and the *Ancients*, than that which Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, my Lord *Falkland* and the reſt took in Oppoſition to *Ben. Johnſon*. I the more willingly do this becauſe the right honourable the Earl of *Winchelſea* has tranſlated this very Piece with a great deal of Addreſs, which I ſhall here give you as I find it in Print.

The

# The firſt Edyllium of *Bion*.

## On the Death of ADONIS.

*Tranſlated by the Right Honorable the Earl of* WINCHELSEA.

MOurn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!
Riſe wretched *Venus*, and to Mourning turn
The *Tyrian* Robes, thy beauteous Limbs adorn:
Thy panting Boſom beat in wild Deſpair,
And pierce with thy Complaints the yielding Air.
Mourn all ye *Loves!* the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Ah! how his Breaſt ſeems lovely to the Sight!
The Tusk, that wounded him is not ſo white.
The ſparkling Luſtre now forſakes his Eyes,
And from his Lips the rich Cornation flies;
The charming Youth lies breathleſs on the Plain,
And *Cytherea*'s Kiſſes are in vain.
Mourn all ye *Loves!* the fair *Adonis* dies,
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies.

Tho' wide the Wound upon his Thigh appears,
The tender Goddeſs Breaſt a larger bears.
Cloſe by his Side his faithful Dogs attend,
And howling o'er the Corps, the Skies they rend.
The Mountain Nymphs their ſad Diſtraction ſhow,
But *Venus* Griefs no Limits will allow.
Barefooted to the Deſart ſhe repairs,
With Looks diſorder'd, and neglected Hair,
And her ſoft Fleſh the cruel Brambles tear.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Deaths Embraces lies!

The Rocks and Floods lament his hapleſs Fate,
*Adonis*, ſtill *Adonis* they repeat.
The Flowrs a univerſal Sorrow ſhew,
And weep his Fall in pearly Drops of *Dew*.
But *Venus* o'er the pathleſs Mountain flies
And Hills and Vallies eccho to her Cries.
Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Who can the *Cyprian* Queens ſad Story know
Without lamenting her diſaſtrous Woe?
With Arms out-ſtretch'd ſhe graſps the fleeting Air,
And cries *Adonis* ſtay! ſtay lovely Fair!
At length I've found thee! fly not my Embrace,
My glowing kiſs ſhall warm thy bloodleſs Face.
With eager Lips I'll draw thy parting Breath,
Receive thy Soul, and ſuck thy Love in Death.
This farewel Kiſs I never will reſign,
And tho' you leave me, that ſhall ſtill be mine.
Far off you fly *Adonis* and muſt go
To viſit the remorſleſs King below.
But as a Goddeſs far more wretched I
Immortally am curs'd, and cannot die.
Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The Lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

The Queen of Love aſſumes a widow'd State
And round her, little Loves unactive wait!
She blames thee too raſh Youth! alone to dare
Encounter Savage Beaſts himſelf ſo fair.
Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

As

As many Tears fair *Venus* Eyes ſupply
As Drops of Blood fell from *Adonis* Thigh;
From which ſucceſſively were ſeen to riſe
From Blood the Roſe, from Tears *Anemonies*.
Mourn all ye *Loves!* the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Fair *Cytherea* from the Woods retire;
No longer there lament your loſt Deſire.
The Nuptial Bed for your cold Love prepare,
Who looks (as ſleeping) charming ſtill and fair.
On golden Bolſters raiſe his heavy Head,
So let him lie tho' pale his Looks, and dead!
In his rich Garments lay him gently down,
The ſame, that us'd thy happy Nights to crown.
Let Flow'rs and Garlands o'er the Corps be ſpread;
But they, ſince he's no more, will quickly fade.
With fragrant Eſſences perfume the Air,
Since he is gone, who was all ſweet and fair.
Now deckt in Purple ſoft *Adonis* lies;
The little *Loves* attend with weeping Eyes.
And ſtrive by different Ways their Grief to ſhow,
This tramples on his Dart, that breaks his Bow;
A third i'th' Air his uſeleſs Quiver throws;
A fourth th' embroider'd Slipper wou'd unlooſe.
In golden Cups another Water bears,
One waſhes off the Blood, his Thigh beſmears.
Another beats officiouſly the Air,
And with ſoft Pinnions fans the breathleſs Fair.
All *Hymens* Torches on the Threſhold lie
Extinguiſh'd, and the marry'd Garland by.
*Hymen*'s no longer ſung but all around
*Adonis* is become the mournful Sound.
The pitying Graces in the Conſort move,
And mourn th' unhappy *Cytherea*'s Love.

Her boundleſs Grief the fatal Siſters ſhare,
Endeavour to recal the beauteous Fair,
But cruel *Proſerpine* is deaf to Prayer.

I need not tranſcribe that of *Shakeſpear* ſince by turning to *p.* 41 you may find it. The particular Complaint of *Venus* in *Bion* begins

——Μεῖνον Αδωνι
Λύσποτ με μεῖνον Αδωνι, &c.

The *Similes* in *Shakeſpear* are generally very good, as that *p* 7.

*Ev'n as an empty Eagle ſharp by Faſte*
*Tires with her Beak on Feathers, Fleſh, and Bone*, &c.

And that in the next Stanza but one.

*Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net*
*So faſten'd*, &c.

But it wou'd be tedious to refer to all the *Similes*, ſince there is ſcarce a Page but has one or more very well adapted to the heightning of the Subject.

Her Speeches to him, allowing now and then for ſome *Petrachiſms* are natural and pathetique enough, expreſſing her Eagerneſs of Deſire, as p. 8.

*Oh! Pity gan ſhe cry flint hearted Boy*, &c.

The Deſcription of the Horſe of *Adonis*, *p.* 15. and all that paſſes from the Jennets coming out of the Copce is very lively, her Speech to him likewiſe, *p.* 17.

*Oh!*

*Oh! faireſt Mover on this mortal Round!* &c.

And her Reply to him, *p.* 19.

*What canſt thou talk (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a Tongue*, &c.

Her Deſcription of the Terrors of the Boar, *p.* 25, 26. *&c.* and her Diſſwaſions from hunting is very good. But ſhe ſeems ſomething too long and particular in her Perſwaſion to his courſing or hunting the timerous Hare. *Shakeſpear* was at leaſt a young Poet when he wrote this, it being as he tells his Patron in his Billet Dedicatory his firſt Eſſay; I ſuppoſe he means in this Kind, for certainly ſome of his Plays were wrote before it, being infinitely leſs perfect in the Diction and Verſification. Her chiding of Death, *p.* 36. expreſſes that Terror in lively Colours.

Beſides the *Similes* and pathetique Speeches there are ſcatter'd up and down ſome *Topics* well expreſs'd, as *p.* 10.

*On Love.*

Love is a Spirit all compact of Fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light and will aſpire.

And *Page* 31, 32.

On Love and Luſt.

*Call it not* Love *for* Love *to Heaven is fled*,
*Since ſweating* Luſt *on Earth uſurps his Name*, &c.

*Pag.* 33 on the Power of Love.

The next Poem is upon the Rape of *Lucrece* by *Tarquin.* I have ventur'd to make this Edition differ from the former, becauſe thoſe few Notes that us'd to be printed with it are very childiſh and ſuperfluous, and doubtleſs not deſign'd to be committed to the Preſs by the Author; they being only to point out in Proſe to the Reader what he has before his Eyes in Verſe. This Poem in my Opinion is much inferiour to the former, tho' a much better Subject for a Poem. *Lucrece* is too talkative and of too wanton a Fancy for one in her Condition and and of her Temper, yet there are many good Lines, ſome very good Topics, tho' a little too far ſpread as thoſe of *Night*, *Opportunity*, and *Time*, Pag. 75.

*Oh! Comfort-killing Night! Image of Hell*
*Dim Regiſter and Notary of Shame*, &c.

And *pag.* 79.

*Oh! Opportunity thy Guilt is great!*
*'Tis thou, that execut'ſt the Traitor's Treaſon*, &c.

And *pag.* 80.
*Miſhapen Time, Copeſmate of ugly Night*
*Swift ſubtle Poſt, Carrier of griſly Care*, &c.

Theſe tho' they expreſs a great many Properties and Effects of the *Topics*, are yet too curious and too long to entertain a Lady in ſo deſperate a Condition as *Lucrece* was; and the ſame will hold good of ſeveral things before ſhe gives herſelf the fatal Wound.

There are ſome other common Places in this Poem worth minding as p. 55. of the Avaritious, tho' brought in by Way of Simile *Thoſe*

*Thoſe that much covet are of Gain ſo fond*
*That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs*, &c.

Which is the Senſe of this Latin Saying, *Tam deeſt Avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.* And p. 78 of the ſame Subject.

*The aged Man that coffers up his Gold*, &c.

Pag. 70 are two Verſes very like this of *Claudian.*

*Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis.*

*For Princes are the Glaſs, the School, the Book*
*Where Subjects Eyes do learn, do read do look.*

I urge not this to charge him with *Plagiariſm*, but only to ſhew, that if the Similitude of Thought may be a Proof of his having read the Claſſics, as well as the finding no ſuch, an Argument that he had not, theſe and various other Inſtances, which I might give from both his Poems and Plays wou'd prove that he was not ſo unacquainted with them, as ſome Gentleman wou'd perſwade us. There are in this Poem as well as in the former a great many fine Similes.

There is beſides in this Poem I think a Proof of his knowing *Virgil*, for he has, *p.* 99. painted *Sinon*, as *Virgil* has done before him. I do not mean *totidem Verbis*, but has given him the ſame Character, and ſo plainly, that this is viſibly taken from that.

All that I have to ſay of the Miſcellaneous Poems is, that they are generally Epigrams, and thoſe perfect in their kind according to the beſt Rules that have been drawn from the Practice of the

the *Ancients*; by *Scaliger*, *Lillius Giraldus*, *Minturnus*, *Robertellus*, *Correas*, *Poſſovinus*, *Pontatrus Raderus*, *Donatus*, *Voſſius* and *Vavaſſer* the *Jeſuit*, at leaſt as far as they agree, but it is not to be ſuppos'd, that I ſhould give you here all, that has been ſaid of this ſort of Poeſie by all theſe Authors, for that wou'd it ſelf make a Book in Folio, I ſhall therefore here only give you ſome conciſe Rules for this and ſome other Parts of the leſſer Poetry, on which *Shakeſpear* has touch'd in theſe Poems; for he has ſomething Paſtoral in ſome, Elegaic in others, Lyric in others, and Epigrammatic in moſt. And when the general Heads of Art are put down in all theſe, it will be no hard Matter to form a right Judgment on the ſeveral Performances.

I ſhall begin with thoſe excellent Rules in the preſent Duke of *Buckingham*'s Eſſay on Poetry, of which he ſays juſtly.

'Tis not a Flaſh of Fancy, which ſometimes
Dazling our Minds ſets off the ſlighteſt Rhimes
Bright, as a Blaze yet in a Moment done;
*True Wit* is everlaſting, as the Sun.
Which, tho' ſometimes behind a Cloud retir'd
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number, and Rhime, and that Harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with Harſhneſs wound,
Are very neceſſary, *yet but vulgar Arts*;
For all in vain theſe ſuperficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a Genius too, for *that*'s the SOUL.
A Spirit, which inſpires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;
A Heat, that glows in every Word that's writ;
'Tis ſomething of Divine, and *more than Wit*.

It ſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown;
Deſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.

As all is *Dulneſs*, where the Fancy's bad,
So without Judgment Fancy is but mad.
And Judgement has a boundleſs Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words, but Senſe.
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men,
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful Part
Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

Firſt then of *Songs*, which now ſo much abound
Without his Song no Fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive Weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt *Apollo*'s Laws.
Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no Part
Of Poetry requires a *Nicer* Art.
For as in Rows of richeſt Pearl there lies
Many a Blemiſh, which eſcapes our Eyes,
The leaſt of which Defects is plainly ſhown
In ſome ſmall Ring, and brings the Value down;
So *Songs* ſhou'd be to juſt Perfection wrought.
Yet where can we ſee one without a Fault?
Exact Propriety of Words and Thought.
Expreſſion eaſie, and the Fancy high,
Yet that not ſeen to creep, nor that to fly;
No Words tranſpos'd but in ſuch Order all,
As tho' hard wrought may ſeem by Chance to fall.

Next Elegy of ſweet but ſolemn Voice,
And of a Subject grave exacts the Choice.
The Praiſe of Valour, Beauty, Wit contains,
And there too oft deſpairing Love complains.
Their greateſt Fault who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect of Words, or want of Wit.

*But*

*But ſhould this Muſe Harmonious Numbers yield,*
* *And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd;*
*If yet a juſt Coherence be not made*
*Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid*
*So right, that every Step may higher riſe*
*Like goodly Mountains till they reach the Skies;*
*Trifles like ſuch perhaps of late have paſt,*
*And may be lik'd a while, but never laſt.*
*'Tis* Epigram, *'tis* Point, *'tis what you will,*
*But not an Elegy nor writ with Skill,*
*No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.*

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force
Are † *Odes* the Muſes moſt unruly Horſe;
That bounds ſo fierce, the Rider has no Reſt,
But foams at Mouth and moves like one poſſeſt.
The Poets here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With Fury too as well as Fancy fir'd.
*Cowley* might boaſt to have perform'd his Part
Had he with Nature join'd the Rules of Art:
But ill Expreſſion gives ſometimes Allay
To that rich Fancy that can ne'er decay,
Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
The Language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe Laws may ſeem a little too ſevere,
But Judgment yields and || Fancy governs here,
And makes the Work much eaſier than it ſeems.

I ſhall

* Tho' this be an admirable Obſervation, yet I am affraid it will never pleaſe ſome of our late Writers of Poems; who have nothing but a Company of Lines put together without any Deſign; and yet they have gone down with our Fantors of the Muſes, as good Payment, and meritorious of Reward, as well as Reputation.

† *Pindarics.*

|| My Lord here does not mean that Judgment entirely leaves the Rule to Fancy in this Poem, for that wou'd be a direct

direct Contradiction to what his Grace has said before, and make the Writing at all about it superfluous. For indeed there is no sort of Poem, that leaves so Arbitrary a Sway to Fancy; because that wou'd be to put that sort of Poem quite out of any Test of Excellence, than which there can be no greater Absurdity in any manner of Writing. Besides in *Pindaric* Poems the happy Transitions and Digressions, and the natural Return to the Subject contains an Art peculiar to it self, and which cannot be done without a Mastery of Judgment. And this is the Excellence of *Pindar* himself, but what few or none of our Modern Gentlemen ever think of. If they fill a Sheet or two of Paper with some irregular Rhimes, and various Numbers, they immediately entitle it a *Pindaric* Poem. Not that I deny the Poet the same Liberty in *English*, which *Pindar* himself took in *Greek*, but I wou'd not have him imagine, that it is in this particular that his Excellence is distinguish'd from all the Lyric Poets, who took a less Liberty, or rather License of Verse. I know the Ingenious Mr. *Congreve* has attempted to prove a Regularity of the Numbers of *Pindar*; but I am affraid there is too much of Fancy, and Imagination in it. *Horace* I am sure in the 2d Ode of his 4th Book tells us of *Pindar*

*Numerisque fertur*
*Lege solutis.*

And Mr. *Cowley* who seems perfectly acquainted with this Author, and who made him his Study for some Time is of another Mind, for thus he says in his Preface to his *Pindarics*.

*And lastly (which were enough for my Purpose) we must consider that our Ears are Strangers to the Musick of his Numbers, which sometimes (especially in his Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent Poet. For tho' the Grammarians and Critics have labour'd to reduce his Verses into regular Feet, and Measures (as they have also those of the* Greek *and* Latin *Comedies) yet in effect they are little better than Prose to our Ears.*

I have seen a *Pindaric* in *English*, which is not yet publish'd, call'd the *Female Reign*, which if I am not much deciev'd, has come closer to the fine Transitions and Returns of *Pindar* to the Subject, than I have before seen in our Language.

I shall

I ſhall only add a few Words of the *Epigram* which his Grace has not touch'd upon.

*Vavaſſor* defines it in his Treatiſe on this Subject, thus. *An Epigram is a ſhort Copy of Verſes, with Beauty and Point treating of one only thing, and concluding with a more beautiful Point.* It is defin'd much to this purpoſe by another Author——*An Epigram is a ſhort and ſimple Poem, deducing ſomething of ſome one Thing, Perſon and Fact.*

So that its Parts (ſays *Vavaſſor*) are but two the expreſſing or reciting the Subject, and the Concluſion; and its Beauties are Brevity, and *Acumen* which I term *Point.*

As to the Length of an Epigram, the Number of Verſes are not agreed on among the Critics. Some ſay it muſt not exceed two Lines; others allow four at moſt, aſſerting, that all above that Number are Excreſcency and Vicious. But ſince in *Catullus* we ſometimes find above fifty Verſes, we may excuſe our ſelves for not yielding our Aſſent to their Dogmatic Rule. 'Tis true, that *Martial* but once in all his Epigrams reaches to twenty ſix Lines, and another Time to twenty, confining himſelf in all his other Poems to five or ſix Diſtiches; ſo that we ſhould (ſays the *Jeſuit*) rather keep within the Compaſs, that *Martial* by his Practice preſcrib'd, than venture to the larger Number of *Catullus*. But ſince *Catullus* has by all been prefer'd to the Later, we have no Reaſon to prefer the Practice of *Martial* to his.

The Way to attain Brevity is not to aim at many Things in the whole Epigram, then to expreſs even that little as conciſely as poſſible, and in ſuch Words, that to extend it into more wou'd enervate, and loſe the Force and Strength of the Thought, and the Point or Acumen.

The

The next Quality is Beauty, that is an exact and harmonious Formation of the whole, and the apt Agreement of all the Parts of the Poem from the Beginning to the End, with a certain ſort of Sweetneſs, as of a natural Colour without any Fucus on the one Hand, and yet without any thing low and mean on the other; and tho' it be plain and rude Nature, yet not a meer ruſtic Simplicity void of all Art, but that which is agreeable to a Court Converſation; and the Language of the Polite. The Beauty of the Epigram muſt always be accompany'd with Sweetneſs. And this varies according to the Subject. If that be delicate, ſoft, tender, amorous, *&c.* thoſe Qualities will ariſe from the well expreſſing the Nature of the Subject that will give *Beauty* and *Sweetneſs*. In the Language we ought rather to avoid that, which is harſh, or an Enemy to Sweetneſs, than to ſtudy too much to find out that which may help and increaſe it. The *Point* is what the Epigrammatical Critics ſtand much upon, which is chiefly in the Concluſion by ending with ſomething unexpected, or biting.

All things are the allow'd Subject of the Epigram; as long as they are treated of with Brevity Point, and Beauty.

How far *Shakeſpear* has excell'd in this Way is plain from his Poems before us; but this muſt be allow'd him, that much of the Beauty and Sweetneſs of Expreſſion, which is ſo much contended for is loſt by the Injury of Time and the great Change of our Language ſince his Time; and yet there is a wonderful Smoothneſs in many of them, that makes the Blood dance to its Numbers.

This

This Abridgement of the Rules of this ſort of Poetry muſt ſerve for this Time, ſince I have already run out beyond the Bounds preſcrib'd. I may hereafter be a little more accurate on this Head if ever there be any Proſpect, that our great Men will grow weary of Trifles and *Gawds* to uſe one of *Shakeſpear*'s Words, and have the Reliſh of Art and good Poetry, and good Senſe.

*The E N D.*

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## *Classic Authors*, &c.

HAving promis'd a Reference to the Latin Poets on the Topics I have remark'd in *Shakespear*, I here comply with it as far as I am able; that is, as far, as *His* answer those, which have been touch'd on by the *Ancients*. But they not always concurring in the Term, I have put those together which agree most in Sense tho' perhaps not in Words. As those six Heads of *Shakespear* from *Great Mens Abuse of Power*, I put under *Artes Aulicæ*, &c.

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